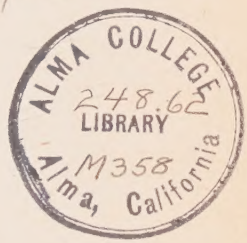
MY CLERICAL FRIENDS

AND THEIR

RELATIONS TO MODERN THOUGHT.

[Thomas William Marshall]



'In Religion,
What damned error, but some sober brow
Will bless it, and approve it with a text?'
MERCHANT OF VENICE, act iii. sc. 2

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To

DR. HENRY JAMES ANDERSON

PRESIDENT OF THE CATHOLIC UNION OF NEW YORK;

WHO

TO THE VIRTUES OF A CHRISTIAN

UNITES THE REFINEMENT OF A SCHOLAR,

THE ERUDITION OF A SAVANT,

AND THE DIGNITY OF A GENTLEMAN,

These Pages,

IN GRATEFUL MEMORY OF EXCEEDING KINDNESS,

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MY CLERICAL FRIENDS.

CHAPTER I.

THE VOCATION OF THE CLERGY.

HAVE lived from childhood among the clergy. They have received me both in rural and urban parsonages, and even, if it may be said without ostentation, in episcopal mansions. My acquaintance with them extends over forty years. Without any claim to unusual penetration, I have an inquisitive and observant mind, and have not wholly neglected my opportunities. The clergy have taught me many things, chiefly extra-professional, including some which it was not their intention to teach. They have suggested to me, without design, a good deal more than they have taught. I owe to my intercourse with them, and my long familiarity with their life and manners, a multitude of fruitful reflections. At first confused and undefined, they have long since coalesced, grown into symmetrical form, and can now be contemplated as a whole. These reflections have covered, in the course of years, the entire space between unquiet speculation and mental repose; between the oscillations of

doubt and the equilibrium of certainty. Some of them—before the inevitable hour of departure arrives—I am tempted to record in these pages.

Although I am going to speak of friends, and sometimes even of kinsmen, I feel sanguine that I shall display no indiscreet partiality. Other involuntary errors I may commit, but not this. I acknowledge, however, at the outset, an instinctive attraction towards the clergy. The theory of their calling and mission had a charm for me from my earliest years. My unformed intellect accepted with pleasurable docility the simple idea that, if we are really a fallen race, such an order of men *ought* to exist. If I know anything of history, they always have existed. That the type has varied indefinitely, ranging through all possible grades, from the sublime to the grotesque, does not prove more clearly the pliancy and versatility of religious thought than the harmony of its general direction. There is little resemblance between the majestic prophet of Israel and a Roman augur, between the decorous clergy of our own established Church, and the painted 'medicine-man' of the Red Indian; yet each of these was evoked by a common instinct, and has ministered, more or less potentially, to a common want. The history of the human family is almost identical with the history of its clergy. They have been, in every phase of society, the living expression of its aims and tendencies; the mirror in which its peculiarities were reflected. Their force is due to the general recognition of their utility. If a good many of them have been manifestly impostors, this only proves that spurious religions generate a corresponding class of teachers; and that all men experience the same want, though not all are able to find its true remedy.

What, then, are the clergy? What peculiar gifts, if any, do they possess, which are denied to the laity? In our own age, which does not differ in this respect from others, there exists in many pure and cultivated minds an invincible persuasion that what is called in England 'Ordination,' and in France or Spain 'the Sacrament of Holy Orders,' confers mysterious powers, and imprints on the soul of the recipient an ineffaceable character. If it be so, a fact of such exorbitant dimensions ought to be capable of verification. It is inseparable from our idea of the supernatural that it should be able to attest and demonstrate its own existence. Without presuming to define all the qualities which the possessors of a gift so remarkable might reasonably be expected to display, it will, I suppose, be generally conceded that a hundred clergymen, chosen at random, should exhibit more points of generic resemblance, more unity of judgment about their relations to the Unseen, and, above all, more identical views of the Revelation which they claim to interpret, than a hundred lawyers, painters, or physicians. This is the *least* proof of their assumed 'vocation, which we are entitled to demand from them. It would be simply intolerable, not to say ludicrous, that they should differ from one another on almost every doctrine of which they profess to be the sole authorized expounders. Mere identity of garb and attitude, of modes of expression, rigidity of feature, and the like, is evidently too slender a support for the weighty hypothesis of ministerial vocation. Such a superstructure needs a more concrete and massive foundation. We are quite willing to suspend our judgment, as prudence suggests, in presence of a claim so impressive; but we ask permission to test it by all the means at our disposal. In assuming this attitude of respectful precaution

we give a proof, not of levity or scepticism, but of religious sobriety and discretion.

What signs, then, should accompany a vocation to the ministerial office? By what marks shall we recognize, among our fellows and neighbors, what St. Paul calls, as they sometimes remind us, the *dispensers of the mysteries of God?* The question deserves an answer. If we interrogate our own countrymen, limiting the inquiry to such as have a large familiarity with 'ordained' persons, they are quite unanimous, according to my own experience, in reporting that the closest scrutiny has failed to detect in their clergy, not only satisfactory tokens of the presence of the supernatural, but even common lineaments, or an appreciable family likeness, by which they may be distinguished from unordained men. Many, indeed, complain that the clergy are, if possible, even more divided in their religious opinions than the laity, as well as more inconstant; to which fact, and to the impatient contempt which it has bred, they attribute, at least in part, the growing infidelity of our men of learning and science. How far my own observations coincide with this verdict will appear in the course of these pages. But I have noticed, to speak with candor, that men who have travelled much, especially if they are of a thoughtful disposition and have emancipated themselves from unreflecting prejudice, give quite another report of what they have observed elsewhere. It has been my own lot to live on three continents, and in a good many islands, and everywhere I have seen, at first with extreme surprise, the singular phenomenon which such travellers justly regard as worthy of serious investigation. I will attempt to describe it.

In all the lands referred to, in immediate contact with

people of various types, and in the full tide of their tumultuous living stream by which they alone seem to be never submerged nor carried off their feet, exists an order of men who *do*, by common testimony, present to the curious observer special and unvarying characteristics. They may not always attract sympathy, but they are easily recognized, even by such as regard them only with angry repugnance. These men exercise, in every country of the world, ministerial functions; and whatever may be said of their teaching, it must be admitted—it is even sometimes imputed to them as a reproach—that they all teach exactly the same thing. And their innumerable disciples, of every nation and language, learned and unlearned, French and Chinese, Germans and Sicilians, Austrians and Spaniards, Syrians and Americans, are as indissolubly of one mind as their teachers. This is the first peculiarity which we detect in them, and it is unique in human experience. It is a fact so contrary to all that we observe in our fellow-creatures, save in this solitary instance, that to ignore it would be impossible, and to make light of it irrational. If curiosity impels us to ask these men, 'Whence had you this gift?' the reply is prompt and tranquil; and they all give, as I have often ascertained by actual experiment, the same explanation. They do not boast, but simply affirm; and it appears to be almost indifferent to them, except on your own account, whether you believe them or not. Belonging to all social grades, but chiefly to the lower, and not usually distinguished by extraordinary learning or talent, they display amid the ceaseless fluctuations of all around them a passionless unity of thought with respect to all which pertains to their own science, which our chemists, our mineralogists, and even our astronomers, fail to exhibit

As to our *clergy*, they are, as everybody perceives, when compared with these men, whose spirit seems to rest in such strange repose, mere symbols of discord and instability, of fretful contradictions, periodical recantations, and inveterate antagonism, even with respect to the very truths of which they publicly announce themselves as the only legitimate and divinely-appointed interpreters.

The contrast, which in the natural order is not unfavorable to our English clergy, has attracted the attention of men accustomed to scrutinize religious problems. Thus a well-known American writer, who belongs to no Christian denomination, and whose rare mental gifts have only served to wrap his soul in deeper darkness, has examined with unprofitable acuteness the mystery referred to. 'I observe,' he is reported to have said, in substance, referring to priests of a certain nationality in his own State, 'a wonder, of which I still seek the explanation. I meet every day men of only average intellect, and of imperfect education; men who occupy a low level both in natural gifts and acquired knowledge; often unattractive in social life, and unimpressive in manners and conversation; yet these men, so insignificant as members of civil society, display qualities of another order which confound and baffle my keenest powers of analysis. Incapable, with some exceptions, of contributing to the general stock of human knowledge, and often without any definite opinion on the literary, political, or scientific questions of the day, they all occupy precisely the same mental attitude towards the most transcendent problems in the moral or theological sphere. Without concert, of which they are hardly capable, and though their studies, as they freely confess, have often been superficial, they are literally a unit

on every one of those questions of the soul which divide other men into a thousand schools and parties, and which many in our own day, wearied by fruitless inquiry, have resolved to banish to the regions of the Unknowable. Moreover, they cheerfully consume a whole life, without hope of human reward, in painful and laborious toil; accepting, not only without a murmur, but apparently without an effort, daily tasks from which the mere philanthropist would recoil with disgust, and ready at any moment to engage, with simple alacrity and by the impulse of some hidden force, in perilous acts of boundless self-denial, which we should applaud with enthusiasm as heroic and sublime, if they were performed once in many years by any other order of men.'

It will be seen that this eminent unbeliever has chosen to select an extreme case, and as the supernatural has no place in his philosophy, he is only surprised and irritated by what seemed to him that most intractable of all entangled problems, an effect without a cause. What he says of the clergy of other churches must be quoted, if it should seem expedient to introduce him again in these pages, in his own words. Meanwhile, the common testimony of mankind will enable us to dispense with his assistance in applying a similar test to the clergy of our own land, who minister in our Established Church.

Do our English clergy, then, so much as profess to have any 'vocation'? Do they even point to any community of thought, or identity of conviction, as partial evidence of it, or to any special marks whatever by which it may be perceived and known? I remember reading, some years ago, in a conspicuous English periodical,[1] the following

[1] The *Saturday Review.*

sentence: 'The very idea of a vocation to the ministry has died out in English society.' Any competent observer would no doubt have given the same testimony any time during the last three hundred years. The mass of our countrymen have so little esteem for the doctrines of the Christian Priesthood and the Apostolical Succession, that they can hardly be persuaded to treat them seriously. Even the vast majority of Episcopalians, both in England and the United States, neither believe their clergy to be true priests, nor wish them to be so. They respect them, often with good reason, for many pleasing qualities and personal merits, but they do not regard them as 'dispensers of the mysteries of God,' and would be much astonished if they claimed to be so. If this long-extinct idea has, in our own day, been partially revived, owing to the influence of an earnest and religious school, it can hardly be said to have attained complete vitality. It has to struggle with a crowd of facts, against which, in spite of the energy of its advocates, it cannot ultimately prevail. The successive accumulation of such facts, in the course of three centuries, creates an insuperable argumentative difficulty. Not only did the English clergy, during all that lapse of time, know nothing of the doctrine of a supernatural vocation, and urge no claim to it, but they did not even recognize, for more than a hundred years, the necessity of valid ordination. When Lord Macaulay noticed that it was not till 1661, that 'episcopal ordination was, *for the first time*, made an indispensable condition for church preferment' in England, he pointed to a fatal objection, from which the modern English assertors of the Apostolical Succession turn away in weary and dispirited silence. It afflicts them to be reminded of the words, or confronted with the acts, of

their founders and predecessors, of whom, under the pressure of a cherished theory, they begin to say bitter things. They know that the men who framed the Church of England, and composed both its ritual and its theology, detested the very doctrines which *they* have learned to approve, and would have destroyed even that semblance of a hierarchy which they have preserved, if the Tudor sovereigns would have suffered them to do so. It is probably on this account that they esteem them so lightly.[2] Yet the founders of the Church of England, whatever their faults, are surely competent witnesses as to what were *their own* religious views, and what sort of a church they intended to create? Who should know better than themselves? We may receive them with indifference as teachers, but why should we undervalue them as witnesses? The impatient organs of contemporary Ritualism may compare the leading English 'reformers,' in whom they detect their most obnoxious antagonists, with Marat and Robespierre, to the disadvantage of the former; they may publicly assert, with the *Church News*, that 'Cranmer, Ridley, Latimer, and Jewell,' and the rest, 'were apostates, traitors, perjurers, robbers, and persecutors'; or with Dr. Littledale, that they were 'utterly unredeemed villains';[3] or with Mr. Baring Gould, that the reformation itself was 'a miserable apostasy';[4] or with the *Union Review*,[5] that Barlow and Scory were 'rascals,' capable of any profanity, even of

[2] Among other examples of Anglican bishops who 'belonged not to the extreme section of the Protestant party,' Macaulay notices that Parkhurst 'uttered a fervent prayer that the Church of England would propose to herself the Church of Zurich as the absolute pattern of a Christian community.' *History of England*, vol. i. ch. i. p. 51, 1856.

[3] Letter to the *Guardian*, May 20, 1868.

[4] *Lives of the Saints*, by Rev. S. Baring Gould, M.A., vol. ii. p. 21. November, 1870.

'going through a mock ceremony of consecration,' and that 'probably Parker himself would have made light of it,' since 'he did not shrink from intercourse with two such rascals as Barlow and Scory were.' All this may be true, as these fervid writers insist, but what then? 'Good churches are not built by bad men,' observes the American Emerson, in his notice of the Church of England,[6] but this is the only reasonable conclusion which their turpitude suggests. They are still capable witnesses of facts within their own knowledge. The autobiography of the greatest 'rascal' who ever lived, even though he were a Cranmer, a Barlow, or a Parker, becomes easily credible, as soon as we find that his recorded acts perfectly coincide with his professed opinions. And this is true, without exception, of all the English reformers. *They* not only avowed their intention to root out and abolish those very doctrines of the Christian Priesthood and Sacrifice which some of their heirs now struggle so assiduously to receive, but actually succeeded in doing so. Never was success more complete. Inconsistent and vacillating in other projects, there was no shade of ambiguity about their purpose in this. Not only these doctrines, but every notion connected with or springing out of them, became as utterly unknown in England as in Corea or Japan. If they were ever alluded to by the English bishops and clergy, it was only to revile them. The fact is notorious, and effectually disposes of the new theory of a 'vocation' to the ministerial office, and still more of the collateral doctrine of the Christian Sacrifice.

By the time of that clement princess, who only differs, as De Custine observes, from Ivan the Terrible of Russia in this, that 'Ivan was a tiger at large, and Elizabeth a

[6] *English Traits*, Works, vol. ii. p. 96, 1866.

tiger in a cage,' the *Daily Sacrifice* was so utterly exploded, and all thought or memory of it, that there was hardly a parish church in England in which 'the Lord's Supper' was celebrated more than three times a year. The altar was gone, and the pulpit had usurped its place. God was banished from His temple, that man might set up a throne for himself. A totally new religion had been substituted for the ancient faith. And this was precisely what the founders of the Church of England proposed to effect. Their practice was in harmony with their doctrine, and they had no thought of concealing either. They were especially emphatic about the question of orders and jurisdiction. Cranmer and his fellows, who took out a 'commission' from Henry to discharge their episcopal functions, and when he died resigned it into the hands of the boy-king, his successor, humbly begging him to renew it, consistently taught that '*election* is sufficient' to create a bishop, without any consecration whatever, and that such election was part of the royal prerogative. They told Edward VI., as they had told his father, that he was '*the only source* of all manner of temporal and spiritual jurisdiction within the realm.' 'It is plain,' as Collier confesses, 'that the bishops, through the whole course of King Edward's reign, were upon their good behavior for their office, and had the express clause of "*quamdiu se bene gesserint*" put in their patent.' The commission itself, he adds, under which they held their precarious authority, 'plainly affirms "that all manner of authority and *jurisdiction*, as well ecclesiastical as civil, is originally derived from the crown"'; and further, 'that the King might recall their jurisdiction, ***and strike their character dead when he pleased.***'[1]

[1] Collier, vol. v. part ii. book iv. pp. 173-5.

It may be difficult to understand how men, who yesterday were Christian and free, could have fallen to-day into such an abyss of bondage and degradation, but we are only concerned with the fact. In a few hours they had lost, together with all dignity and manliness, not only liberty, but the bare notion of it. When Henry told Cranmer, with the impious arrogance of a true Antichrist, 'ye be under us, by God's calling and ours, the most principal minister of *our* spiritual jurisdiction,' the unhappy apostate, quaking with fear, humbly replied that he and his colleagues derived all their authority from the King's good pleasure. When Elizabeth manifested the superb disdain which she felt for her new bishops, and haughtily warned them, as Wilkins relates, 'lest we be forced to make some example or reformation of *you* according to your deserts,' they meekly assured their female pontiff that they 'deplore that the sacrosanct majesty of princes had been trodden under foot by papal tyranny'![8] It may be doubted whether mortal man ever descended voluntarily into a lower depth of infamy. But the explanation of their matchless abjection is very simple. Man is only a creature, and obedience is the law of his being. Some master he *must* serve, either spurious or legitimate. When he refuses to kneel before God, he straightway crawls on the earth before Cæsar.[9] 'Absolute monarchy,' as Guizot confesses, 'triumphed simultaneously throughout Europe

[8] Quoted by Lewis, *The Nature and Extent of the Royal Supremacy in the Anglican Church*, pp. 37, 55.

[9] Macaulay observes that, even in the time of Charles II., 'the favorite theme of the Church of England,' of which both Guizot and Lecky reproach the 'extreme servility,' 'was the doctrine of non-resistance (to the Crown). That doctrine she taught without any qualification, and followed out to all its extreme consequences' Ch. ii. p. 179.

with the reformation.' It was only, as Mr. Hallam says, '*a change of masters.*'[10] The authority which the Pope lost, remarks Professor Merivale, was seized, not for the increase of liberty, but of the power 'of the State over the Church.'[11]

With these elementary truths no one was more familiar than the founders of the Church of England. They constituted, indeed, the only stable articles of their creed; and they proclaimed them with unblushing candor. Barlow told Henry, in 1540, that 'if the king's grace, being supreme head of the Church of England, should elect any layman to be a bishop, without mention made of any orders, he should be as good a bishop as the best in England.' From his own cathedral chair the same Anglican prelate, who is the true foundation-stone of the national Establishment, openly ridiculed the rite of 'consecration,' and denied its necessity. He was not likely, therefore, to be very particular how he administered it. Such were the acts and opinions of men through whom the Church of England derives that species of apostolical succession of which 'the king's grace' had now become the unique and copious fount. According to Barlow, an Anglican bishop could dispense with 'orders'; and according to Cranmer, with 'grace.' Unfriendly critics have not failed to suggest that, from that day forward, they have been equally successful in dispensing with either.

From the age of Henry VIII. to that of Charles I. not a single voice was lifted up in England to protest against this violent suppression of the Christian priesthood. It

[10] *Introduction to the Literature of Europe*, vol i. ch. vi. p. 382, fifth edition.

[11] *Historical Studies*, by Herman Merivale, p. 35, 1865.

was acquiesced in by the whole nation. There was an end of it. More and Fisher, it is true, died for resisting the king's pontifical authority, but they were not Anglicans; while Hooker, who was, contented himself with denying, not the royal usurpation, but the necessity of episcopal ordination. If Barlow taught that a bishop need not be consecrated, Hooker was equally sure, as his own words will tell us, that a priest need not be ordained. It is intelligible that our religious Ritualists, to whom such ancestors are a sore anguish, and who would gladly blot them out of human memory, should call them 'rascals' and 'apostates'; but it would evidently be more to the purpose to produce a single remonstrance on the part of their Church, or of any member of it, if it were possible to do so, against what they said and did. Their acts, to repeat it once more, were in perfect harmony with their words. Priesthood and Sacrifice went down before them, and were buried in a common grave. Like certain malefactors of an earlier age, 'they made the sepulchre sure, sealing the stone and setting guards.'[12] When Ridley said, 'The primitive Church did never use any altar,' who can deny that this was a suitable preface to his official injunction, promptly carried into effect, that Christian altars should be everywhere cast down and destroyed? When Latimer said, 'Minister is a more fit name than priest; for the name of a priest importeth a *sacrifice*,' there is quite as little room for doubt about *his* purpose. When Hooper cried out, 'There should be no altars!' and Whittaker told his Catholic accusers to 'keep their orders to themselves'; and Fulke screamed like an energumen, 'We defy, detest, and spit at your greasy, stinking, and antichristian orders!' when the Anglican

[12] St. Matt. xxvii. 66.

Homilies caught up the strain, and Anglican divines re-echoed it from generation to generation,—they built up an unbroken tradition, to which the voices of their living representatives, and the accordant testimony of the national belief, still bear faithful witness.

How then, it may be asked, did this buried doctrine emerge from the tomb? It was a political necessity which revived, not indeed the doctrine of the apostolical succession, which nobody wished to revive till a much later date, but only a faint and timid echo of a forgotten word, which the reformers had consistently refused to employ. During the long eclipse of sacerdotal honor in England, one name alone is cited as a witness in favor of even such a fragment of the exploded Catholic faith as the necessity of episcopal ordination. Yet Hooker is, in fact, the most decisive witness against it, both by word and deed. In composing his famous work, he was but the submissive tool and agent of Cecil, to whom his manuscript was dutifully submitted; while Cecil's royal mistress was to Hooker precisely what the Czar is at this day to a Russian peasant. In obedience to the instructions of her astute minister, Hooker contended, on the one hand, in order to conciliate English Catholics, that bishops alone should confer ordination; but was careful to add, on the other, in order to soothe foreign Presbyterians, that it was quite possible to do *without* bishops. They were at once, according to this politic advocate, necessary, and not necessary. 'There may be sometimes,' he wrote, 'very just and sufficient reason to allow ordination made without a bishop.' This would happen, he added, 'when the *exigence of necessity* doth constrain to leave the usual ways of the Church'; or as he otherwise phrased it, 'when the Church must needs have

some ordained, and neither hath nor can have possibly a bishop to ordain.'[18] The allusion in this passage, which makes the episcopal function purely ornamental, and which Laud and his school contrived to suppress for many years, so fatal did they deem it to their own pretensions, is partly to the position of foreign Protestants, and partly to his own. He had in mind, in writing it, that particular 'exigence of necessity' when the existing Bishops of England refused to have anything to do with Elizabeth's nominee. She had been constrained to employ, to her extreme disgust, a notorious buffoon and unbeliever like Barlow, one of the most worthless products of a worthless age. The choice with Elizabeth was Barlow or nobody. This is the person in whom our modern Ritualists repose such confidence, in spite of their knowledge of his true character, that they are willing to trust their salvation to the bare chance that he *perhaps* possessed the power to do an act which he did not wish to do; perhaps imparted a grace in which he did not believe, and publicly ridiculed, to one who cared as little about it as himself; and perhaps effected all this by means of a rite which both of them considered equally useless and absurd. Hooker knew, as his own words prove, that Parker's pretended 'consecration,' of which we shall perhaps never know all the ignominious details, was only a scene in a play, of which the real purport was so well understood throughout all England, that a proclamation was issued by the queen, 'supplying,' as far as she had the power, its defects, and terminating, almost in the very words of Hooker, with this frank confession: 'The present *crisis and stress of circumstances* this requiring.' Such apologies are only offered when they are felt to be unavoidable. The first link in the

[18] Book vii. ch. xiv. Works, vol. iii. p. 286; ed. Keble.

Anglican hierarchy was forged, as no one knew better than Hooker, not by apostle or patriarch, but by the masculine hand of Elizabeth Tudor.

It was for this reason that Hooker, who was too prudent to expose the new hierarchy to a strain which it could not bear, thought it good policy to say: 'We are *not* simply without exception to urge a lineal descent from the Apostles by continued succession of bishops in every effectual ordination.' He knew that such a test would be as fatal to the new Church of England as to that of Zurich or Geneva. He even admitted 'the power of the Church to *take away* the episcopal government,' since it existed only, in his judgment, 'by force of custom, and not by Divine appointment.' And he had the less difficulty in using such language because, as he was soon to prove by his acts, he had no more belief in the *necessity* of episcopal ordination than Barlow himself. In that supreme hour when he was preparing his own soul for the final combat, he gave emphatic evidence of his secret and genuine convictions, and returned to the earlier opinion which he confesses that he held before he composed his work. Being about to appear before God, Hooker sent, not for an Anglican minister, but for his friend Saravia, who had never received nor pretended to receive episcopal ordination, and accepted from his unconsecrated hands those quasi-sacramental rites which, according to Ritualistic views, Saravia had no power to dispense. After doing Cecil's work, it was in this way that he did his own. In life he had denied the apostolical succession, whenever the 'exigence of necessity' made it superfluous; in death he uttered a still more energetic protest against it, without any necessity at all. It may well be a bitter reflection to devout Ritualists, that as the im-

pious Barlow is the sole fountain of Anglican orders, so the latitudinarian Hooker is the highest exponent of Anglican doctrine.

Throughout the reign of James I., as during those of his three predecessors, the whole Anglican Church, and all her bishops and clergy, without a solitary exception, testified by reiterated acts their intimate sympathy with Hooker's views. The fifty-fifth canon of 1604, as an organ of the Low-Church party lately noticed, requires all the Anglican clergy to 'pray for the Church of Scotland,' which was non-episcopal; so that 'they are by canon bound solemnly to recognize in their prayers every Sunday the existence of a valid ministry without any episcopal ordination.'[14] The acts of the Church of England, for more than a hundred years, were always consistent with this injunction. 'We had many ministers,' says Bishop Cosen, without any sign of regret or disapproval, 'from Scotland, from France and the Low Countries, who were ordained by presbyters only, and not bishops, and they were instituted into benefices with cure, and yet *were never reordained*, but only subscribed the Articles.' 'Mr. Keble admits,'[15] adds the *Christian Observer*, 'that our early divines "never venture to urge the exclusive claim of the government by archbishop and bishop, or connect the succession with the validity of the holy Sacraments." In fact, the ground taken on this subject was *much lower* than that of the lowest of the (so called) Low-Churchmen of modern times.'

Nor can it be denied that the 'divines' referred to were faithful interpreters of the mind of their Church. 'It is

[14] *Non-Episcopal Ordination*, from the *Christian Observer*, p. 12, 1856.
[15] In his preface to Hooker's Works, p. lix.

quite clear,' observes Bishop Tomline, expounding the 25th Article, 'that the words of the article do not maintain the necessity of episcopal ordination.' Bishop Hall, again, though he wrote a well-known book in defence of episcopacy, gave up the whole question when he said: 'Blessed be God, *there is no difference*, in any essential matter, betwixt the Church of England and *her sisters of the Reformation*.' And this was the language even of men who had written the most earnest apologies for episcopal government. They never attempted to maintain that the apostolical succession was necessary to the integrity of a Church.[16] Thus Bramhall said, with easy composure: 'The ordination of our first Protestant bishops was *legal*,' *i.e.* it had the royal sanction; 'and for the *validity* of it we crave no man's favor.'[17] Andrewes is a more important witness. Though Ritualists may not approve his subservience to that robust theologian James I., he is still held in honor among them as almost a High-Church prelate, and is regarded as the most imposing figure of his time. Yet Andrewes, on their own principles, was as flagrant a betrayer of the doctrine of the Christian Priesthood, if he ever held it, as Hooker himself, or even as Barlow or Whittaker. He not only gave the Anglican sacrament to a Swiss Protestant, Isaac Casaubon, but related afterwards, with impassioned and approving eloquence, that his friend died loudly professing with his latest breath the

[16] Hall himself was one of the Anglican commissioners at the Synod of Dort, and 'voted with its members on the gravest questions of theology.' Macaulay, ch. i. p. 77.

[17] Bramhall, in his controversy with Baxter, quotes with warm approval the letter of Andrewes to Du Moulin, in which the former acknowledged the Presbyterian communities as 'true churches,' and adds in his own name: 'We readily grant them *the true nature and essence* of a Church.' *Vindication from the Presbyterian Charge of Popery*, p. 31, 1672

strictest tenets of the Calvinists of Geneva. And the whole Church of England, it may be said, associated itself with this curious performance of Andrewes. Six Anglican bishops attended his funeral, and a monument was erected to his memory in Westminster Abbey. Why not? Why refuse such honors to a man who, though he had never received ordination, was made a prebendary both of Westminster and Canterbury by that very Church of England which, we are now invited to believe, has never ceased to venerate the Christian Priesthood, and the majesty of the apostolical succession? [18]

The truth is, that Andrewes, the most conspicuous figure in this singular drama, had no more belief in the *necessity* of episcopal ordination, as he himself assured Du Moulin, than Barlow or Hooker. In his time, and long after, ecclesiastical preferment was given to unordained men, of any religious opinions whatever, who chose to accept the lucrative gift. Saravia, like Casaubon, was made successively prebendary of Gloucester, Canterbury, and Westminster, without receiving episcopal ordination, or being asked to do so. Du Moulin, a French Presbyterian, received similar honors, though few men at that time were more completely identified with extreme Calvinistic tenets. And his case is the more remarkable, because this unordained layman, as Ritualists would say, frequently gave the Anglican sacrament to King James himself, who gave him in return a benefice and a pension. So easy was it in those days to be an English 'parish priest' without any orders at all. Some people think it is quite as easy in

[18] Grindal, who was Archbishop of Canterbury, officially authorized, in a document which still exists, a Scotch Presbyterian minister 'to preach and *administer the sacraments* in any part of the province of Canterbury.' Macaulay, ch. i. p. 76.

our own. And in such acts, repeated again and again, as if in deliberate mockery of the ancient doctrine of the apostolical succession, neither Andrewes nor any other Anglican bishop saw even a pretext for private censure, much less for public remonstrance. The Church of England reserved all her censures for those who found fault with such acts, a mistake which was never committed within her own pale. 'The disposing of ecclesiastical preferment to secular men,' says Collier, referring to the age of Edward VI., 'may possibly seem somewhat odd; but it was not uncommon at that time.' No one was much shocked because 'the Lord Cromwell was Dean of Wells'; but it was a further step to give benefices, with cure of souls, to men who had never received episcopal ordination, and a clear proof how utterly all belief in the Christian priesthood and the apostolical succession had died out in the Church of England.

It was, indeed, by the most eminent Anglican prelates that such acts were deliberately approved and defended. Thus Morton, bishop of Durham, who had been the bosom friend of Hooker, when privately solicited to reordain a certain foreign Presbyterian, 'in order that he might have freer access to ecclesiastical benefices,' not only refused the request, but assigned a curious motive for doing so. 'Such an act,' he replied, 'would cause a *scandal*, of which he did not choose to be the originator.'[19] To reordain a Presbyterian, in the opinion of this Anglican prelate, who knew his country so well, and the state of public opinion, would be simply an occasion of scandal! So completely was the

[19] This and other examples are given in a valuable Essay entitled *The Apostolical Succession not a Doctrine of the Church of England*, published by Longmans & Co.

bare idea of valid ordination extinct in England. What, indeed, was the use of giving 'orders' to the man, supposing that Morton had any power to do so, in order to qualify him for ecclesiastical preferment, which the Church of England was ready to give to anybody whatever, without the superfluous ceremony of ordination? We can comprehend, and respect, the religious horror with which Ritualists of our day would receive the proposal to make their last confession, like Hooker, to a Presbyterian, or to receive at his hands a fictitious Viaticum; yet if they had lived in the palmy days of the Church of England, when James Stuart was her sovereign pontiff, and Andrewes her brightest ornament, they would have been promptly silenced, unless, like Hooker and Morton, they had been willing to confess, that mere laymen were as true ministers of the national Church as themselves, and as worthy to receive her highest honors.

If the facts here noticed, constantly recurring during two dynasties and five successive reigns, and constituting a formal and sustained protest on the part of the Church of England, in spite of the unmeaning language of her formularies, not merely against the Christian priesthood, but even against the necessity of episcopal ordination, compromised only a few obscure names, they would lose much of their gravity. But when that necessity is deliberately denied, both by word and deed, by such men as Hooker, Morton, Bramhall, Bancroft, and Andrewes, there can no longer be any dispute about the real doctrine of the Church of England. It is evident that the pretence of a 'valid priesthood' in that community was only an *after-thought*, never dreamed of by her founders, never acted upon by her bishops, till the second half of the

seventeenth century. Then, for the first time, they found it expedient to employ against the Dissenters, who had become a power in the land, the arguments which they had scorned when urged against themselves by the Catholics. Then first arose in the Established Church the doctrine of the invalidity of Presbyterian ordination. It was only when their own supremacy was menaced by the newer sects, that a few Anglican prelates began to talk of the apostolical succession, which, during several generations, they had all treated as a jest and a fable. It was the Dissenters who first created in the Church of England the doctrine of the Christian priesthood. The theory of Laud and his school, introduced by fraud, and sustained by the crafty suppression of Hooker's seventh book, was the product of political necessity and sectarian rivalry, rather than of religious conviction. It was opposed to the whole practice of their Church, and contradicted by every fact in her history. Andrewes repudiated it quite as emphatically as Hooker, as the following additional instance proves: [20]

In 1610 King James resolved to enrich his realm of Scotland with bishops of the Anglican type, not because he believed Episcopacy to be essential to a Church, for he had often accepted, like her Majesty now happily reigning, the ministry of Presbyterians, but because he thought it more in harmony with monarchical government. Three Scottish ministers were selected, ordered to proceed to London, and there to be converted into bishops of

[20] It is worth notice, as a specimen of the feelings of his school towards Catholics, that when two daughters of Lord Falkland were converted, with the consent of their mother, Laud wrote immediately to the King, to 'give me leave *to call the old lady into the High Commission*, if I find cause to do so.' Laud's Works, vol. vii. p. 83, Oxford, 1857.

Glasgow, Brechin, and Galloway. The 'consecrators appointed by the King were the bishops of London, Bath, and Ely, the latter being his learned friend Andrewes. But, objected Andrewes, who knew something of ecclesiastical history—though the objection was not made to the king, whom he would have feared to offend,[21] but only to his colleagues—these gentlemen are Presbyterians, and ought perhaps to be ordained before they can be made bishops? 'There is no necessity,' replied Bancroft, archbishop of Canterbury, repeating the very words of Hooker, 'seeing where bishops could not be had, the ordination given by presbyters must be esteemed lawful.' The other prelates concurred with Bancroft; and Andrewes, who seems to have thought, with Pilate, that, provided you wash your hands, it matters very little how you violate your conscience, took an active part in the so-called consecration. And then the three gentlemen, who had now been converted into Anglican bishops, though they had never received ordination, were sent back to Scotland. And what did they return to do? They went to rule over a clergy who were not themselves ordained, and who neither believed in bishops, nor wished to have anything to do with them. And this cheerful mockery of what, at the lowest, was an ancient and venerable rite—this cynical comedy, in which certain men affected to impart a gift which they did not themselves possess to others who neither wanted nor were capable of receiving it—was deliberately performed by the rulers of a Church which, we are now

[21] An admiring biographer relates that when James visited Andrewes at Farnham Castle, the latter 'in three days spent three thousand pounds, to the extraordinary contentment of his majesty and the admiration of all his followers.' *An exact Narrative of the Life and Death of Lancelot Andrewes, late Bishop of Winchester*, p. 17, 1650.

requested to believe, valued nothing so much as the purity of holy orders, and the integrity of the apostolical succession.

Fifty years later it was proposed, for political reasons, to confer bishoprics upon Baxter, Calamy, and Reynolds, three popular Nonconformist preachers. Baxter, though not only a Dissenter, but a seceder from the Church of England, was offered the see of Hereford, which he refused to accept; Calamy imitated his example; but Reynolds was not disposed to decline what was so generously offered.

Once more, in our own age, more than two hundred years after Andrewes had 'consecrated' laymen to rule over laymen, Reginald Heber proved that the true Anglican contempt for episcopal ordination could still animate the most eloquent and popular of Anglican bishops. Reproached by a Lutheran minister in Calcutta for a certain appearance of exclusiveness, Heber addressed to him this characteristic reply, which might have been dictated by Hooker, Morton, or Andrewes: 'Were I to return to Germany, I would again, as before, humbly and thankfully avail myself of the preaching and sacramental ordinances of the Lutheran Evangelical Church.'[22]

Lastly, under our own eyes, in the year 1871, Dr. Thompson, archbishop of York, and Dr. Wilberforce, bishop of Winchester, going beyond even the official requirements of 'the fifty-fifth canon of 1604,' publicly ministered in a Presbyterian church, and thus confirmed, by a voluntary act, the confession of Bishop Hall, 'that there is no difference in any essential matter betwixt the Church of England and her sisters of the Reformation.'

The chain of tradition, from Barlow to Wilberforce, is

[22] Heber's *Indian Journal, Correspondence*, vol. ii. p. 249.

complete. The Anglican bishops and clergy who at this day reject, like their fathers before them, the Christian Priesthood and Sacrifice, may truly plead that they belong to a Church which never admitted either. They have some reason to complain that they should be challenged by a new school to defend opinions which, they may fairly urge, need no defence, and on behalf of which they can quote all the greatest names in the annals of their community. The utmost which any tribunal recognized by the National Church could say, if the case were presented for its decision, would be—that Ordination, like Baptism, the Real Presence, and almost every other Christian doctrine, is 'an open question, and that a man may maintain the necessity of episcopal ordination, in spite of Hooker and Andrewes, without exposing himself to ecclesiastical censures. But even this is doubtful. Dr. Elliot, Dean of Bristol, observed not long ago, in a volume of sermons bearing his name—just as Bishop Tomline had observed, in a book designed for the instruction of the clergy—that 'the 25th Article denies that "orders are a sacrament," and repudiates it *as a fiction altogether* that God has . . . annexed peculiar grace and authority to the imposition of hands successively from the Apostles, or to any other arbitrary form of ordination whatever.'[23] Nothing is more evident. She was obliged to do so from the beginning, and we have seen in what terms Hooker admitted the fact. He knew it was a necessity of her being, and the more cheerfully acquiesced in it, because it was in harmony with his private opinions. 'There is no more promise of God,' Cranmer had said, as if to preclude the possibility of any future dispute about Anglican orders, 'that grace is

[23] Quoted in *Peace through the Truth*, Appendix, p. 123.

given in the committing of the ecclesiastical office, than it is in the committing of the civil office.' As far as the new Church of England was concerned, he had no doubt reason to say so. And as time advanced, we have seen that it became only more and more evident that the Anglican clergy regarded the temporal prince as the sole efficient source of spiritual jurisdiction; while episcopal ordination was not an indispensable condition for the discharge of ordinary ministerial functions, which could be just as validly performed by men who had never received it, but who, as Bishop Cosen relates, 'were instituted into benefices with cure, and yet were never reordained.' Such from the beginning was the belief, illustrated by the practice, of the Church of England, which may fairly claim to be judged, like any other institution, by her own acts.

The idea of a 'vocation' to the sacred ministry had, then, 'died out,' or rather had never existed, in the Church of England. No man believes, or would tolerate the assertion, that any Anglican bishop, from Barlow to Dr. Tait, ever so much as thought of a Divine *vocation* as a condition or prerequisite for the ministerial office, much less that he ever took measures to test its existence. Such bishops neither possess it themselves, nor wish to possess it, nor desire it in others, nor would know how to recognize if they saw it. The only qualification which *they* ask from candidates for the ministry is, that they shall consent, from whatever motive, and in spite of whatever antecedents, to accept it. Less exacting than the magnates of the legal, medical, or commercial professions, they account it sufficient proof of fitness for the highest office to which man can aspire, that any one should be willing to hold it! That '*no man taketh this honor to himself*,' that he needs a special call from God,

or that he must be endowed with gifts which only God can bestow,—these are, to the successors of Barlow and Parker, mystical and fantastic propositions.

If, then, some of their clergy at the present day, abhorring the so-called Reformation, and nourished on other doctrinal food than their own community has ever dispensed, desire to revive an idea, always living and operative in an older Church, but completely exploded in their own, we may propose to them the following dilemma: Either the Church of England always believed in the grace of Orders and the Apostolical Succession, or she did not. If she did not, why do *they* profess it? If she did, why did *she* disown it? On the first supposition she denied a Divine truth; on the second she betrayed it. In either case, only an irrational fanaticism, or an almost inconceivable levity of mind, can see in such a teacher the mouthpiece of God, and 'the pillar and ground of the truth.' The best friends of the National Church are they who maintain, like Bishop Tomline and Dean Elliot, that she never believed in 'any form of ordination whatever'; for in that case she has at least been consistent, and only resembles her 'sisters of the Reformation'; while on the High-Church theory, which was invented to do her honor, she is the basest and most impious of them all. The worst enemy of the Church of England can offer her no graver injury than is involved in the imprudent suggestion, that she always secretly believed truths which she always publicly denied.

The common sense of mankind will decline to admit, as a monstrous and intolerable proposition, that even the Church of England, human as she manifestly is, could incessantly defile sacred doctrines which she confessed to

be portions of a Divine revelation. Even men of the world, who 'care for none of these things,' will ask: Is it conceivable that all consciousness of such doctrines as the Christian Priesthood and Sacrifice should have died out in the Church of England until a few years ago, if they had really been regarded by her from the beginning as revealed truths? Is it admissible that a community possessing such gifts should ever have consented to celebrate the Lord's Supper in her parish churches only three or four times a year? Is it even remotely possible that, after denying the necessity of valid ordination for more than a hundred years, she should have remained for two centuries more in that trance of death which an eloquent living writer thus describes? 'Nothing could be more unlike the tone of the Fathers than the cold, passionless, and prudential theology of the eighteenth century; a theology which regarded Christianity as an admirable auxiliary to the police force, and a principle of decorum and cohesion in society, but which carefully banished from it all enthusiasm, *veiled or attenuated all its mysteries*, and virtually reduced it to an authoritative system of moral philosophy. . . . Every preacher was employed in showing that Christianity was in all respects perfectly in accordance with human reason.'[24] Such a condition of the National Church, never witnessed even in the darkest hour of any community believing in the Priesthood and Sacraments, was both natural and inevitable in one where such truths had always been denied, but impossible if they had continued to be objects of faith. And for this reason, when I hear my Ritualistic friends say, as I often do, that the Church of Barlow and Latimer, of

[24] *Rationalism in Europe*, by W. E. H. Lecky, M.A.; ch. ii. p. 165, second edition.

Bancroft and Andrewes, of Plunket and Whately, of Tait and Jackson, is 'a branch of Christ's Holy Catholic Church,' and therefore the supreme creation of omnipotent wisdom and love, I ask myself, in a stupor of sorrowful surprise, whether they attach any meaning to their own words? In giving such a name to such an institution, they seem to me to resemble a husbandman, whose solitary field produces only thistles, but who insists that all who pass by shall call them lilies, and admire their delicate perfume.

Yet in our own day a school has been formed within the pale of the National Church, which proposes to itself the difficult task of blotting out the history of the last three centuries. Its members regard the events of the *sixteenth* as only a frightful episode, from which they advise their friends to turn away their eyes. As it is impossible to think of it with satisfaction, the wisest plan is not to think of it at all. They assume, therefore, that it never occurred. There was indeed, they admit, a local and transient convulsion, attended by the usual upheaval and subsidence, after which the floods abated, the sun shone out, and not a trace of disorder remained. The only difference was, that whereas England had previously been in communion with the Catholic Church, it had now ceased to be so - which was probably the fault of the Catholic Church. If the latter had only consented to recognize Barlow and Parker as Christian prelates, which even their own heirs, who call them 'rascals' and 'apostates,' hesitate to do, and if she had humbly confessed the errors and corruptions which those exemplary persons judiciously reformed, no schism would have taken place. As, however, the separation did unfortunately occur, the new school proposes to heal it. With this object, its members begin by announcing that the

very doctrines which the Anglican reformers rejected as false were really *Divine*, and that the Catholic Church had always been quite right in proclaiming them to be so. They offer, therefore, to reform the Church of England in her turn, and to make her, with a few trifling exceptions, exactly what she was before. This is not, perhaps, a triumphant defence of the original 'Reformation,' and most people will think it was hardly worth while to make a reformation at all, only to discover, three centuries later, that the whole proceeding was a mistake, or, as Mr. Baring Gould says, 'a miserable apostasy.'

Having thus decided that it was the 'reformers,' and not the Catholic Church, who really corrupted the faith, the members of the new school—apparently under the impression that *they* have certainly received the Divine mission which the reformers had not—courageously leap into the ocean which separates them from the past, in the hope of reuniting the broken cable which once flashed its messages of peace and love to an opposite and distant shore. The operation, much impeded by the unfathomable depths which intervene, by difficulties of navigation, hostile currents, and other obstacles, does not sensibly approach completion. Meanwhile these industrious mariners, always putting out to sea, but always returning to the familiar haven which they had quitted, have devised a new code of signals, which are a confusion and perplexity to ecclesiastical navigators in general. On one flag, of brilliant hues and ample dimensions, they have inscribed this legend: 'The Church of Barlow and Parker was never Protestant.' Interrogated as to the meaning of this novel signal, they courteously explain, that when Laud said, in his controversy with Fisher, 'And the Church of England

is Protestant too,' he said it in a moment of distraction. If that Church, they add, during their rare intervals of repose from nautical labors, rooted out with fire and sword the Catholic faith from a whole nation, and never ceased to torment and slay Catholics as long as the civil power gave her leave to do so, it is a mere mistake to suppose that she was ever Protestant. She never ceased to be Catholic for an hour. If during more than two hundred years she savagely persecuted all who bore the Catholic name, burning and hanging them in every city, and always at the instigation of her bishops and clergy; if Grindal and Coxe 'suggested the application of torture to Catholic priests,'[25] who were hunted in every county of England as if they had been bears or wolves; if both Houses of Convocation urged Elizabeth to put Mary to death, '*being an idolater*'; if as late as the reign of Charles II., and even long after, to admit a convert into the Catholic Church '*was a capital crime*';[26] if the cruelty of her prelates and statesmen in Ireland was so amazing, that Dr. Samuel Johnson could say, 'There is no instance, even in the ten persecutions, of such severity as that which they exercised against the Catholics,'[27]—this was only her way of showing love towards them, and tender sympathy with their religion.[28] She was devoutly 'Catholic' all the time, if

[25] Froude, quoted by Lecky, ch. iii. p. 375.

[26] Macaulay, ch. iv. p. 437.

[27] Quoted by Fitzpatrick, *Memoirs of Richard Whately, Archbishop of Dublin*, vol. i. p. 201.

[28] She had so filled the whole nation with her own savage hatred of the Catholic Church, that a late writer, alluding to the brutalities of Jeffreys, and the sympathy with which they were always received by the people in court concludes, that 'the average Englishman of Charles the Second's time must have been a far lower creature than any cynic has dared to paint him.' *A Book about Lawyers*, by J. C. Jeaffreson, vol. ii. p. 213.

people would only believe it. Do you ask for a proof, or even a plausible suggestion? They are willing to content you. Have they not faithfully kept, they reply, with the aid of the virtuous Barlow, the judicious Hooker, and the conscientious Andrewes, the Christian Priesthood and valid Orders? It is true that Arians and Nestorians had orders also, and were not much better for them. It is true, moreover, that nobody admits their orders but themselves. But this only proves the general inaptitude of the Christian world to do justice to a new religious theory. It is not easy to comprehend why they maintain such a theory themselves. For even if it were *true* that they possess valid orders—a suggestion which would amuse Barlow and Parker, if those departed jesters were now in a condition to indulge in mirthful emotions—it would only put them on a level with a crowd of unclean sects of antiquity, who possessed them without dispute. Even if it were true, it would only be an additional reason, one would think, to flee from a community which began its career by destroying all the altars in the land, and 'taking away the continual Sacrifice'[29] which used to be offered upon them—and in which the priest of the Most High would be as little at home, if her janitors would consent to admit him, as a Christian maiden would be in the combats of the circus, or in the orgies of a Roman banquet.

That this is also the conviction of living Anglican prelates is sufficiently demonstrated by their own official utterances. Only a few years ago, if one must prove what nobody denies, at the close of the 'Pan-Anglican Synod' in 1867, some of the most temperate members of the episcopal body addressed their clergy in such terms as the follow-

[29] Daniel viii. 13.

ing. The Bishop of Lincoln, who has since been promoted to London, said of the doctrine of the 'Christian Priesthood and Sacrifice,' which Ritualists assure us is a sacred and living truth in the National Church, that 'there is *absolutely no support for it* in the Anglican formularies.' He even added, with direct allusion to the Ritualists themselves, who remain in peaceful communion with him, that 'the Puritan triumph in the seventeenth century was not more disastrous than would be a pseudo-catholic triumph now.' The Bishop of Peterborough, though a person of mild temper, told *his* clergy, who probably did not need the information, that the doctrine of a true propitiatory sacrifice, and true sacrificing priests, is against the plain words of Scripture'—which about three hundred million living Christians will dispute—as well as 'against the formularies of our Church'—which most people will be content to admit.[30] The tradition of Barlow, Ridley, and the rest is evidently still dominant in the Church which they founded.

A few months later, in 1868, all the Anglican bishops were once more assembled in Convocation. They were musing over the fundamental differences of creed in their own community, but resolved, after a debate duly reported in the *Times*, that it was not possible, nor even expedient, to reconcile them. The spirit of Cranmer and Barlow was upon them. 'The Church of England,' said Dr. Wilberforce, now Bishop of Winchester, 'had always within herself persons of EXTREME DIVERGENCIES OF DOCTRINE;' and far from supposing that there was anything in this fact to regret, he added, with the equanimity of assured conviction, '*a thing as inevitable as having different countenances*

[30] The *Times*, October 10, 1867.

on different men.' St. Paul had said of any man who should introduce the slightest variation of doctrine, '*let him be anathema ;*' Dr. Wilberforce, who considers the most 'extreme divergencies' both innocent and 'inevitable,' has no sympathy with this morbid yearning of the Apostle after an impossible dogmatic unity. His creed is evidently identical with that of the poet in *Timon of Athens*, who exclaims with similar candor:

> 'My free drift
> Halts not particularly, but moves itself
> In a wide sea of wax.'

The Bishop of Salisbury observed on the same occasion: 'If legislation were to take place on many of these points,' *i.e.* if any attempt were made to enforce a uniform creed, 'it would break up the Church.' Probably it would. At all events he was morally certain that to apply St. Paul's doctrine to the Church of England would be to destroy it. The Bishop of Ely said: 'In all times since the Reformation the people had been allowed to hold *extreme doctrines* on one side and on the other.' But he also was far from agreeing with St. Paul that this was equivalent to a denial of the faith. He 'hoped' on the contrary, and was not ashamed to confess it, 'the time would never come when they would not be allowed to do so.' Finally, the Archbishop of Canterbury summed up the interesting debate. It had been forcibly observed by the other bishops, that the laity had always claimed an almost unlimited latitude, or 'divergency,' of belief, and Dr. Tait suggested, with characteristic benevolence, that the clergy ought to be allowed to enjoy the same privilege. 'As to divergencies of

opinion among the clergy,' he said, and it is not reported that any one was heard to laugh, 'I do not wish to restrain or curb the liberty of the clergy.'[31]

From all this it seems to follow, that if the living Anglican bishops believe in the 'vocation' of the clergy, which is improbable, or in the Christian Priesthood, which is incredible, they are far from supposing that it betrays itself by any outward signs. The only proof of ministerial fitness which *they* demand is the capacity to hold and teach any number of contradictory doctrines, which hardly seems to require any particular vocation. A vocation to believe and teach whatever you choose is a contradiction in terms. No man requires a vocation to do nothing. The feeblest of us can do that, any hour of the day, without a supernatural gift. The Church of England is evidently of this opinion. Even in the administration of her 'Orders,' with which she once so easily dispensed altogether, she displays so little gravity, and exacts such meagre conditions, as to encourage in her members the apathy which she manifests herself. There is a suavity of indifference in her languid and listless attitude toward the whole subject of ordination, and especially in her mode of conveying it, which seems to reveal her candid impression that no human action is of less importance. St. Paul had said, with even more than his usual solemnity, of the priestly office: 'No man taketh this honor to himself, but

[31] In his latest official announcement the same amiable prelate says, that if the clergy only 'labor heartily,' 'I believe that laymen will not be very captious in whtching as to the *peculiar opinions* or modes of worship' which they choose to adopt. *Charge*, 1872. The sentiment is as old as the Anglican Church. 'Different opinions,' said Bramhall, 'do not make different religions' *Vindication from Popery*, p. 2.

he that is called by God, *as was Aaron*'—an expression the more significant and imposing, because there is nothing more characteristic of this Apostle than his horror of judaizing practices. The Church of England appears to consider the example of Aaron obselete, and sees nothing in his history worthy of her own imitation. 'You wish to be one of my clergy?' she seems to say—in a tone of faint surprise, and with the voice of a sleeper who begs not to be needlessly disturbed—to the youths who select that career. 'Nothing is easier. I will ask no question about your past life, because the inquiry might be indiscreet. I take it for granted that you are baptized, and if not, it is too late now to ascertain the fact. You are, no doubt, totally ignorant of theology, which is not a popular subject in my universities; but that is of no consequence. If you are not acquainted, however, with the Thirty-nine Articles, I advise you to amend the defect at once, because my bishop who will examine you is sure to question you about that useful summary of my doctrine. He will also expect you to translate a verse or two of the Greek Testament, though it is not a good specimen of the Hellenic style; but he will probably be more lenient in that department of your Christian attainments, especially if you aspire to a family benefice, a laudable ambition which he will be careful not to thwart. I have no farther advice to give you. It is not likely that you will ever want to consult me again'—(here she closes her eyes)—'and if you do, I shall refer you to the Privy Council, a very gentlemanly tribunal, whose decrees my clergy do not always applaud, but always have the good sense to accept. It is true that they sometimes ruin themselves in costs, an expensive recreation which seems to afford them singular pleasure. But why

should I interfere with their innocent amusements? As my excellent archbishop has said: "I do not wish to restrain or curb the liberty of the clergy." *Vale! Ad multos annos!*' (Here she falls asleep.)

One result of the total want of preparation, moral, theological, or liturgical, for the office of the ministry in the Church of England, or even of any recognized text-book or manual, is this: that whereas students in chemistry or botany go with confidence to a professor who knows his subject, and teaches it with a precision which is the result of exact acquaintance with the first principles of his science, as well as of a large experimental knowledge, a clergyman is the last person to whom a wise man would apply for instruction in dogmatic religion, since he could only express a personal opinion, which perhaps he did not hold yesterday, and may have ceased to hold to-morrow, or which is at best that of the household, the school, or the party in which he was accidentally trained. No one entering an English parish church for the first time could even guess beforehand, if left to his own resources, what particular form of Christianity he was destined to hear, or even in what kind of ritual he would be invited to take part. 'Yet laymen are entitled to ask,' as an influential Protestant journal observes in 1872, alluding to the *Bennett Judgment*, 'what *is* the religion of the Church of England? . . . . At present the Church of England is an embodiment of three religions. It teaches one religion which can hardly be distinguished from Deism; another which is almost identical with Romanism; and another which may be defined as a sort of Calvinistic Methodism. All these three cannot be true, for any two of them are mutually contradictory; yet all of them are being taught at the same time

as equally authoritative, equally binding upon the consciences of laymen.'[32]

If, then, as some would fain believe, the gentlemen who occupy the national pulpits, only to display what Dr. Wilberforce styles 'extreme divergencies of doctrine,' were specially and individually called and set apart by the Divine Spirit, as the theory of 'vocation' implies, to be His unfaltering witnesses to immutable Truth, either He did not think it necessary to qualify them for their office, or was perfectly indifferent how they discharged it. Both these suppositions are evidently inadmissible. They imply the reversal of a decree with which we are all familiar, and make God *in the image of man*. It seems more reasonable to conclude that the notion of a call from God, attended by corresponding supernatural gifts, is, in the case of our English clergy, either the agreeable delusion of self-love, or the pedantry of a technical theory; and that the Most High had so little to do with the matter, that, however skilful they may be in expounding their own views, they have no shadow of authority to interpret His.

[32] *Manchester Examiner*, quoted in the *Tablet*, June 15, 1870.

CHAPTER II.

THE CLERGY AT HOME.

IT is from my father's house that my earliest recollections of the clergy date. He was preëminently a respectable man, and enjoyed universal consideration; though I have sometimes thought that the possession of a handsome private income, in addition to a valuable benefice, may have contributed to his general popularity. As a father I respect, as a clergyman I venture to criticise him. He lived in his library, and was a ripe scholar, though his learning was never turned to much account. We saw him at breakfast, and again at dinner; but after his repasts he always disappeared, and did not patiently endure any ill-advised interruption of his solitude. Every evening, at ten o'clock precisely, he entered the drawing-room, and always with the same object. One of my sisters would be seated at the piano, with whom another was perhaps singing a duet; while a third, not insensible to the charms of light literature, furtively devoured a novel. Before we had time to recover from the various attitudes in which we had been surprised, our esteemed relative, without a note of warning, was already on his knees, wherever he found a vacant spot, and had made considerable progress in what purported to be a prayer. Falling where we stood, and resisting the solicitations of an unseasonable levity, we united ourselves, each according to his gifts, in the parental act of worship. I remem

ner that he used Blomfield's Manual, which I always found very depressing. The only portion of our devotions which afforded me any satisfaction, or which I can recall without an involuntary shudder, was the Lord's Prayer, for which we had not long to wait, and with which Blomfield had nothing to do.

Religion seemed to be, in the judgment of this studious man, a lesson which he had learned by heart, and which was to be recited, on suitable occasions, without enthusiasm, but without indecorum. He never committed a fault, and never displayed a virtue, though he could no doubt have exhibited many, if he had thought it becoming to do so. When he preached, he seemed to maintain a thesis, rather than to express a conviction. On one occasion he preached in the neighboring cathedral on behalf of a hospital; and I think he must have quoted every classical text having any relation to his subject, with the object of showing what our Greek and Roman friends did in this line, and especially what they did not do. 'A very learned discourse,' said the courteous Dean to me, while we were seated at lunch; and I have a confused impression that he intended it to be a compliment. To a college friend who paid me a visit, and whom I conducted to the rectorial pew, I said on a certain Sunday, after some hesitation, 'What did you think of the service?' 'I feel,' he replied, with intemperate candor, 'as if I had been sitting for two hours at the bottom of a well.' I had been so long familiar with this sensation, without ever attempting to analyze it, that the remark was almost a revelation. But my friend was a light-minded youth, and I never invited him again. I met him once in after-life, and was surprised that I had ever invited him at all.

In the course of years I saw a multitude of the clergy in my father's house; but to trace their various creeds, which seemed to include every conceivable modification of what they all supposed to be Christianity, to the operation of a general law, was at that time too hard a task for me. Moreover I was always averse, by natural disposition, to impetuous generalizations. It was not till long after, when I had seen many lands, and conversed with many men, that I permitted myself the luxury of a definitive judgment. If my final conclusions were faulty, which I have no reason to suspect, it was not owing to imprudent haste nor precipitate induction.

My father was a dignitary of the Church, and not unfrequently had bishops for his guests. Among these was one of whom my personal reminiscences are not cheerful. I am sure he had great merits—or how could he have become a bishop?—and that it was my own fault if I did not discover them; but the day of his departure from my father's house was always to me a festal one. His dignity, without being real, was oppressive. When he spoke, his whole being appeared to be absorbed in listening to himself, though I never heard him say anything that was worth remembering. I failed to make out, the critical faculty of my mind being at that time feebly developed, what were his religious ideas; and I sometimes doubted, perhaps in order to excuse my own want of penetration, whether he knew himself. I found it so impossible to understand, in spite of persevering efforts, on what platform he stood, that my mind, as far as religion was concerned, verged towards idiocy. I think if I had lived three months with him—a trial to which I was never exposed—I should have believed all human things to be mere phantasms, and should

have doubted whether anything was what it seemed to be. If any one had rashly spoken in his presence of a 'vocacation' to the ministry, he would have considered him the melancholy victim of a spiritual hallucination. If any one had presumed to inquire whether he possessed one himself, he would have resented the liberty with just indignation. His conversation alternated between stilted and sonorous piety, or the nearest approach which he could make to it, and genuine unadulterated worldliness. He would have reminded me of Windham's description of Bishop Horsley, if at that period of my life I had been acquainted with it. 'His studies,' the statesman observes, 'are remote from the subjects on which I wish to hear him, and his thoughts still more remote, being intent wholly upon prospects of Church preferment.'[1] But my father's guest had a way of repairing any unguarded outbreak of purely human sentiment by a serene deprecation of the infirmities of other men, which sometimes nearly stupefied me, and gave me my earliest lesson in the art of disguising thought by speech. I was tempted to believe, against all evidence, that he was only a stuffed figure; yet he exerted a fascination over my youthful mind which I found it impossible to resist. I often detected myself, not without self-reproach, gazing intently upon his face, which really had no expression whatever, except that of general approval of a world in which he seemed to feel that he occupied a place not wholly unequal to his merits. He ate a good deal, but in a solemn way, and as if he was doing a favor to somebody by eating at all. I have a distinct remembrance of a certain breakfast, during which the usual spell was strong upon me; and I could no more have

[1] *Diary of the Right Hon. William Windham*, p. 125; 1866.

taken my eyes off him than I could have read a newspaper within view of Niagara Falls. He had a cutlet on his plate, and seemed, to my disordered imagination, to be mentally addressing the ewe of which it once formed a part. 'If you had known,' I fancied he was saying, 'the fate reserved for your remains, you would have gone apart from the common herd, and fed in solitary pastures.' I am sure he was quite capable of such a thought. I never saw him in bed, but am persuaded that even in that difficult position his attitude was full of dignity. He is dead now; and I hope he is as well satisfied with the other world as he was with this.

Another of our episcopal guests, who came only on rare occasions, and at a later period, when I had seen too much of the world to be easily moved to awe, was of a totally different character. Harsh in feature and uncouth in form, he had much difficulty in assuming a dignified aspect, and seemed to be conscious of the probable failure of any efforts in that direction. But he was so full of acerbity, perhaps on account of his physical defects, that my sisters used to beg their friends to invite them out whenever his visit was expected, with the exception of the youngest, who was equal to any emergency, and used to protest, with feminine audacity, that he was 'great fun.' She is a mother now, but age has not sobered her; and she still laughs, when her husband is out of the way, at 'the ugly Bishop of ——.' Though not good-looking, he was fairly versed in Greek literature, and much given to polemical strife. He had made himself conspicuous by vehement remonstrance against the appointment of a brother dignitary, which was not effectual, and it was said that the Government gave him a bishopric in order to stop his mouth—which it did.

He had only two ideas: the first, that the Pope is *hostis humani generis;* and the second, that the Church of England is now, always has been, and always will be, the most absolutely perfect and faultless institution, both in its origin and its history, its constitution in particular and its results in general, ever presented to the admiration of the human race since Adam was ejected from Paradise. The first proposition he had proved to his own satisfaction, in a little book on the detestable usurpations of the Bishop of Rome; the second, which he regarded as self-evident, he was prepared to prove, if necessary, against any imprudent adversary who should venture to dispute it. He was incapable of doubt on any subject whatever, never seeing more than one side of a question, and only part of that; and inflexibly certain of his own fitness to teach, reprove, and confute the rest of the human family. If he could have realized his most ardent wish, he would have liked to gather the Pope and all his Cardinals around him—not perhaps in his episcopal palace, but on some convenient neutral ground—and to point out to them, with the more than human wisdom at his command, the error of their ways. He would have told them, with not more severity than the occasion required, exactly where St. Athanasius fell short of the true Anglican measure, and St. Chrysostom went beyond it. He would have explained to them, with stern precision, the mistakes of St. Cyprian, particularly about the mystery of unity, which that African absurdly exaggerated; the treachery of St. Ambrose, who foolishly identified the Church with St. Peter, and invented the ridiculous formula, *Ubi Petrus, ibi Ecclesia;* the culpable ignorance of St. Augustine, who praised God because a mother took her dead child to the shrine of St. Stephen, and said

to the martyr, 'Restore my son;' the absurdity of St. Jerome, who made communion with the Pope a condition of salvation; the melancholy superstitions of St. Hilary, and St. Ephrem the Syrian; and the insufferable arrogance of Leo the Great, Gregory VII., and other Roman despots. He would have shown, even to the satisfaction of such an audience, that the true Church ceased to exist somewhere about the fourth or fifth century, apparently because Almighty God ceased to take any interest in it; but was happily restored, in spite of the unaccountable lethargy of its Founder, and in more than its pristine perfection, by the pious Barlow and his associates, seraphic products of that auspicious Reformation which, as Macaulay too lightly observes, "was begun by Henry, the murderer of his wives, continued by Somerset, the murderer of his brother, and completed by Elizabeth, the murderess of her guest.' Macaulay, too much addicted to sensational writing, did not consider that Providence can employ any agents whatever in effecting its beneficent ends, and was more likely than ever, in producing such a masterpiece as the Church of England, to use abnormal instruments. The Pope and the Cardinals, in spite of their general want of true enlightenment, would probably have felt the force of this argument, which would prepare them to receive with docility the final admonition of my episcopal friend, to join themselves without loss of time to the Anglican communion. It might perhaps have occurred, as a preliminary difficulty, to one or two of the more crafty among them, to inquire *which* of the innumerable religions taught in the Church of Barlow, the bishop advised them to adopt? Would he counsel them to exalt the Christian Priesthood with the Professor of Hebrew, or to deride it

with the Professor of Greek? To affirm the Real Presence with the Archdeacon of Bovington, or to laugh at it with the Archdeacon of Covington? To teach the doctrine of Baptism with the Master of St. Luke's, or to ridicule it with the Master of St. Jude's? To applaud the 'Catholic movement' with the Bishop of Oxford, or brand it as 'more disastrous than Puritanism' with the Bishop of London? But these were only trivial details, which could be easily settled afterwards. The really urgent duty in their case, as indeed in that of mankind in general, was to become 'Anglicans,' and to do it at once. Only by this decisive action, every way salutary for their souls, could they hope to compensate the penury of their own by the opulence of Anglican theology; to substitute for the crude novelties of Romanism the venerable antiquity of the Book of Common Prayer; to resign their seven pretended sacraments, which are only 'a corrupt following of the Apostles,' for the modest but incomparable twins of the Church of England; to replace such questionable saints as Bernard and Francis, Alphonsus and Philip Neri, by such virile and colossal sanctities as Andrewes and Jeremy Taylor, Reginald Heber and Henry Martyn; to abandon the vague, capricious, and fluctuating opinions of the Roman sect, for the clearly defined and immutable dogmas of the Anglican Church; and, finally, to exchange the obscure and narrow home of Paul III. and Pius IX. for the majestic and universal communion of Dr. Tait and Dr. Jackson. Such were the suggestive ideas which our occasional visitor had developed with much ability in his various writings, and which he would have cheerfully expounded to the College of Cardinals and their aged Chief. I have not seen him for a good while, but have no doubt he is still burning to do so.

If they should some day find refuge in England, escorted by the police of Victor Emmanuel and the sobs of M. Thiers, the opportunity may yet occur. My episcopal friend will not fail to profit by it. I have noticed quite recently that he still calls the Catholic Church 'heretical and schismatical,' being himself the bishop of a Church in which heresy and schism are wholly unknown. I think I have already observed that he never had a doubt or misgiving on any subject whatever; and, to say the truth, modesty, humility, and self-distrust were so foreign to his nature, that if such a man could be considered a legitimate product of Christianity, I should feel more sympathy with some of my scientific contemporaries, who have learned, perhaps from too exclusive intercourse with people of his class, to profess slight esteem for that religion.

My father, thanks to his university career, well-appointed house, and recognized ecclesiastical position, was intimate with another bishop who bore little resemblance to either of the two mentioned above. Common rumor, a witness of doubtful credibility, taxed him with excessive ambition and worldliness, and even decorated him with nicknames which I could never persuade myself to repeat. I have seen him represented in caricatures, with a verbal commentary borrowed from Shakespeare, suggestive of inordinate love for the things of this world. I know not that there was any other foundation for this popular appreciation than the unsubstantial fact, that he had certainly contrived to get all he wanted, or nearly so. A prelate who came one day to 'confirm' some imperfect Christians in my father's parish, and no doubt gave them in that process all the spiritual vigor which they needed, and which he could easily spare from his own abundance, once said of himself:

'If I were asked to define my own personality, I should say, I am an ornithologist;' which indeed he was. The bishop of whom I am now speaking, if he were equally candid, might say: 'I am a diner-out.' It was commonly believed that he accepted more invitations to dinner than any other man in England. He was certainly effective in conversation; a fact of which he was probably conscious, and he did not neglect his talent. It was always a safe manœuvre, often employed by fashionable ladies, to allure a fastidious or reluctant guest by this assurance: 'The Bishop of —— is coming.' The bait was attractive both in winter and summer, but particularly during the London season. Sydney Smith affected to deplore the hardships of that social purgatory, and claimed pity for the too attractive man who was 'condemned to eat turbot and saddle of mutton' five or six days in the week. I never heard that the bishop resented this monotonous uniformity of diet. Life had more formidable trials, he appeared to think, even for a bishop. But if he shone with peculiar lustre at the festive board, he was not less imposing in the character of a parliamentary orator, and even in that of an apostolic preacher. Nothing proved more clearly the elasticity of his talent than the ease with which he passed, sometimes within a very brief interval, from the lower to the higher function, and back again; from captivating a smiling group of ladies with copious small-talk, to thrilling a cathedral audience with solemn truths, which he really seemed for the time being to believe implicitly. Perhaps it might be objected that these changes of style were a trifle too abrupt; and certainly, in following such rapid mutations, one did sometimes feel in doubt whether he was in the clouds or on the earth; whether Figaro had mounted to Olympus, or

Jupiter had come down to Mayfair. Sometimes, but not often, he would be severe on popery, an erroneous system which was said to have seduced nearly every member of his own family; but there was not much evidence of deep conviction in his censures, and malevolent people were not ashamed to insinuate that he would have said just the contrary, if the current of popular sympathy ran in an opposite direction. This was no doubt a calumny. If there are any honors in the National Church which he has not yet secured, he is supposed to entertain the belief that they are not beyond his reach; and considering the nature of his gifts, the ambition seems perfectly reasonable.

It will be seen that, on the whole, my intercourse with episcopal notabilities, of whom the above were average representatives, was not such as to inspire enthusiastic esteem. If they have ever done me any good, which was probably not their aim, it was neither at the time nor in the way they thought of. I could not, at any period of my life, have accepted such men as models, nor have conscientiously advised any one else to do so; but at least they served me in after-years as useful points of comparison. In this respect their utility was conspicuous. It was my fate, in later life, to know a multitude of bishops, dwellers in various and far-off lands. Without any title to such a distinction, I have been honored with the friendship of many prelates, to whom my native island was little more than a speck on the ocean compared with the wider regions in which their own lot was cast. By the banks of the Loire and the Rhone, of the Plata and the Ganges, the Hudson and the Ohio, in the great centres of civilization and in the wastes of barbarism, I have seen them at their daily work; and it was to me a pleasant and attractive sight. They had indeed their

human side, but it was a good deal less prominent than in my English friends. Without being exempt from infirmities, their liability to transient defections was less apparent than the facility with which they seemed able to elude it. They could be tempted, but not easily overcome. Ruling without arrogance, they were able to obey without servility; and I knew not which to admire most, the charity with which they controlled the will of others, or the docility with which they submitted their own. It seemed to be an axiom with them, that no man should presume to govern until he had first learned to obey. They judged also that in becoming a ruler, he could never cease to be a subject. But they were fastidious in their allegiance. To the menaces of every spurious authority they replied with a tranquil *Non possumus;* to the first whisper of that which they deemed legitimate they responded, *Quid vis faciam?* No terrors could coerce them to yield obedience to the one, nor persuade them to refuse it to the other. I am no judge of the supernatural; but if it has a home in this lower world, it is in such men that I should expect to find it lodged. A few courtiers or academicians I found among them, barely three or four; but even they seemed clothed with a hidden power, which in critical moments would reveal its presence and assert its energy, snatch them triumphantly from impending danger, or shield them from suicidal mistakes. Nothing irritates Augustulus so much as the provoking fidelity and unexpected audacities of such men. But what chiefly arrested my attention, while journeying in many lands, was the unalterable oneness of their convictions, and the transparent lucidity with which they announced them. Familiar in other days only with teachers whose halting opinions were hardly more stable than the shifting

sands or the fleeting clouds, but who could be equally peremptory in affirming to day the same proposition which yesterday they were loud in denying, the calm immobility of *these* men, of many races and tongues, revealed to my unpractised gaze the surprising spectacle of a reflected image of God, and obliged me to confess that true majesty is not yet extinct in the sorrowful children of Adam. My English clerical friends assure me that this mysterious unity of thought and action, this strange identity of life and character, of which they give so little sign themselves, is only the result of uniform pressure from without, of technical training, masterful organization, and other potent influences of the same order. The explanation always appeared to me arbitrary and fantastic. Even if it were an adequate account of phenomena to which the lives of other men furnish nothing cognate, we should reasonably conclude that the authority, whatever it be, which alone is able to perpetuate a marvel at once so difficult and universal, must be from God. If it were a product of natural art and ingenuity, it would not have existed for ages without a copy or a rival. Equal powers beget equal results. The magicians of Egypt only failed to imitate Moses when their own science was exhausted, and their human force ended where the divine began.

Among the bishops whom I have known, not a few were apostolic missionaries in the lands of the infidel. I never met, nor even heard of one, who abandoned his mission when he had once entered upon it. After toiling in voluntary poverty and suffering, during ten, twenty, or thirty years, they all seem to die at their post; unless the heathen, who still employ the clumsy argument of the axe and the stake, have previously put an end to their lives. How

they live, and how they die, it would be too long to relate. A certain number of English bishops, not deficient in culture and social merit, have professed to devote themselves to a similar career. But *they* do not accept poverty, and seldom die at their post; never willingly, nor unless circumstances are too strong for them. Whether their nominal field of duty be in India or China, Australia or British America, South Africa or New Zealand, they usually contrive, no doubt for the better discharge of their self-denying mission, to spend half their time in England; which, as a matter of taste, is evidently a more agreeable residence than Hong Kong or Vancouver's Island. After a few years of this severe labor, alleviated by an occasional voyage, the irrepressible partiality of these episcopal tourists for their native land, which has so many claims to their attachment, invariably asserts its legitimate influence, and the fatigued apostle exchanges the doubtful recreations of colonial exile for the brighter allurements and well-earned repose of an English benefice, and even, in rare cases, an English bishopric. 'Great dissatisfaction exists,' said an Anglican dignitary,[2] not long ago, 'as to the absence of so many colonial bishops from their dioceses; but the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel is powerless as to applying a remedy. At this time there are nine, if not eleven, colonial bishops in England, who ought to be in their dioceses.' In 1871, another clergyman reported once more, that there were '*fourteen* colonial bishops' disporting themselves in England at once.[3] It is probable that gentlemen of this class, accustomed to estimate the obligations

[2] Archdeacon Allen.

[3] The *Times*, August 11, 1871. Of the see of Victoria, in China, from which the bishop was constantly absent, the same journal observed: 'It may almost be called a lapsed bishopric.' September 6, 1866.

of human life in a spirit of practical sobriety, would reject with impatience the romantic suggestion of a 'vocation to the episcopal office

From the sublimer heights of episcopal dignity we easily descend to the modest sphere of the 'inferior clergy.' Less imposing in its accessories, this new field of inquiry has the advantage of greater variety and a wider range. I shall be speaking, too, of an order to which I myself belonged, and in which I have counted many intimate friends. Of the period preparatory to my own ordination I will say nothing, because the most careful investigation of my past life fails to detect such a period. My university was antecedent to my pastoral career in point of time, but not preparatory to it. In these two epochs there was sequence and succession, but no more moral connection than if centuries had elapsed between them. Nothing special was demanded of the young men who aspired to the clerical calling, nor was there anything, either in their studies or their habits of life, by which they might be even faintly distinguished from those who designed to be soldiers, lawyers, or merchants. Not a question was ever addressed to me by one of the college authorities, nor, as far as I know, to any of my companions. Though our tutors were all clergymen, they displayed a serene indifference about the whole matter. If the ministerial office required any preparation, which nobody seemed to think, we were evidently expected to supply it ourselves. Once during my academical residence I was invited to attend the 'lectures' of an amiable gentleman, who was 'professor' of something or other more or less remotely connected with the Christian religion; but as he only read to us a few pages from *Pearson on the Creed*, an excellent book, which I then thought,

and still think, we could have read with equal advantage in our own rooms, he cannot be said to have afforded us much assistance in the study of theology. And so we arrived at the momentous period of ordination. Preceded by an examination, and followed by a dinner, the ceremony itself was compressed, a minute and almost imperceptible incident, between those two entertainments. I have a distinct recollection of both. My immediate neighbor at the former was a young gentleman of good family, whose father was member for the county, and for whom a lucrative family living was destined. Invited to transcribe the collect for Good Friday, he gave a moderately faithful version of the one for Christmas Day, which he furtively submitted to my inspection, evidently with the flattering persuasion that I knew more about it than he did. I could not possibly have known less. In his private interview with the bishop, as he afterwards told me, the latter said to him, with indulgent sadness: 'You knew nothing last year, Mr. ——, and this year you know, if possible, still less.' But he got the family living, which I have no doubt he still retains, to the common advantage of the neighborhood and of himself. I presume that he sometimes preaches, and even administers what is called 'spiritual consolation,' which from his lips, I have often thought, must be a devotional anæsthetic of doubtful efficacy. As to the dinner, it was very much like any other; and when I repaired to my hotel at a late hour, not ungrateful for episcopal hospitality, it was only by an effort of memory that I was able to realize the fact, that I had that day received 'Anglican' ordination.'

As nothing had led up to this event, so nothing grew out of it. My first ministerial act was to baptize about thirty children, in a London parish church. I sincerely hope that

they profited by it, but as no one had ever offered to me the smallest suggestion as to the administration of this initial sacrament, there may have been involuntary defects or omissions. The parish clerk was so good as to give me a lesson in the vestry, without a fee, using a folio prayer-book to represent an infant. I thought the resemblance incomplete, but abstained from a remark which might have savored of ingratitude. It occurred to me also that the Church of England might have appointed another instructor for her youthful clergy, and that there was too brief an interval between the lesson and its application. But it is due to this functionary to say, that if his grammar was slightly imperfect, his tuition was practical and paternal, though most of his time was given to the business of an undertaker, in which capacity I never had any occasion to employ his services.

On the following Sunday I preached, and then assisted in the administration of the other Anglican sacrament. Some of the ladies thought that I read with expression, and some even said that I was eloquent; but the judgment of that sex is apt to err on the side of leniency. As to the graver part of that day's performance, I should be glad to forget it. It is only when I am able to do so that I enjoy unruffled peace of mind. Here was an act which is either nothing, or the most awful transaction in which a human being can take part. Ostensibly, it was the communication, to a group of presumably devout persons, of 'the Body and Blood of Christ.' And this stupendous function, the bare thought of which might fill the most robust soul with religious terror, I was deputed to discharge, with as little previous training or instruction, either in the Mystery itself or its due administration, as if it had

been the most trivial and insignificant performance in which the least serious of human kind could possibly be engaged. Can we believe that the Church of England attaches any definite meaning to an act with respect to which she deems it needless to give, even to her clergy, one word of preliminary counsel or warning? A charitable construction of her proceedings obliges us to reply in the negative. She calls it indeed a 'sacrament,' as she might have called it anything else, but that she regards it as St. Paul did, who warned off irreverent intruders with such terrible menaces, is a supposition too injurious and extravagant to be entertained. To think of it as *he* thought, yet act towards it as *she* acts, would be an impiety as inconceivable as if a man should jest at the Agony on the Cross, or dance at the funeral of his mother. There are crimes which even the reprobate fears to commit. The very demons, though they presumed to tempt, did not dare to insult our Lord. Why should any one suppose the Church of England capable of excesses from which even demons and reprobates would shrink? It is more reasonable to believe, with her own members, that she considers the 'Lord's Supper,' as she considers 'Ordination,' a pious ceremony, bequeathed to us by our fathers, which may possibly have had some meaning in their day, but has very little in ours, and may therefore be administered by anybody, without any preparation whatever.

In later life I had a hundred occasions to observe how clergy of another sort are prepared for their future calling. Long years of special study, alternating with prayer and meditation, precede the final consecration of the whole man to the ministerial office. Out of four theological students in a particular seminary, one only on the average,

I was assured by the bishop, was ultimately judged to display adequate signs of 'vocation.' Among these marks, I think I was told, but I speak under correction, a vehement longing to offer the 'Holy Sacrifice of the New Law' was considered essential. And when the long discipline, often commenced in childhood, like that of Samuel, drew to a close, and the hour of ordination was at hand, a final *retreat* —prolonged for many days, in silence and solitude, amid deep searchings of the heart, and diligent inquiry of God—was the immediate preface to the mystical unction and laying on of apostolic hands, by which the power to serve at the altar was conferred. And even when the celebrant, at length clothed with the sacerdotal character, was permitted to say, with mingled gladness and fear, *Introibo ad altare Dei*, there stood by his side an elder, familiar with the ghostly rite, lest perchance his inexperience should require assistance or correction. Whatever may be thought either of this scrupulous and protracted preparation, or of the end to which it is supposed to lead, it will at least be admitted that there is an exact proportion and harmony between the two.

In my own case, as I have said, and in that of my fellow-students, nothing of this sort occurred. If we chose to become clergymen, we are quite at liberty to do so. Nobody took the trouble either to dissuade or encourage us. What did it matter to them? Neither before nor since were we ever asked by any human being why we selected one calling rather than another, how we prepared for, nor how we discharged it. More care would have been displayed, I thought, in the appointment of a coachman, a valet-de-chambre, or a parish beadle. It is true that everybody is of one mind, in the case of those useful members of

society, both as to the nature of their duties and the qualifications required for them. After a brief space, a sphere of labor was assigned to me in a rural district, and I commenced my ministerial life. I understood that I was now to teach religion, if I could, especially after the manner approved by the National Church; and further, that it was my duty, if I knew how, to 'point the way to heaven.' I should really have been very willing to do so if I had been myself more familiar with the road. To find in what direction it ran, amid what impediments, and with what security against possible aberrations, became a subject of instant solicitude, and to this branch of spiritual geography I promptly applied my mind. Before I pretended to teach others, it seemed to me a not unimportant preliminary to teach myself. The question was, how to begin. My mind, if I may allude again to anything so void and unfurnished, resembled a dry sponge, potentially receptive, but equally capable of being moistened with the dews of heaven, or saturated with water from a ditch. I had heard, however, a good deal of the 'reformers,' and my final decision was to begin with them.

I had a vague impression that these celebrated persons were individuals of singular merit, illuminated by a preternatural light, and highly qualified to impart the instruction which I needed. It had not occurred to me up to this date, that true religion could not possibly have begun to exist in the sixteenth century. Reflections of this nature were of later growth. I do not remember that I had ever been startled even by the announcement of the Anglican Homily, that 'the whole world had been sunk in the damnable pit of idolatry' for upwards of nine hundred years. The senseless impudence of this statement did not create so

much as a ripple on the stagnant surface of my slumbering soul. I am afraid I was equally indifferent to its odious impiety and its matchless absurdity. And so I applied myself to the reformers. I believe I may say that I read them all—the English contingent in the convenient edition of the Parker Society—though to this hour I am wholly unable to comprehend how I survived the nauseous task. I presume that I am the only living man who has succeeded in doing so. To a valued clerical friend, benevolently interested in my studies, who inquired one day, it seemed to me with a touch of sarcasm, 'what I thought of the reformers,' I replied, without intending to be epigrammatic, 'I feel as if I had been standing on the brink of hell, listening to the ravings of lost spirits.' Yet I read them with violent prejudice in their favor. The impression which they produced upon me, even at that time, was this: that if the brute creation could speak, they would speak like the reformers. I have since thought this opinion was unjust: I mean to the brute creation.

Much of the language of the so-called reformers, as I found to my surprise, is too gross and cynical to be repeated, and would scandalize even moderately decent pagans. The coarse indelicacy of their expressions is only equalled by their maniacal self-esteem. Luther, as Mr. Hallam ingeniously observes, 'was as tenacious of his judgment as if it had been uniform,' and spent his life 'bellowing in bad Latin.' St. Jude must have had him in prophetical view when he described certain teachers as 'raging waves of the sea foaming out their own confusion.' Like the modest and diffident Proudhon, he would have cheerfully offered instruction to the Omniscient. The prophet of Socialism and the apostle of the Reformation resemble each other as

closely as the twin brothers in the *Comedy of Errors.* Yet both have found admirers. 'Heroic Swan!' exclaims Coleridge, alluding to some of the most revolting absurdities of Luther; 'I love thee even when thou gabblest like a goose.'[4] Mr. Carlyle records no more impressive example of 'hero-worship.' Titania was not more bewitched when she said to Bottom the weaver, as soon as he ceased from braying:

> 'I pray thee, gentle mortal, sing again;
> Mine ear is much enamored of thy note.'

But Luther was no worse than his fellows, whom the world is beginning to fling down from the pedestals which they have occupied too long. 'An unfavorable estimate of the reformers,' says Mr. Froude, 'is unquestionably gaining ground among advanced thinkers.'[5] 'In nearly every country where their boasted Reformation triumphed,' observes Mr. Lecky, 'the result is to be mainly attributed to coercion.'[6] Mr. Buckle shows how Protestant parents were obliged to 'send their children to Catholic colleges,' to escape the mental stagnation to which they were condemned by the new ministers.[7] Mr. Hallam also observes, and I think he was the first to do so, that 'the Reformation appealed to the *ignorant*,' and that a knowledge of the true character of its agents 'cools every honest man's zeal for their cause in proportion as his reading becomes more extensive.'[8] I found it gravely stated, for instance, when

[4] *Notes on Luther's Table-Talk*, Works, vol. iv. p. 52, 1836.
[5] *Times of Erasmus and Luther*, p. 44.
[6] *Rationalism in Europe*, vol. ii. p. 49.
[7] *History of Civilization in England*, vol. i. ch. ix. p. 587, third edition.
[8] *Literature of Europe*, vol. i. ch. vi. p. 365.

I began to read certain popular histories of the Reformation, that Luther owed his 'conversion' to the luminous train of thought suggested by texts of Holy Scripture which he had never seen before. The fable has had conspicuous success. Yet I ascertained, without much difficulty, that he must have read these very texts hundreds of times while he was still a monk; and I have held in my hands, and examined with my eyes, the *ninth* German edition of the *whole Bible*, published in the vernacular, by ecclesiastical authority, in the first few years of the sixteenth century, that is to say, during the earlier life of Luther. The German priest who was good enough to show me this book, made, without discourtesy, some pleasant remarks about what he called 'the infantine credulity of Protestants, which he knew that I no longer shared. The growing disesteem for the reformers, noticed by modern writers, was speedily produced in my own mind by familiarity with those eminent persons. They appeared to me, judging them solely by their own language, to be a very low species of ecclesiastical prize-fighters. Thus Luther declared of Zwingle, who presumed to differ from him, that he was 'satanized, insatanized, and supersatanized,' and that his damnation was certain. Zwingle said in reply, 'When I read a book of Luther's, I seem to be looking at an obscene pig, grunting among the flowers of a fair garden.' Calvin said of Luther, 'Would to God that he would think a little more of his own vices!' while Bucer said of Calvin that he was 'a mad dog;' and Beza applied to him language which modern civilization does not permit us to repeat. Luther, again, called Henry VIII. 'the grossest of all pigs,' which he probably was, 'and of all asses,' which he certainly was not; and Erasmus said of Luther that he

was 'a savage beast and a furious wild boar.'[9] The English and Scotch reformers were, if possible, a trifle worse, since they were all, as many of the English clergy have lately discovered, contemptible scoundrels, or, as Dr. Littledale expresses it, 'utterly unredeemed villains.'

It will be seen that my theological studies, though inspired by excellent intentions, were not thus far crowned with brilliant or cheerful results. It was evident that the 'reformers,' who were a jest and a proverb even to one another, and each of whom thought all the rest miscreants, could only be 'blind leaders of the blind,' and it became necessary to take a new departure. But this did not discourage me, though I was now at sea without a sail, an oar, or a rudder, and with no skilful pilot from whom I could learn upon what unfriendly shores my fragile bark was liable to drift. In this emergency I had recourse to the study of Holy Scripture, which I had read from childhood with delight, though not with piety or discrimination. In this occupation, during many months, I was wholly absorbed. To tell what else I did would be a needless revelation of secrets which a prudent man retains in his own breast. I had certainly a sincere desire to know the truth, if there was any truth, which the most superficial contemplation of myself and of the world around me did not permit me to doubt. My ear was filled with the harmonies of creation, and I longed to know Him who was able to produce, out of materials so meagre, such incredibly sweet music. If the Church of England, whose minister I had become, had failed to give me this knowledge, she evidently considered that I was none the less competent to

[9] See *Causeries sur le Protestantisme*, par Mgr. de Ségur, ch. v. p. 88; ch. vi. p. 92

impart it to others—which appeared to me an imprudent assumption. A man can only give what he has received. Her bishop had indeed complimented me, to my extreme astonishment, on the meritorious examination which I had passed; but perhaps he was given to irony. I had heard, too, during my academical life, no small number of university sermons, but they were apologies for so many contradictory religions, the preacher in every case being equally peremptory, that to build on such a foundation a definite theological system was not permitted to human genius. The only lucid conclusion which these discourses suggested to me was this, that the expensive machinery of the National Church was hardly needed to secure a perennial supply of teachers who were all at liberty to teach whatever they pleased, which they could have done equally well, it appeared to me, whether the National Church existed or not. That the study of Holy Scripture would assist me in this crisis seemed not improbable, and at all events it was clearly essential to try the experiment.

I had been brought up in a Church whose first principle it is, that to *read* the Scriptures, no matter how—before or after breakfast, in the nursery and in the school, with no more fear or reverence than if they were a novel or a newspaper—is the chief duty of man, and which does not seem to admit the possibility of risk or danger in doing so. My own impatience to enter upon this attractive study was not sensibly diminished by the reflection, confusedly present to my mind, that every corruption of Christianity, invented in any age by human caprice or lawlessness, had been ostensibly derived from the Scriptures. I might have known, moreover, that, according to their own prediction, the most audacious perversion of their contents would be one of the

signs of the 'last days.' I did actually know that St. Peter had warned all Christians not to 'wrest the Scriptures to their own destruction,' and had observed, in the spirit of inspiration, that his 'most dear brother Paul' was particularly 'hard to be understood.' I was fully disposed to respect the apostolic admonition, but most of my clerical friends appeared to think it weak and unmeaning; perhaps because they felt that, whatever difficulties St. Peter may have found, *they* could interpret St. Paul with the greatest ease. They certainly were always prepared to do so. If St. Philip had said to them, as he did to the Ethiopian treasurer, 'Understandest thou what thou readest'? [10] they would have replied, with a smile of conscious superiority: 'I flatter myself I do; would you like to hear me expound it?'

One of my clerical friends, rector of a neighboring parish, and fellow of a college, to whom I imparted at this period my unintelligent apprehensions about the apostolic warning, consoled me with cheerful alacrity. With a certain triumphant air, which he could assume at pleasure, and which was sometimes very imposing, he reminded me that the Master of St. Peter had said, '*Search the Scriptures.*' As he quoted this famous text, there was a dilation of the eye, and a certain carriage of the head, which said more plainly than words, 'I have you there.' I thought he had for the text at first sight appeared decisive. More careful investigation satisfied me that its true meaning was exactly the opposite to what he supposed. My friend, I discovered, had stopped short in the middle of a sentence. The whole passage was as follows: 'Search the Scriptures; for in them you *think* you have eternal life; and they are they

[10] Acts viii. 30.

which testify of Me.' It struck me at once that the translation was doubtful; and I learned without surprise, not long after, that the greatest commentators, and even most of the modern German exegetical writers, insist that the word 'search'—ἐρευνᾶτε, scrutamini—is not in the imperative, but in the *indicative* mood. The context seems to make this evident. The whole passage, far from being an injunction to all men to read the Scriptures, is a fearful reproach to the Pharisees for the manner in which *they* had read them. 'You have not His word abiding in you,' said their future Judge; 'for whom He hath sent, Him you believe not. You search the Scriptures, because you think in them to have eternal life; and the same are they which give testimony of Me.' But without dwelling on this point, I begged my friend to remark how the Pharisees boasted, like certain people in our own day, that they *knew* the Scriptures; and now they were told that those Scriptures, in which they had failed to discern *the very truth which they were written to announce*, would prove their final condemnation. 'Think not,' said their rejected Messiah to these supercilious Bible-readers, 'that I will accuse you to the Father. There is one that accuseth you, *even Moses in whom you trust.*'[11] It was possible, then, to know the Scriptures by heart, like the Pharisees, and yet to know them, as they did, only to a more hopeless destruction.[12] I made this observation to my friend, who received it with marked impatience, and even turned away from me in anger. He said he had a sick call to make, and I suppose it was true. From that time I never consulted my friend again.

[11] St. John v. 45.

[12] The Pharisees actually quoted the Scriptures against our Blessed Lord: 'Search the Scriptures,' they said, 'and see that out of Galilee a prophet riseth not.' St. John vii. 52.

I did not, however, abandon my purpose to study the Scriptures; but I resolved to keep in mind the warning of St. Peter, and to read them, metaphorically speaking, only on my knees. To St. Paul, who was at once the most didactic and the most voluminous of the inspired writers, I first applied for instruction. An illustrious person, with whose writings I became familiar at a later date, has observed of St. Paul, that 'he was the least magisterial of all teachers, and the gentlest and most amiable of all rulers.'[13] This is, I presume, a just estimate of this incomparable man; but what struck my own mind in reading his Epistles was rather his terrible severity, in spite of the tenderness of his nature, and especially the awful vehemence of his language on one subject. No prophet, priest, or pontiff, I found, ever went beyond this gentle and amiable ruler in merciless denunciation of *sects*, and of all who make or join them. If a thunderbolt had fallen at my feet at noonday, I could not have been more effectually startled. As soon as I was able to compare his marvellous tenderness towards ordinary sinners, even of the most heinous kind, with his stern and fiery condemnation of every form of heresy and schism, or the least exercise of 'private judgment,' I found new reason to suspect that the so-called Reformation was not only the work of brutal and immoral conspirators, but a formal rejection of the first principles and fundamental axioms of Christianity, as expounded by its earliest teachers. The Apostle, I perceived, was never weary of exhorting that sinners should be admitted to reconciliation; and though he publicly excommunicated a great criminal at Corinth, yet a few months later he commanded the ecclesiastical rulers in that city to 'pardon and

[13] Dr. Newman, Sermon on the character of St. Paul.

comfort him, lest perhaps such an one be swallowed up with over-much sorrow.'[14] In this case he resembles a mother yearning over her child, though the man whom he thus spared was no common sinner. But the moment he speaks of what St. Peter calls 'self-willed teachers,' this great and loving heart seems to find only words of menace and malediction, never of pity or forgiveness. I did not make this discovery without considerable agitation; for even my uninstructed mind, not yet emancipated from ignorance and prejudice, perceived at a glance that it opened to me a new region of thought, which I was now to explore for the first time.

If any one had asked me at this period of my life if I was a Protestant, I should no doubt, without attaching any precise meaning to the word, have replied in the affirmative. But if I had been invited to say, without ambiguity, what is the intellectual basis of Protestantism, whether Evangelical or Ritualistic, I think I should have answered, as a member of the National Church, that it is the right of revolt in the spiritual sphere. It was to the exercise of this right that the Church of which I was a minister owed its being. No religious community since the beginning of the world ever had a more revolutionary origin. Its greatest divines had communicated *in sacris*, publicly and avowedly, with the ministers of similar churches. 'An English prelate,' as Macaulay observes, 'if he went to Holland, conformed without scruple to the established religion of Holland.' And even, as he adds, when it was made a crime, for political reasons, to desert the National Church at home, 'abroad the ambassadors of Elizabeth and James went in state to the very worship which Elizabeth and James persecuted at

[14] 1 Cor. v. 5; 2 Cor. ii. 7.

home.' All the English bishops and clergy, he truly remarks, 'regarded the Protestants of the Continent as of the same household of faith with themselves.'[15] I had learned, therefore, from my own Church, if I ever learned anything from her, that it was not only lawful to revolt, under the guidance of such princes as Henry and Elizabeth, and the teaching of such masters as Barlow and Parker, against the ecclesiastical authority which had been for long ages the only witness for God in the world—to which England owed her own conversion, and which still claimed her obedience, without abating one jot of her imperial pretensions, after the revolt was consummated—but also to give the right hand of fellowship to a dozen conflicting sects, differing from one another on the most solemn truths of revelation, but all existing by virtue of the same *right of revolt* which the Church of England consistently approved in them, after practising it herself. That Church taught me by her example, the only way in which she can be said to teach anything, that what are called heresy and schism, far from being deadly sins, crying to heaven for judgment, are simply the exercise of the right which every community possesses to choose its own religion, either from the Bible or the Fathers. I was now to see what St. Paul taught on the same subject.

In this case there was no danger of misinterpreting his words. No ingenuity could assign to them two meanings. Let any one try to do so in the following examples. The disciples in Galatia were troubled by what St. Peter calls 'self-willed teachers.' These were Jewish converts, who supposed that the rites of the Mosaic law were still binding. It was no doubt a grave error; but it seems to have

[15] *History of England*, ch. i. p. 76

been shared, at least for a time, by many sincere Christians. Nor is it related that these men denied a single truth of revelation, much less that they indulged in the 'extreme divergencies of doctrine' which Dr. Wilberforce considers 'inevitable' in the Church of England, and which his brother of Ely hopes 'will never cease to be allowed.' Heresy has seldom presented itself, I suppose, in a milder form. Yet St. Paul speaks even of such heretics as these as if they were almost beyond the reach of mercy! Such teachers, he tells the Galatians, '*pervert the Gospel of Christ.*' Among ourselves they would only be considered to hold a trifling peculiarity of opinion. 'If an angel from heaven,' he continues, should introduce *any* variation of doctrine, '*let him be anathema.*' He desires to be anathematized himself, if he should ever commit such a crime. 'I would,' the tender Apostle adds, in a burst of unforgiving wrath, 'they were *even cut off* who trouble you.' And then he explains this mysterious vehemence by the final announcement that '*sects*,' whatever their pretext, origin, or character, are as manifestly '*works of the flesh*,' as '*idolatry, witchcraft, and murder*,'[16]—the worst crimes of which human nature is capable. These were not cheerful tidings for a minister of that community which has been described as 'a hundred sects battling within one Church,' and whose amiable chief pontiff lately said: 'I do not wish to restrain or curb the liberty of the clergy.'

No other sin which man can commit, except apostasy from the Church, which St. Augustine supposed to be 'the unpardonable sin,' was ever spoken of by St. Paul in similar terms. He has pity for every other; none for this. Thus, after telling the Christians of Rome to 'mark those who

[16] Galat. i. 7, v. 20.

cause dissensions,' he goes on directly in those words of fire which he seems to reserve for this subject. 'Such men,' he says, 'serve not Christ our Lord, but their own belly; and by pleasing speeches *and good words* seduce the hearts of the innocent.'[17] Yet they had, no doubt, many excellent gifts, or how would they have attracted a multitude of disciples? *They* were the 'popular preachers' of their day, and probably differed from our own only in this, that they did not deny half so many truths of the Gospel.[18]

St. Paul wrote to the Christians of Corinth that he had heard, and 'partly believed'—an expression in which we may perhaps see a proof of his exquisite delicacy—that there were 'schisms among them.' The report, he adds, was credible, because 'there *must* also be heresies, that they who are reproved may be *made manifest* among you.'[19] To have anything to do with heresy and schism, which some now deem 'inevitable,' and others count as one of the most valuable privileges of the Christian, was in the judgment of St. Paul one of the most evident tokens of reprobation.

He is always giving the same warning, and always in the same language. '*Is Christ divided?*'[20] he asks; and he could hardly have taught in a more impressive way the incomparable guilt of heresy and schism. Such sins, he intimates, are not simply the violation of a divine command, but a direct outrage against the Divine Unity, and *therefore* the most unpardonable in the whole catalogue of human offences. And it is quite consistent with this view

[17] Rom. xvi. 17, 18.

[18] Faustus the Manichæan is described by St. Augustine as 'eloquio suavis, ingenio callidus.'

[19] 1 Cor. xi. 19.

[20] Ib. i. 3

of the subject, that when he wishes to put the Philippians on their guard, as was his apostolic habit, against heretical teachers, he contents himself with saying: 'Beware of dogs.'[21] It is thus that St. Paul speaks of men who, if they lived among ourselves, would be the respected pastors of fashionable churches, and would preach every Sunday to crowded congregations.

The fourteen Epistles of St. Paul contain not a solitary exception to this manner of teaching. In vain we look in them for a single sentence which breathes indulgence or sanctions hope. We meet only impetuous anathemas against every form of private judgment, and a certain divine intemperance of language against all who presume to choose their own religion. Thus, in writing to a bishop, he charges him to be firm and courageous, but '*gentle*' in his office, in the case of all subject to his authority; but as to teachers *outside* the Church, whatever their 'pleasing speeches' or specious professions, he has only this counsel to give to him, and to all other Christian prelates to the end of time: 'A man that is a heretic, after the first and second admonition avoid, *knowing* that such an one is subverted.'[22] It is as if he had said: 'there is an end of him, and remonstrance would be only a waste of time.' When I had read these and many similar passages with which the New Testament abounds, I was far from presuming to think that I had mastered his whole theological system, for which indeed I needed further help; but it seemed to me already one of the most evident of all truths, that St. Paul was no more a Protestant than he was a Hindu.

It was so habitual with this great Apostle, who knew all that man *can* know of the counsels of God, to reprobate,

[21] Phil. iii. 2. [22] Titus iii. 10, 11.

whenever he opened his mouth, the most cherished principles of Protestantism, and especially the exercise of private judgment in the religious sphere, that even when others speak of him, it is always to record fresh examples of the same kind. Thus St. Luke relates, that when he was bidding a last farewell to the clergy and people of Ephesus, and had already told them 'you shall see my face no more,' even in that solemn hour he could find no more urgent topic to suggest to their minds than that which was always present to his own. 'I know,' he said, 'that after my departure ravening wolves will enter in among you, not sparing the flock. And of your own selves shall rise men speaking perverse things to draw away disciples after them.'[23] In the judgment of St. Paul, all teachers not commissioned by the Church and proclaiming her doctrine, whatever good qualities they might possess, were 'ravening wolves.' That which every Protestant claims the right to do, and does without scruple, was the very crime against which *he* never ceased to warn all Christians. His inspired teaching on this, as on every other subject, perfectly harmonizes with the religious system which the so-called Reformation abolished, but has nothing in common with that which it introduced. If the church of Barlow and Parker, and the kindred sects created by the same right of revolt, agree even faintly with the pattern in the divine mind, it is evident that both St. Paul and the Catholic Church totally misconceived and perverted it.

All that the same Apostle says about the *Church*, which he calls 'the pillar and ground of the truth,'[24] about '*the imposition of hands*,' which he ranks with such doctrines as 'faith towards God' and the 'resurrection of the

[23] Acts xx. 29, 30. [24] 1 Tim. iii. 15.

dead;'[26] about the *Sacrament of the Altar*, which it was death to approach irreverently;[26] about the *Altar* itself, 'whereof they have no power to eat who serve the tabernacle;'[27] is as purely Catholic both in thought and expression. No Protestant could repeat his language on these subjects, nor even attach any real meaning to it. And for this reason they instinctively prefer teachers who more closely resemble *themselves*. An eminent unbeliever keenly observes, that 'the part which is comparatively active in *their* minds,' even when 'strictly religious,' 'is that which was made by Calvin or Knox,'—perhaps by Hooker, Laud, or Jeremy Taylor—'or by some such person much nearer in character to themselves' than the Son of God or His Apostles. *Their* sayings, he adds, 'co-exist passively in their minds, producing hardly any effect.'[28] What effect would be produced by the preaching of the Apostles if they were to come among us now, and should discourse, as they certainly would, after the manner of St. Paul, is a sad but curious subject of speculation. One can hardly venture to anticipate what fierce and hostile passions would be kindled by their august presence, especially when they began to attack the popular religious theories of the day—the right of revolt, self-willed preachers, branch churches, and all the other devices of the lawless one. I am persuaded that if they were not presently stoned to death like St. Stephen—a violent proceeding which has gone out of fashion—multitudes who deem themselves Christians would gnash their teeth upon them. Perhaps we may form a proximate idea of the probable result of their apparition in any of our modern churches by supposing the following case.

[26] Heb. vi. 1, 2. [26] 1 Cor. xi. 30. [27] Heb. xiii. 10.
[28] *On Liberty*, by John Stuart Mill, p. 77, third edition.

Let us conceive that we have entered, on some Sunday morning, one of the numerous edifices appropriated to Anglican worship, with the purpose of contemplating at our ease some of the 'inevitable divergencies of doctrine' of which, as Dr. Wilberforce observes, they are the national theatres. Let us suppose further, that having secured a seat through the courtesy of some habitual attendant, and the preliminary entertainment being concluded, instead of the expected and justly popular preacher whom we had designed to hear, St. Peter, St. James, or St. Paul should suddenly ascend the pulpit. Who shall picture the consternation of the audience? They looked for one with whose voice and gestures they were familiar, who would plausibly amuse them for an hour, discoursing of a fanciful religion and an imaginary church; and lo, a grave and majestic figure, giving no promise of any kind of amusement, and a calm, solemn voice which begins thus: 'Go to now, ye rich men, weep and howl for your miseries which are coming upon you.' The highly cultivated audience, unused to this kind of thing, look at one another in amazement, and the voice continues: 'Your gold and silver are cankered, and the rust of them shall be for a testimony against you, and shall eat your flesh like fire.'[29] Do you notice that rich lawyer in the front pew, who is one of the pillars of the church, and who wears such a restless and discontented air? He evidently feels that he has a right to complain. His own preacher, a model of Christian propriety, never used such unpleasant language. *He* never told rich men to weep and howl, being almost a rich man himself, and able to make the best of both worlds; and here is a man who talks, forsooth, as if the next world were

[29] St. James v. 1-3.

everything, and this world nothing at all. Our opulent lawyer, who never heard an apostle preach before, and hopes he shall never hear one again, is ill at ease, and would like to escape; but he is close to the pulpit, and the church is crowded, and he cannot very well get out. I know not if the accustomed preacher is there himself, hidden in some corner, and perhaps frightened at his unexpected substitute; but if he is, and the memory of Barlow or Jewel should happen to occur to him, we may conceive with what extreme satisfaction he hears the next words which fall upon his ear. 'There were false prophets among the people,' exclaims St. Peter, who seems to be strangely indifferent to popularity, 'even as there shall be among you lying teachers, who shall bring in *sects of perdition*.'[30] Let us hope that the respected incumbent is near the door, for he must be anxious to get away. But his terrible and uninvited substitute is still in the pulpit, and will not spare. 'With feigned words,' he cries, 'they will make merchandise of you. . . . Audacious, self-willed, they fear not to bring in sects.' They shall abound especially, he adds, '*in the last days*'; and then he goes on to describe the whole class of 'self-willed teachers,' and this to an audience which never knew any other sort, in every age, and in all its varieties. Using just such fearful words as St. Paul employs, he calls them, without stopping to make distinctions, 'irrational beasts, blaspheming those things which they know not.' 'It is they,' he exclaims once more, who, 'speaking proud words of vanity,' scoffing at the Church and at all authority, 'allure such as converse in error; *promising them liberty, whereas they themselves are the slaves of corruption*,'[31] cleaving to bishops whom

[30] 2 Pet. ii. 1. [31] Ib. ii. 12–19.

they confess and proclaim to be heretics, and knowing no arbiters of doctrine but their own conceits, or the decisions of the Privy Council. In such terms, and many more like them, St. Peter speaks of men no doubt very amiable in private life, affectionate husbands and fathers, agreeable companions, skilled in the use of 'pleasing speeches and good words,' and perfectly unconscious that this judgment is already pronounced upon them.

But the apostolic sermon is not over yet. The extruded incumbent, reduced for the moment to unwonted silence, had often made his congregation smile, perhaps a little too often, at what he called 'corruptions,' and especially the corruptions of the Roman Church, which contrast so unpleasantly with the virgin purity of his own. But the formidable preacher who has this morning usurped his pulpit, without even asking his permission, and in whose voice we seem now to recognize that of St. James, suddenly cries out: 'Is any man sick among you? Let him bring in the priests of the Church, and let them pray over him, *anointing him with oil* in the name of the Lord; . . . . and if he be in sins, they shall be forgiven him.'[32] Our estimable incumbent, who is much given to quoting the Fathers, and uses them as profitably as the Pharisees did the Bible, knows that Barlow and his troop perfectly understood the use of oil for culinary purposes, but that to have consecrated it for a sacramental rite would have diverted them exceedingly; and his congregation, including the eminent lawyer, know it too. Perhaps we may conclude that on this occasion, when they went to hear the popular preacher, but heard somebody else, the latter would be a good deal disturbed in mind, and even begin to suspect that their es-

[32] St. James v. 14.

teemed minister, though he is a highly intelligent man, with a lofty contempt for 'corruptions,' could not have been 'called by God as was Aaron,' and that possibly, with the best intentions, he had been all his life 'blaspheming those things which he knows not.'

As I made progress in my studies, the teaching of St. Peter, and the language of Holy Scripture about him, impressed me even more, if possible, than the equally unexpected sentiments of St. Paul. Besides his vehement language about 'self-willed teachers,' and 'sects of perdition,' there is much both in his words and acts to deprive him of the confidence and sympathy of Protestants. They object, for example, to his being called 'a Rock,' which seems to them a forced and fanciful title, and they object still more to the disagreeable announcement that 'upon *this* rock' the Church should be built, which they consider injurious to churches having a less solid foundation. They look, too, with legitimate suspicion upon a man whose very 'shadow' could heal the sick,[33] which is too like the sentimental legends of Catholic saints, and too unlike what the shadow of their own preachers ever did, or is ever likely to do, not to awaken their mistrust. They shrink, moreover, from one to whom it was darkly and mysteriously said: 'To THEE do I give the keys of the kingdom of heaven,' as if God and St. Peter had a joint sovereignty in the Church, which is plainly inadmissible; and to whom it was further declared: 'Whatsoever THOU shalt bind on earth shall be bound in heaven;' which is just what the haughty and ambitious Pope claims to do, and is perhaps the most violently unprotestant idea in the New Testament. These peculiarities, of which there are so many in his history,

[33] Acts v. 15.

take him out of their sphere, and cast a grave suspicion upon the soundness of his theological views. It is difficult to resist the impression that he would have called the Church of Barlow, if he had ever seen anything like it, a 'sect of perdition.'

But there is another incident in his life which fills them with uneasiness, and certainly requires explanation. Why did he kill that poor man and his wife, simply for telling a lie to *him* as supreme head of the Church? Such an act of pontifical severity, they consider, savors of the Inquisition. It is one which in our own day would certainly bring St. Peter into collision with the authorities, if an angel did not come, as he probably would, to take him out of their hands. It is an act, of which the present Pope, more indulgent than St. Peter, is reported to have said, that if he could imitate his great predecessor in slaying all those who lie to him, he would soon have a whole cemetery full of defunct princes and statesmen.

The true position of St. Peter in the Christian polity, and the exact nature of the mysterious functions committed to him, appeared to me quite as worthy of religious investigation as any other portion of the Divine scheme. To affect indifference to the counsel of God in such a matter would, I perceived, be criminal levity. To misapprehend it might be irreparable disaster. I often discussed the question with my learned father, who seemed to think it of trifling import, and sought to discourage an inquiry from which he evidently anticipated no good result. He requested me, however, to read Barrow on the Supremacy; and as my disposition always led me to examine both sides of a question, I willingly accepted his advice. The tone of Barrow seemed to me to resemble that of a lawyer who

has grave doubts about the merits of his case. St. Peter had manifestly *some* preëminence, he thought, in the apostolic college, but it was only that of 'a ringleader in a dance.' Considering that his preëminence, whatever it was, must have emanated from God's appointment, the comparison did not seem to me felicitous. If the Apostles had been dancing dervishes, it would have been unexceptionable. On the whole, the book produced upon me an impression extremely unfavorable, not to the Supremacy, but to Dr. Barrow.[34]

I conversed on the same subject with many of my clerical friends. Their views, which in this case were identical, may perhaps be succinctly represented in the following series of propositions.

1. If Simon received, like Abraham, a mysterious call, it was full of significance, they thought, in the case of the Patriarch, but wholly without meaning in that of the Apostle.

2. If the Most High, who probably acts with design, gave to each of them a *new name*, in the one it signified the introduction of a new dispensation, but in the other, nothing at all.

3. If Abraham was called 'father of the faithful,' it was because he was really destined to be so; if Simon was

[34] Even Bull, the most learned Anglican of his age, is hardly more serious. 'All other Churches,' he observes, 'paid a singular respect to the Church of Rome, but they never acknowledged her mistresship over them, or themselves to be her serving-maids.' *The Corruptions of the Church of Rome*, by the Right Rev. George Bull, D.D., p. 67, ed. Penton. Bramhall says, with the same levity: 'All Eastern Churches do acknowledge the Patriarch of Rome to be the chief Patriarch, *whilst he behaveth himself well*. *Vindication from the Presbyterian Charge of Popery*, p. 111. The 'self-willed teachers' condemned by St. Peter had no doubt the same feeling towards the Prince of the Apostles which Anglicans profess towards his successor. They respected his authority, as long as it did not interfere with their own private opinions.

called 'the rock,' he might as well have been called anything else.

4. If his Master added, 'Upon *this* rock I will build My Church,'[35] there was no allusion to the singular *name* which He had just given him, but only to his profession of faith; so that every believer is just as much a rock as he was, without the perfectly needless process of changing his name.

5. If a whole series of magnificent prerogatives were conferred upon him, as soon as his Creator had named him 'the rock'—an eternal supremacy against 'which the gates of hell shall not prevail;' a benediction which the Seraphim might envy: the power to open and shut heaven; a power almost without limit, like to the power of God;[36] —all this was only a cumbrous way of saying that his faith was much to be commended.

6. If he is always named *before* the other Apostles,—'*the first*, Simon who is called Peter,'[37]—in a book which purports to be inspired, this is only the result of an accident.

7. If to him alone it was said, 'To THEE I will give the keys of the kingdom of heaven,'[38] it probably means something, but not what all Christians supposed it to mean for more than a thousand years.

8. If he was told to work a miracle, in order to satisfy the demand of a tax-gatherer, and when he had obtained money by such unusual means, to 'give it for *Me and thee*;'[39] no peculiar connection with his Master, much less any supremacy in the Church, can be reasonably inferred from so slight an incident.

9. If St. Paul is careful to record that he 'went up to

[35] St. Matt. xvi. 18. [36] Ib. [37] Ib. x. 2.
[38] Ib. xvi. 19. [39] Ib. xvii. 26.

Jerusalem *to see Peter*,'[40] while he adds, 'other of the Apostles saw I none,' it is idle to suppose that he had any special motive in doing so, or that Peter had any special claim to be visited.

10. If the same Apostle relates of the risen Saviour, that 'He was seen *by Cephas*, and after that by the eleven,'[41] perhaps this was because Peter chanced to be in the neighborhood, or it may be only another of the innumerable passages of Holy Scripture which mean nothing in particular.

11. If even the Angel, contributing to the general delusion, said to those who found him sitting in the sepulchre, 'Go tell His disciples *and Peter*;'[42] this also was no recognition of his personal dignity, but, like all the corresponding texts, a purely accidental form of words.

12. If the disciples asked our Lord, 'Who is the greater in the kingdom of heaven?' because, as St. Chrysostom observes, 'they could not conceal a certain human jealousy of Peter's supremacy on earth;' either they were mistaken in resentingh is fancied superiority, or St. Chrysostom in dreaming that they did so.[43]

13. If St. John relates that although he 'outran Peter and came first to the sepulchre, yet he went not in,'[44] in spite of his ardent love, but waited till Peter had preceded him, this was not out of respect for Peter's office, nor was there any more significance in the act itself than in his care to record it in the Gospel.

14. If to Peter *alone* was committed by the Master, now

[40] Gal. i. 18. [41] 1 Cor. xv. 5. [42] St. Mark xvi. 7.

[43] It is evident that they had such thoughts, for St. Luke says (xxii. 24), 'There was a strife amongst them, which of them should seem to be greater.'

[44] St. John xx. 5, 6

triumphant over death and the grave, the superhuman task, 'Feed My sheep, feed My lambs;'[45] this again does not distinguish him in any way from the other Apostles, to whom nothing of the kind was ever said, nor from the rest of mankind, who are perfectly competent to feed themselves, without any assistance from Peter.

15. If he was the sole child of Adam to whom the Holy One ever addressed the amazing assurance, 'I have prayed for THEE that THY faith fail not,' and this because it would be henceforth his incommunicable function to '*confirm his brethren*;'[46] this does not imply that the solidity of his faith was in any way connected with the majesty of his office, or needful to the integrity of Christian doctrine; and though human lips could not have uttered such words without at least a grave purpose, Divine lips could employ them without any purpose whatever.

16. If, when Peter was imprisoned by Herod, 'prayer was made without ceasing by the Church unto God for him,'[47] though no such universal supplication was offered for any other Apostle, not even for St. Paul in all his bonds and scourgings, it does not follow that the liberty of her chief was necessary to the infant Church, nor that 'the Lord sent His angel' to release him from prison for that reason.

17. If one of the first acts of his pontifical reign was to smite with the thunderbolt of heaven, which fell at his word, the prevaricators who 'lied to the Holy Ghost,' because they lied to *him*; this does not prove that God was his accomplice in the discharge of an office to the support of which the dreadful might of God was so promptly lent.[48]

[45] St. John xxi. 15–17.
[46] St. Luke xxii. 31, 32.
[47] Acts xii. 5.
[48] Acts v. 5

18. Lastly, if two hundred and fifty Roman Pontiffs, surviving, by a perpetual miracle, all human dynasties, and every vicissitude to which human things are inevitably subject, baffling all the assaults of men and 'the gates of hell,' have claimed during nineteen centuries to succeed him in his office, and Christians have always believed that they did so by most evident warrant of Holy Writ; this only proves, on the one hand, that the long line of Pontiffs, for the most part men of singular virtue, profanely usurped an authority which God never intended to confer upon them; and on the other, that all the friends of God—saints, doctors, prelates, martyrs, virgins, and confessors—basely connived, without any imaginable motive, at the audacious usurpation, misconceived every luminous text of Scripture on which it was confidently but ignorantly founded, and meanly bowed down before a self-elected ruler, generally a feeble and helpless old man, who had no power whatever to coerce their submission, except what their own free convictions gave him.

Such were the opinions of my clerical friends. If they were true, it seemed to me transparently evident that Christianity was false. If they were true, the New Testament requires to be written again, with omissions and expurgations adapting it to Anglican views. The history of the Christian Church, on the same supposition, is only a tissue of fables and crimes, and the annals of all Christian prelates and people a record of impudent usurpations on one side, and still more shameless betrayals on the other. Such is the inevitable conclusion from the Anglican hypothesis. In order to prove itself a Church, the National Establishment is obliged to prove first that there never was one. Yet the moment the solemn statements and preg-

nant allusions of Holy Scripture are brought into contact with facts, and interpreted by the light of ecclesiastical history, each is found to confirm and illustrate the other. The first minutely records, with less than its usual mystery, and more than its usual emphasis and iteration, the appointment of a *Supreme Ecclesiastical Ruler*—Vicar of God, Immovable Rock, Pastor of Sheep and Lambs, Joint Governor with Christ, Sole Janitor of Heaven, Confirmer of his Brethren, Infallible Witness of Truth; the second actually displays him, from that hour to this, in the tranquil exercise of his office! And now I was asked to believe, by my clerical friends, that the first was a delusion, and the second a usurpation; that the one had no purpose in what it said, the other no authority for what it did. My powers of belief were unequal to this extreme effort. When I considered, further, that the new Church, in whose interests a theory so impious and subversive had been gaily invented, is itself a thing of yesterday, begotten in lust and cradled in sacrilege, shamefully notorious for 'extreme divergencies of doctrine,' and having no other credentials than it could derive from the obscene Henry and the buffoon Barlow, I was more than ever convinced that St. Peter would have called such a Church a 'sect of perdition.'

Thus far my biblical studies had been chiefly confined to the New Testament. It will be seen that they did not augment my confidence in the Church of England. The moment I applied myself to the *Old* Testament a flood of unexpected light was thrown upon the whole subject, and marvellously facilitated the further exploration of the field of inquiry in which I was engaged.

That the Jewish Church was fashioned, in all its parts, by the direct intervention of the Most High, no Christian

disputes. That even the minutest details of her ritual were imposed by the same august Will, is also admitted. In this ancient Church, therefore, we may discern, without risk of error or delusion, what was the worship, and what its accessories, which the Almighty deemed most appropriate for His chosen people. It is impossible to over-estimate this advantage. We are led at every step by the very hand of God. Now, the religion prescribed to the Hebrews consisted of three parts—a Priest, an Altar, and a Sacrifice. But since the Jewish was confessedly introductory to the Christian religion, the Law, as St. Paul observes, being only 'a schoolmaster to bring us to Christ,' it follows that, in the judgment of the Unerring God, the priesthood and sacrifice of the one were the *most suitable antecedents* to the ministry and worship of the other. The essential features of the first were therefore to be reproduced, with needful modification of form, in the second. They were to bear to each other the relation of type and antitype. We are not surprised, then, to hear St. Paul speak, as Isaias and Malachi had done, of the *Christian* priesthood and altar. Of the first he says: 'No man taketh this honor to himself, but he that is called by God *as was Aaron*.' Of the second: 'We have an altar'—not we *had*, but we *have*, *habemus altare*—'whereof they who serve the tabernacle have no power to eat.'[49] And this new worship, surpassing immeasurably in its awful majesty the older and preparatory rite, must have, he adds, a 'greater and more perfect tabernacle'; 'for if,' as he reasons, 'the ministration of condemnation be glory, much more the ministration of justice aboundeth in glory.' If, then, it should appear that even the Jewish Altar, Priesthood, and Sacrifice—barren,

[49] Heb. xiii. 10.

typical, transient, and introductory as they were—were guarded from intrusion by fearful menaces, and shielded from profanation by still more appalling judgments, we shall reasonably infer that a man may more safely play with an asp, walk amidst a fiery furnace, or float in a whirlpool, than take liberties with the altar and priesthood of the Christian Church.

'A man making void the law of Moses,' St. Paul reminds us, 'died without mercy under two or three witnesses.'[60] Every one is familiar with examples of this stern legislation. But they may be found, so unchangeable are the ways of God, even earlier than the time of Moses. It is a curious illustration of the lawless proclivities of our fallen race, especially in the matter of religion, that the first man born into the world was a heretic. Cain first invented a new religion, which was not without æsthetic merit, and then murdered his brother. The penalty of this double guilt was so tremendous, that his cry of despair still startles human ears. This 'head,' as he is called by theologians, 'of an apostate Church,' which was to make war till the end of time against 'the city of God,' has found imitators in every age, and more than ever in our own; men who, in the words of St. Jude, 'have *gone in the way of Cain*,' or 'perished in the contradiction of Korah.' Thus I have read of an Anglican bishop in New Zealand, of the High-Church school, who, with greater courage than Cain, but without his inventive talent, cheerfully caricatured the most solemn rite of our religion, by giving to certain natives a fictitious 'communion,' in which he used a sea-shell and a piece of biscuit. Others, as if clothed with a universal pontificate, and individually fountains of all spiritual mis-

[60] Heb. x. 28.

sion and jurisdiction, a little above the Apostles, and only a little lower than God, intrude into any diocese, without so much as consulting the so-called bishop, and venture to do what no Catholic prelate or patriarch, even of the most exalted rank, would dare to do. Others, again, with an excess of guilty presumption which has perhaps no parallel in the annals of human folly, are not ashamed to say to a reluctant and wavering disciple, who seems to be escaping from their control: 'My soul shall answer for yours at the day of judgment;' as if they would not have enough to do to answer for their own! Others, once more, compared with whom Cain was timid and Simon Magus reverential, run about the land, to give, wherever they find docile dupes, a pretended 'Benediction of the Holy Sacrament.' Who can doubt, if in his right mind, that the Apostle would have said of all such, 'They have gone in the way of Cain,' and are 'perishing in the contradiction of Korah'? The latter, with his two hundred and fifty companions, 'leading men of the synagogue,'[61] as the Scripture informs us, complained of Moses that he 'ruled like a lord over them,' just as others now complain of Peter, and protested, with evident conviction, that they were as well qualified by wisdom and virtue for the ministerial office as any Levite whatever. No doubt they believed so. But Moses, who thought in such matters like St. Peter and St. Paul, probably because he was illumined by the same supernatural light, and who had no indulgence for 'divergencies of doctrine,' saw at once what would happen. 'If these men,' he told the people, with the quiet confidence of a saint, 'die the common death of all, the Lord did not send me. But if the Lord do *a new thing*, and the earth open its

[61] Numbers xvi. 2.

mouth and swallow them up, and all things that belong to them, and they go down alive into hell, you shall know that they have blasphemed the Lord.'[52] And so it proved. These Hebrew gentlemen and their sympathizing admirers, to the number, it is said, of about fifteen thousand, were literally swallowed up alive. They found too late that, in order to be a minister of a Divine religion, it is quite indispensable to have been 'called by God.' Their friends, if any survived, must have regretted that they did not make the discovery sooner. In their dismal fate[53] we find a complete explanation of the terrible language of St. Peter and St. Paul about 'self-willed teachers;' for if this was the penalty of an attempt to personate a Jewish, what is reserved for those who simulate a Christian priest? This at least is certain, that many will plead in the great day, with unabashed confidence, their services as ministers of religion, to whom the Judge will reply: '*I never knew you.*'[54]

There is no need to enumerate parallel cases recorded in the Old Testament, all pregnant with the same grave warning, and with which every Christian is familiar. Such examples prove that even under the older and initiatory dispensation, which was a mere shadow of better things to come, 'the indignation of the Lord was kindled'[55] against acts which among ourselves are counted as praiseworthy; and that schism and heresy, which millions of Christians

[52] Numbers xvi. 30.

[53] It is worthy of notice, as an example of the awful judgments by which submission to ecclesiastical authority was enforced in the earlier Church, that 'on the following day' fourteen thousand seven hundred more were slain by a Divine visitation, because they 'murmured against Moses and Aaron, saying: You have killed the people of the Lord.' v. 46. And 'all these things, we are told by St. Paul, 'are written for *our* correction, upon whom the ends of the world are come.' 1 Cor. x. 11.

[54] St. Matt. vii. 23.

[55] 2 Kings vi. 7.

now regard so indulgently, and even esteem as manly virtues, were crimes of such magnitude in the sight of God, that their authors were rarely allowed time for repentance. Under the law of Moses, as in the case of a different offence under the government of Peter, *death*—swift, horrible, and far-spreading—was their penalty. Pondering these mysterious judgments, and comparing them with the stern menaces of the Apostles, I was forced to conclude, that if there be anything absolutely forbidden to a creature, it is to choose his own religion. He had better use the dangerous luxury of choice in any matter rather than that. In none could it be so fatal. It seemed to me, therefore, more than ever important to ascertain, if by diligent examination I could do so, not whether this or that docrine was probably true—an interminable inquiry, for which I had not the requisite gifts—but whether at this hour there is any authority on earth which represents God, and teaches in His name? There *was* such an authority in the Jewish Church, and the later Dispensation can hardly be inferior to the earlier. 'For if that which is done away,' says St. Paul, 'was glorious, much more that which remaineth is in glory.'[55] To this final question, therefore, *what Church* the Master commanded us to '*hear*,' on pain of being numbered, now and hereafter, with the godless and reprobate heathen, I next devoted my attention.

In this inquiry I received no help, and expected none, from my clerical friends. Not one of them seemed to suppose that the true Church must display certain notes or marks by which it may be known. They were unable to give any intelligible definition of that institution themselves, and did not appear to suspect that it could be given by any

[55] 2 Cor. iii. 11.

one else. Some of them remarked, indeed, with much confidence, that the true Church must possess bishops and priests, and thought that nothing more was wanted; but when I replied, that the basest sects of antiquity possessed both, they had no further suggestion to offer. They evidently failed to gather from the example of Arians, Nestorians, and others, that it is quite possible to have true Orders, and yet to be wholly out of the pale of salvation. They hesitated to admit that something more than ordination is wanted to secure membership with the Church of God, and the privileges which flow from it. Yet, as Dr. Newman observes, in one of those luminous sentences of which he has written so many, 'either there is no such sin as schism, or unity does not lie in episcopal ordination.' 'If unity lies in the apostolical succession,' he adds, 'an act of schism is from the nature of the case impossible.' It seemed to me also, and I ventured to make this remark to some of my friends, that, however convenient it may be to certain Christians to eliminate schism out of the category of possible sins, which appears to be the crowning merit of the Anglican theory, the advantage may be too dearly purchased. It was impossible, I suggested, to conceive an assumption more destructive of the whole foundation of Christian obedience than this, that there is no such crime as separation from the Church, because no Episcopalian can possibly commit it.

I should have been glad to learn from my clerical friends, if they had been willing to tell me, whether they considered *Unity* an essential mark of the true Church, as it is of all the less important creations of the Almighty, and whether they supposed that he had any care for, or had taken any measures to secure it? Had it any divinely appointed

Centre, or was it dependent solely on the spontaneous docility and mutual forbearance which distinguish the human race? Was it necessary, in order to avoid confusion and license, that Christians should obey a common authority, or any authority whatever? Had the Creator, who suffers no suspension of the reign of law, even in the most obscure department of the material universe—'who hath measured the waters in the hollow of His hand, and weighed the heavens with His palm'—approved in the spiritual kingdom the chaos which He tolerates nowhere else, and which He certainly did *not* tolerate in the Church of the Patriarchs? If this life, as the universal conscience of humanity attests, is simply a period of probation, and obedience is the first duty of a creature, is it precisely in the religious sphere, and in his most intimate relations with God, that the obligation is suspended, submission to authority cancelled, and the right of *individual choice*, as respects both church and creed, substituted for it? Or has the Almighty, who knows what we are, such an opinion of our humility, prudence, loyalty, and self-control, as to commit the Unity of His Church to our keeping? This notion appeared to me more flattering to the sons of men than to their Maker. As, however, I could obtain no reply from my clerical friends to such questions, nor any help whatever in determining the notes of the true Church—much less in defining the nature and conditions of Unity, about which they seemed to know no more than the birds of the air or the fish in the sea—I had no alternative but to pursue the inquiry alone.

There are in this world a good many so-called 'churches.' To hear them all would be the same thing as to hear none. I can hear the cries in the market-place, but they are not

articulate, and teach me nothing. I cannot, if I would, hear two churches, nor four, nor six, because they contradict one another, and most of them contradict themselves. But there is one which I *must* hear, or lose my own soul. This Church must therefore present to the religious inquirer marks by which it may be securely identified. When God gives a command, He gives the power to obey it. How, then, shall I recognize the true Church? It ought not to be very difficult, when so much depends upon it. It cannot require, for example, great intellectual gifts, which few possess, but only a certain preparation of heart. This is elementary; for we believe, as an Apostle says, '*with the mind of the heart.*' And we have a thousand proofs that man is as responsible for his faith as he is for his acts. One will suffice. When God sent His Son into the world, they who failed to recognize Him were reserved for a fate so dark, that 'it shall be more tolerable for Tyre and Sidon in the day of judgment than for them.' They might, therefore, have known Him if they would, or with what justice could this menace have been uttered? Yet who will say that it was easier to recognize God in the Carpenter's Son than it is now, and always has been, to distinguish the true Church from human sects? Is it quite certain that we should all have been able to do the first? Can it be doubted that multitudes who now utter a listless 'Hosanna' would have cried, if they had lived in the days of Caiaphas, 'Crucify Him'? Why should this seem incredible? I see in the streets of Jerusalem, or on the road which leads from Bethlehem to the city of David, One whom the busy crowd passes without notice. No head is bowed, no hand is lifted to salute Him. The air is filled with mighty spirits—the least of whom would have seemed

a God to these indifferent wayfarers—who follow Him in adoring wonder. But men take no heed of Him. They do not even suspect, as the demons did, that it is their Creator who is passing by. Yet all who failed to recognize Him, then or later, will bewail their blindness with an eternal anguish. He *was* recognized, in spite of His human form, by all to whom the Father revealed Him. Even in the hour of dereliction, while He hung wearily upon the cross, a dying penitent was able to discover in that mangled body the secret of His Godhead.[57]

It is no less necessary to salvation, as His own voice has told us, to recognize His Church. If we fail to do so, we are in His sight '*as a heathen and a publican.*' And therefore He has not willed that she should appear in such mournful disguise. No veil is over *her* face. Human she must be, at least in some of her aspects, because her home is upon earth; but she shall shine with His reflected glory in the sight of all men, and shall no more resemble things which are *only* human than the golden cloud which has caught the radiance of the rising sun resembles the leaden and shapeless mists of the night. It was possible, alas, to confound Him with His creatures, since He chose to hide His majesty from all who were unworthy to see it; but He has not permitted that any, except those who 'go in the way of Cain,' should confound His Church with the sects. It is so easy to distinguish between them! She has her history, and they have theirs. We know the origin of every sect, the hour in which it began to exist, and the name of its author. Arius and Nestorius cannot be mistaken for

[57] 'He came unto His own, and His own received Him not. But as many as received Him, He gave them power to be made the sons of God, to them that believe in His name. St. John i. 11.

Peter, except by those who love darkness rather than light. Photius is anathematized at this day, to their own greater condemnation, even by the Greek and Russian sects which his sedition founded. The bestial Tudor, and the mitred comedians whom his fierce daughter employed and despised, were able indeed to create the chaotic fabric of Anglicanism, but have more resemblance to Pan and Silenus than to Moses or St. Paul. The non-episcopal sects are not more evidently human, but they are perhaps a little more ridiculous. Who can recognize the Queen of the nations, described by Prophets and governed by Apostles, in such grotesque and palpable counterfeits? For *them* there is neither church, nor priesthood, nor altar, nor sacrifice, nor mysteries. The first is any number of headless and deformed bodies, rudely fashioned, some in one age, some in another, not in the heart of Jesus, nor by the Most High God, but by some 'self-willed teacher,' fluent in 'pleasing speeches and good words;'—by Roger Williams or John Knox, Barlow or Queen Elizabeth, Baxter or Cotton Mather, Irving or Lady Huntingdon, Fox or Brown, John Wesley or Joe Smith. The Priesthood, which 'no man taketh to himself,' is the loquacious ministry of all who choose to usurp it, and are not afraid to 'blaspheme the things which they know not.' The altar and the sacrifice are gone. The Holy God is banished from the temple where the human preacher has set up his throned throne, and all that remains of Christian worship is a man talking volubly to his fellowmen. As to mysteries, which can never be absent where the Unsearchable God is present, they are so effectually abolished, that the only one which survives in the sects is this—the mystery that such caricatures of a divine religion should exist, and that any one should be found to accept them.

In the Church which was made by God's right hand—that Church where prophets taught and patriarchs prayed, where David wept and Samuel heard 'the voice of the Lord'—there was an altar and a sacrifice. In that wondrous community, which is still the same Church, though Peter rules now instead of Moses, and Pius instead of Caiaphas, there is again an altar and a sacrifice. Saints have ministered at the one, and Martyrs have derived strength from the other. In Heaven itself, as St. John saw, there is once more an altar, before which incense is offered, no longer by men, but by the hands of angels.[58] *Wherever* the Spirit of God has informed and quickened the spirits of men,—among the tribes of Israel or in the broader ranks of the Gentiles, and even amid the choirs of the angelic hierarchy,—there is an altar and a sacrifice; only in heaven there is no need of a victim, for there shall dwell for ever 'the Lamb that was slain.' Heaven, then, gives the same witness as earth. But it is only in the Church of Peter that the testimony is accordant. It has been said, with partial truth, that 'Dante's heaven is the sublimation of a Catholic church.'[59] Could any poetic fancy sublimate human sects after the same pattern? What single feature have *they* in common with the Church of Moses, of Peter, or of the Apocalypse? The 'mark of the beast' is upon them all, for they all do 'what is right in their own eyes,' and all have '*taken away the Continual Sacrifice*, and brought in the abomination of desolation.'[60]

One gift, indeed, still remains to the sects. It is mighty enough, if rightly used, to win back all the rest. They can still pray. But men who know them tell us that even their

[58] Apoc. viii. 3.

[59] *The Autobiography of Leigh Hunt*, p. 331.

[60] Daniel xii. 11.

prayer is for the most part but an indifferent sermon. It is addressed rather to man than to God. Even at the best, it is more like an admonition to some unseen being as to *his* duties to man, than a recognition that man has any duties towards Him. In many cases it is avowedly a mere display of rhetoric. The late Mr. Edward Everett of Boston, who was a popular preacher before he became a successful politician, once offered a 'prayer,' of which a newspaper reported on the following day, that 'it was the most eloquent prayer ever addressed to a Boston audience.' If the sects could only learn to pray, not to one another, but to God, they might attain that prompt dissolution which for them is the condition, *sine qua non*, of beginning to live. But they know not even how to pray. It is their own friends who address this reproach to them. 'In Scotland,' says a native of that country, whose complacent prejudice no experience could instruct, 'they stand still and are prayed to. In England, they sit still and are prayed for.' Only in Catholic churches, she adds, though it taught her nothing, 'old and young, rich and poor, kneel down and pray for themselves.'[61]

It is not, then, an insuperable difficulty to distinguish the Church from the sects. Even unbelievers perceive the contrast between them, though it suggests to them no motive for action. They despise what they see around them, but fold their arms and do nothing. 'If I should go out of church,' says Mr. Emerson, 'whenever I hear a false statement, I could never stay there five minutes.'[62] Such is his estimate of the sects in his own land. But he also visited England, and diligently observed that charac-

[61] *Fair France*, by the author of *John Halifax*, p. 13.
[62] *New England Reformers*, Works, vol. i. p. 263.

teristic product of 'modern civilization,' the National Church of the English. So acute a man easily detected that its framers did not resemble St. Peter or St. Paul. They were too vile, he observes, to be accepted as ministers of God, and their heirs are worthy of them. 'Their religion,' he says, 'is a quotation, their church is a doll. The Anglican Church believes in a Providence which does not treat with levity a pound sterling. They are neither transcendentalists nor Christians. They put up no Socratic prayer, much less any saintly prayer for the Queen's mind; ask neither for right nor light, but say bluntly, "Grant her in health and wealth long to live."'[63] When such men see what is 'of the earth earthy,' they recognize it at once. They are on their own ground, and all the landmarks are familiar to them. It is this which gives value to their testimony.

If their acquaintance with the sects has contributed to drive men of this class into a dreary scepticism, there is a mournful lesson in the vindictive bitterness with which they acknowledge the obligation. Thus Leigh Hunt complains, not without an appearance of reason, that his friend Shelley was forced into atheism by his familiarity with the Church of Barlow. 'Shelley saw that at every step in life some compromise was expected between a truth which he was told not to violate, and *a coloring and double meaning of it* which forced him upon the violation.'[64]

Goethe says exactly the same thing of the effect produced upon Byron by 'the inadequate dogmas of the Church,' and that for his contempt of their teaching 'the English clergy will not thank him.'[65] One of his biographers speaks

[63] *English Traits*, vol. ii. p. 98.

[64] *Autobiography*, p. 256.

[65] Eckermann *Conversations* p. 81.

in similar terms of Goethe himself, and of his recoil from the miserable spectacle of the dissensions of the official clergy.[66]

Charles Lamb, also, though he lived before Ritualism had appeared, seems to be describing its most conspicuous champions—who are eternally making word-protests, which they forget as soon as made, while they always decline to *act* upon their ostensible convictions—when he says: 'What would Festus or Agrippa have replied to a protest for non-compliance, presented to him by some evasive Laodicean, *with the very meat between his teeth*, which he had been chewing voluntarily, rather than abide the penalty?'[67] What would he have said of our ritualistic Laodiceans, who think they have done nobly when they claim the right to teach 'Catholic truth,' while they remain voluntarily in communion with bishops and clergy who claim, quite as loudly, the right to deny it? Such valorous confessors would have first sacrificed to idols, in the days of Festus and Agrippa, and then presented an eloquent 'protest' against being compelled to do so.

Shelley and Lamb were only the precursors of a multitude of living sceptics, who record similar feelings towards the National Church. 'In England' says a witness of the same school, 'Anglicanism smells of the soil. Its virtues and its defects are identical with those of the nation in which it had its birth. Its disregard of logic, *its preference of compromise over principle*, its elevation of compromise itself into a sort of principle, are all characteristic as well of the people as of the Church.'[68] 'This habit of compromise,'

[66] *Mémoires de Goethe*, par Henri Richelet, liv. 1. p. 14.

[67] *Essays of Elia.*

[68] *Pall Mall Gazette*, August 4, 1869 The same journalist, after observing

observes another, 'is as characteristic of our national moralities as stucco is of our national architecture. We love the respectable; we deal wholesale in compromises.'[68] If these men are unable, through their own fault, to recognize the true Church, they have at least no difficulty in detecting the sects.

Another English writer, who has said in his time many memorable things, and who seems to be always yearning after the supreme good which he is never able to attain, has traced the same contrast, under a different aspect, in one of the most beautiful passages which his genius has produced. Describing the state of religion in England seven hundred years ago, Mr. Carlyle says: 'Religion is not a diseased self-introspection, an agonizing inquiry: *their* duties are clear to them, the way of supreme good plain, indisputable, and they are travelling on it. Religion lies over *them* like an all-embracing heavenly canopy, like an atmosphere and life-element, which is not spoken of, which in all things is presupposed without speech. Is not serene or complete Religion the highest aspect of human nature; as serene Cant, or complete No-religion, is the lowest and miserablest?' And then he also, in his turn, describes the sects. 'There is yet no Methodism among us: no Methodism; *our* Religion'—for in his enthusiasm he identifies himself for a moment with the Church—'is not

that 'the three parties which represent Sacerdotalism, Evangelicalism, and Rationalism in the Church of England, differ hopelessly and fundamentally in their whole conception of things human and Divine,' adds that although 'they have managed, after a fashion, to go on together for the past 300 years, like dogs in couples,' it is impossible that 'such a state of things can continue to go on a good deal longer.'

[68] *Daily Telegraph*, August 20, 1869. It is evident, from their own language, that the Church of England is mainly responsible for the unbelief of such men.

get a horrible restless Doubt, still less a far horribler composed Cant; but a great heaven-high Unquestionability, encompassing, interpenetrating the whole of life.' And then, with a kind of bitter repugnance, he glances at that newest sub-sect which, in externals, least resembles Methodism, and exclaims: 'O Heavens, what shall we say of Puseyism, in comparison to Twelfth-Century Catholicism? Little or nothing, for indeed it is a matter to strike one dumb.'[70]

It is evident, from these and many similar testimonies, that the real character of the sects is easily distinguished, even by unaided human judgment. Why, then, do these clear-sighted men, conspicuous among their fellows for acuteness, and almost fiercely intolerant of 'serene Cant,' fail to give their loving obedience, though they cheerfully give their admiration, to that 'heaven-high Unquestionability' which one of them so feelingly describes? Why are they content to say, like the unbelievers of old, 'never man spake like this Man,' and then to go away unconverted? Chiefly, it seems, for two reasons. The biographer of Charles Lamb tells us that 'he seems never to have looked into the Future.' He confesses himself, 'A new state of being staggers me,' and that this beautiful world was attractive enough for him.[71] This is their first disability. 'I sometimes fancy,' says another, 'that I would fain be a Roman Catholic, if I could; as also I would often wish to be still a child, if that were possible.' This is their second. They are enamored of this lower world, and therefore cannot come to God; they refuse to be 'as little children,' and therefore cannot find Him.

[70] *Past and Present*, ch. iv. p. 81; ch. xv. p. 158. [71] *Essays of Elia.*

Conversion is not for such as these. And so, while the so-called churches of Barlow, Calvin, or Wesley excite their contemptuous aversion, it is only a reluctant and unprofitable admiration which they are able to give to the Church of Peter. Like the eloquent Herodians, they are constrained to say, 'Master, Thou hast the words of truth;' but when they have said it, they turn their backs both on the Master and His teaching. They would have supposed Him to be human, had they lived in His day; and cannot perceive His Church to be Divine, though she is the sole light and glory of ours.

But there are others who hesitate to believe that He who 'spoke by the prophets,' in the time of our fathers, can have left Himself without a witness in our own. If He guarded the earlier Dispensation with such awful jealousy, He cannot, they perceive, be indifferent to the later. If temporal death was the sure reward of resisting the one, eternal death is the inevitable penalty of revolt against the other. Peter is greater than Moses; and the Avenger, who once sate in the porch, now sits in the sanctuary. If truth has perished out of the earth, which is inconceivable, or God has ceased to care about it, which is impossible, there may at this hour be no living authority able to proclaim it; but unless one or both of these suppositions be admitted, the Church of Peter must be at least as truly the voice of God to us as the Church of Moses was to our fathers. What proof is wanting to substantiate her claim? If she has her human side, so had her Lord. If she is sometimes brought low, He wept, and thirsted, and was weary. If she is ignored, He was denied. If she is hated, He was crucified. If some of her pontiffs have been unworthy, one of His Apostles was a traitor. If she does not always labor with

success, there were cities where He 'wrought no miracles, because of their unbelief.' If she is troubled by 'false brethren,' this was one of the griefs of her first Apostles. If she is not the true Church, where is it? Is it in *Russia*, where, as De Maistre observed, 'the bishops and clergy are but the puppets of the temporal power, which deals with them as with its soldiers'? Is it in Russia, where a multitude, which is said to be already a great majority, 'hate the religion of the empire as much as ever the Cameronians hated prelacy;'[72] and where the 'Old Believers,' who compose that hostile majority, 'are *the Russian people*; while the Orthodox Believers are but a courtly, official, and monastic sect'?[73] Is it in Russia, where every member of the 'Holy Synod' is now forced to swear, on his admission, 'I confess upon oath that the monarch of all Russia himself is *the Supreme Judge of this Spiritual College*'? where Catherine II. told her clergy, in 1762, 'Our predecessors, like all monarchs, were invested by God with the supreme authority in the Church'? and where the Archbishop Theophanes said even of that colossal barbarian Peter the Great, 'Behold, O Church of Russia, thy David and thy Constantine'?[74]

Is it in *Greece*, where, in 1833, the bishops assembled at Nauplia proclaimed their 'complete independence, announced that 'the Church of Greece was *never* subject, canonically, to the Archbishop of Constantinople,' and formally decreed, in the *συνοδικος τόμος*, the monstrous doctrine, that 'the Church of *every state* is entitled to be gov-

[72] *Sketches of Russian Life*, edited by Professor Henry Morley, ch. xi. p. 161, 1866.

[73] *Free Russia*, by William Hepworth Dixon, vol. i. ch. xxvii. p. 287.

[74] *The Pope of Rome and the Popes of the Oriental Orthodox Church*, by Rev. Cæsarius Tondini, Barnabite, ch. i. pp. 42, 77, 103.

erned by an ecclesiastical authority of her own'?[75] Is it in Greece, where 'half of the clergy only can read and write, have all the vices of the lowest of the people, and often many more;'[76] while they have so completely undermined all religion, that a modern Greek could say openly: 'Every educated Hellene is an atheist; for our religion has one grand advantage—it leads to atheism sooner than any other'?[77]

Is it in *England*, where, 'in all times since the Reformation,' as the Bishop of Ely rejoices to confess, 'the people have been allowed to hold extreme doctrines on one side and on the other,'—as if revealed truth had no other basis than human opinion,—and where the Bishop of Winchester considers such apostasy '*inevitable*'? Does any one recognize in such a Babel of confusion, whose teaching has been described as 'a conflicting gabble of antagonistic sounds,'[78] the Church which our Divine Lord commanded us to 'hear' on pain of eternal reprobation, and which He designed to be, to the end of time, 'the pillar and ground of the truth'? If Satan should create a church—as indeed he has created many—would it not be just such a one as that described by the Bishops of Ely and Winchester? for what are 'extreme divergencies of doctrine' but *his* substi-

[75] *The Pope of Rome, etc.*, ch. iii. pp. 152, 5. The Czar Ivan assumed at one time, as Supreme Pontiff, the functions of an Abbot, and the inscription on his tomb 'styles this scourge of his race and paragon of monsters *the Orthodox and Christ-loving Lord*'! *Russia*, by Rev. Thomas Milner, M.A., ch. iii. p. 79.

[76] *Impressions of Greece*, by Right Hon. Sir Thomas Wyse, K.C.B., ch. v. p. 121; ch. xii. p. 237.

[77] *A Residence in Bulgaria*, by Captain St. Clair, ch. vii. p. 98. Dean Stanley (*Sinai and Palestine*), Mr. Tristram (*The Land of Israel*), and Mr. Farley (*Syria*), concur in this estimate of the Greek clergy.

[78] Hugh Miller, *First Impressions of England*, ch. xiii. p. 219.

tute for that holy and immutable Truth which is 'able to save our souls'? When Isaias said: 'No weapon that is formed against *thee* shall prosper, and every tongue that resisteth thee in judgment thou shalt condemn,' was he describing the modern creation of a British Act of Parliament? When St. Paul said: 'Christ loveth the Church even as a man loveth and cherisheth his own flesh,' was he announcing the Divine predilection for the Church of Barlow? When Daniel predicted: 'It shall break in pieces all kingdoms, and itself shall stand for ever,' was his prophetic vision contemplating the Church of Dr. Tait? Was it of a national and semi-political 'Establishment,' a narrow and local sect, 'generated by the intrigues of a corrupt court,' and known to none but the English-speaking race, that the Wisdom of God proclaimed, at one time, 'The nation and kingdom that will not serve *thee* shall perish;' and at another, 'The multitude of the sea shall be converted to thee; the strength of the Gentiles shall come to thee?' What feeble and helpless impostor is this, of which the periodical lamentations of Englishmen so often reveal the true character, when they utter the familiar ejaculation, 'The Church is in danger!' and in whose duration they have so little confidence, that they are always crying aloud to each other to put their shoulders to it, lest it should fall on its face and be broken in pieces, if they ceased for a moment to support it? What shadow of resemblance can any man trace in such a precarious fabric to that 'House built on a Rock' which has survived all the storms and tempests of eighteen hundred years, and whose Pontiffs have baffled, in the strength of Peter, all that men or demons could plot against them? It is the glory of the flock of Peter to belong to a Church which

cannot be 'in danger.' Far from offering to uphold, they are content to lean on their Church, and have no more fear of her failing than other men have that the world will cease to revolve on its axis, the planets go back in their orbits, or the atmosphere become unfit for animal life. She herself is no more alarmed by senseless predictions of her approaching downfall, than a Newton or a Herschel would be if some crazy astronomer should presume to announce, amid the laughter of mankind, that on a given day next year the sun will fall from its place. She has her Charter, which only God can cancel: '*The gates of hell shall not prevail against thee.*'[79] And now in her old age, which is but the renewal of her immortal youth, she still utters, like St. Paul, her awful 'anathema' upon all who 'pervert the Gospel of Christ.' Though her great Pontiff is a prisoner, as his predecessors have been a hundred times, and robbers divide his spoils, and the foolish world exults in their injustice and sacrilege, she trembles, not for herself—for she knows that her triumph is at hand—but for her infatuated adversaries, who will perish like all who went before them; and she asks, more in pity than in wrath: 'Why have the Gentiles raged, and the people devised vain things?' Once more she proclaims, in the face of an unbelieving generation, and by a solemn Œcumenical Definition, the eternal principle of Authority, and the undying Pontificate of Peter. Calm amidst the clamors of the world, and fearless while all around her is heaving to and fro in a miserable disorder, she is not only always consistent, but is so serenely conscious of her own inflexible

[79] 'Sed forte ista civitas quæ mundum tenuit, aliquando evertetur? Absit. Deus *fundavit eam in æternum.* Si ergo eam Deus fundavit in æternum quid times ne cadat firmamentum?' S. Aug. in Psal. xlvii.

logic, that she accepts *all* the apostolical decrees of *all* her Pontiffs, from Peter to Pius, and affirms, in the face of heaven and earth, that they were all infallible. As Moses feared not to say to the people of Israel, 'You shall not add to the world that I speak to you, neither shall you take away from it;' so Peter admonishes the modern world, drunk with folly and impiety, that his judgments are 'irreformable,' because they are the judgments of the Most High.

If this is not the true Church, where is it? Which of the sects can point to such an origin, or such a history? The least defiled among them has no more resemblance to *her* than Simon Magus had to her Author. They who cannot recognize her amid the motley crowd of her human rivals would have failed to recognize Him. There is nothing like her under the wide canopy of heaven—in unity, in majesty, or in power. The Church of England, in spite of the infamy of her founders, is one of the most considerable of our national institutions, and has numbered some remarkable and not a few pious men. But that any one acquainted with her past history and actual condition, which is perhaps more shameful than that of any other sect now in existence, can seriously believe that the Church established by law in England is that very *Kingdom of God* which was founded upon a rock, and before which the Gentiles were to bow down, is perhaps a more enormous aberration of human reason than any which history records. Even her least ignorant members, as if to show that they know no more of the nature of the Christian Church than the lowest fanatics whom they profess to despise, threaten to desert her if their pretensions are rejected, and to construct for their private use

one more new church! They do not even suspect that man can no more make a church than he can make a world. They dream not that it requires the whole omnipotence of God to do either. He has made *one*, and will never make another. To do so would be a *confession of failure* worthy of Jupiter or Buddha, of Barlow or Andrewes, but not of the Most High God. If, then, any one can imagine that the Church now established in England, and destined to split into a hundred fragments as soon as the control of the civil power is withdrawn, is that matchless edifice of omnipotent skill of which prophets and apostles spoke in such rapturous terms, and for which they predicted such a magnificent destiny, what can he think of the Architect of such a building? Was this lamentable structure all that He who formed the Church of the Patriarchs could conceive or design as its successor? Was His creative power exhausted by a single effort, and the temporary Church of the Jews more noble than that which was to last till the end of time? Was the Church of Moses and Samuel, of David and Isaias, with its awful authority, divine ritual, and supernatural unity, to be supplanted by the miserable invention of Barlow and Elizabeth, which never produced a saint, a prophet, or a martyr, or the faintest similitude of either;—with its 'three different religions,' and threescore varieties of each; with its ritual which varies with the taste of each individual minister, and its doctrine which is 'a confused gabble of antagonistic sounds;' with its bishops who 'do not wish to restrain the liberty of the clergy,' and its clergy who do not choose to be restrained? One could more easily believe that the meanest of our public monuments was the *chef-d'œuvre* of Michael Angelo, or that the grotesque

figures in Chinese pottery were designed by Raphael, than that the church of Barlow and Tait is the last and noblest work of God! No amount of argument can make such a supposition even remotely probable. Men have imputed to their Maker many apocryphal attributes, but a keen relish for the ludicrous has not hitherto found a place among them.

CHAPTER III.

THE CLERGY ABROAD.

IT was not all at once, nor by a single effort, nor indeed by any effort of my own, that I attained the maturity of conviction implied in the preceding observations. I blush to think how long the doubtful conflict lasted. No memory of my past life is more full of humiliation. I am conscious, too, that at this hour, if left to my own resources, I should still be 'learning, and never attaining to the knowledge of the truth.' Every effectual conversion, whether from the ranks of Pagans, Evangelicals, or Ritualists, requires an exercise of Divine power as great as the raising of Lazarus from the dead. There is a certain middle region, which is neither wholly truth nor altogether error, in which the intellect finds for a time a meagre sustenance, while the soul is not as yet conscious that it is insufficient for its needs. Even Plato could see in part, what is a first principle in a higher philosophy than his, that 'God is wanted at every stage of any intellectual process whatever.'[1] How little unaided reason can do for us, in the investigation of highest truth, is apparent from the almost inconceivable delusions which the most vigorous intellects of antiquity accepted as probable or possible verities. Who can think without wonder of the creed of Pericles or Cicero? The strongest intel-

[1] See *Sermons* of the Rev. Thomas Harper, p. 209.

lect has no immunity from kindred aberrations now. Even natural acuteness, combined with a certain sort of ardent and convulsive piety, is an utterly inadequate protection against them. The modern Hindu is said to have a rare aptitude for metaphysical subtleties, 'while there never was a nation,' we are told, 'believing so firmly in another world, and so little concerned about this.'[2] Yet we know what the Hindu is able to accept as supernatural truth. A similar phenomenon is witnessed among ourselves. The 'deities' created by the poetical incontinence of Hesiod or Homer, and easily popularized in their day, were hardly more unreal and fantastic than the 'churches' produced with equal profusion in our own. The later fictions may indeed, with some exceptions, be insensibly modified by the unrecognized action of Christian traditions, or partly shaped by the secret influence of a sterner scientific criticism; but there never was a time, in any age of the world, when logic was more impudently violated, or the imbecility of unassisted reason more clearly manifested, than at the present day.

Reverting to a period now remote, when I neither possessed the supreme gift of faith, without which man is only an intellectual animal, nor knew my need of it, I resume the narrative of which the final issue has been already anticipated. If the study of Holy Scripture sufficed to convince me that the so-called Reformation was antagonistic to, and subversive of, the sacred counsel of our Lord and His Apostles, a deliberate rejection of the principal means of grace provided for our salvation, and a profane denial of the whole authority both of the Jewish and the Chris-

[2] *Chips from a German Workshop*, by Max Müller, vol. i. p. 69

tian Church, the same truth was superabundantly demonstrated by history and tradition. I ascertained, indeed, by a lamentable experience, that it is quite as easy to construct a fanciful church and an imaginary religion out of the Fathers, as out of the Bible. A sufficient combination of ignorance and self-sufficiency is the sole prerequisite. A critic has said that there are probably many subtle allusions in Aristophanes which an Athenian audience would have caught in a moment, but which are not even suspected by the best Greek scholars of our day. An Anglican reading St. Augustine or St. Leo, even with the purest intentions, is in a far worse condition for apprehending the true meaning of those authors. To do so requires something more than a knowledge of their language. In spite of the most ingenuous candor, his mind is inevitably obscured by the prejudices of early education, as well as wholly unfamiliar with the sphere of thought in which such men lived. His theology, if a bundle of crude guesses and undigested opinions can be so called, is no measure of theirs. The latter stretches away above and beyond him on every side, and covers a space which his unpractised eye cannot take in. The more confidence he feels in the shibboleths of his own school or party, the more sure they are to blind and mislead him. When he does not even suspect his own ignorance, the case is almost hopeless. It is true that there are words of St. Cyril and St. Gregory, as of St. Peter and St. Paul, which do not admit of two interpretations. Thus I soon perceived that the Fathers were *not* Protestants, as indeed the contemptuous attitude of the Protestant world towards them sufficiently proves; but it required a more laborious investigation to ascertain what they *were*. It is impossible to read the *De Cura*

Mortuorum, or the *De Civitate Dei* of St. Augustine, without acquiring an overwhelming conviction that *he* would have called the Church of England a 'sect of perdition;' but it is quite possible to reject his testimony. One of my most valued clerical friends furnished me with an instance. He was a man of singular integrity and refinement, but endowed with a dangerous subtlety of mind, which I once feared would be fatal to him. On a certain occasion he was my guest, and in a conversation which lasted from morn till eve, during which he acutely defended the Church of Barlow, he seemed to me to spin the whole texture of his mind into such an intricate and complicated web of many-branching theories, that it was nearly impossible to distinguish the centre from the circumference. It was a prodigious waste, as I ventured to tell him, of cerebral substance, and I fancy he partly agreed with me. But I will recall only a single point of our conversation. We were speaking of the invocation of saints, and my friend admitted—I think he said with Bramhall—a 'comprecation,' but not an 'ultimate invocation,' and challenged me to produce a clear case of the latter from the Fathers. Taking down a volume of St. Augustine, for whom he professed exceptional reverence, I read aloud to my attentive [illegible] credulous companion two decisive passages, which refer to each other, though one is in his sermons, and the other in the most elaborate of his treatises. One of them speaks of a mother, whose child had died without baptism, and who 'ran to the shrine of the blessed marytr Stephen, and began to solicit her son *from him*, and to say, "Holy martyr, thou seest that I am without consolation. . . . *Restore me my son.*'" Her son, adds St. Augustine, was restored, received baptism, and then was once more taken away from

a mother who was no longer inconsolable.[3] 'Well, observed my friend, after a moment of sorrowful reflection, 'where the Church of England differs from St. Augustine, I must follow the Church of England.' But grace was too strong for him, and not long after he came to the conclusion that it was more worthy of a Christian to follow St. Augustine.

Unhappily there are others who dream that they are following St. Augustine, when they are only following Barlow. These are the contemporary masters of patristic literature, who profess to be able to harmonize the Thirty-nine Articles both with the Fathers and with the Council of Trent. With a little more ingenuity, I have often thought, they could harmonize them quite as successfully with the Koran or the Westminster Confession. Such men bring to the study of the Fathers the same incurable self-will which the Pharisees brought to the reading of the Bible. If the Fathers can be made to countenance Anglicanism, well; if not, so much the worse for the Fathers. Who were they, that they should presume to condemn Laud and Andrewes? Men who can teach the Church of all ages think it a very small matter to pronounce judgment upon St. Cyril or St. Ambrose. They would have offered instruction to Moses, if they had lived in his day, though the experiment would probably have been disastrous. They would have questioned the authority of Peter, but would have been careful, I imagine, not to do it to his face. My own advance towards eternal truth, as far as I can trace its purely intel-

[3] 'Ad sanctum Martyrem orare perrexerat;' *De Civit. Dei*, lib. xxii. cap. viii. 'Cucurrit ad memoriam beati Martyris Stephani, et cæpit ab illo exigere filium, et dicere: Sancte Martyr, vides nullum mihi remansisse solatium . . . Redde filium meum.' *Serm.* 323, 334.

lectual progression, was not solely due to the Fathers, though I can never forget the immense debt which I owe to some of them, and especially to St. Leo the Great.

But it was not only by the study either of the inspired or of the ecclesiastical writings that I was enabled to break and cast away the cruel bonds of prejudice and error. In learning to appreciate at its true value the human system in which it was my misfortune to form my earliest impressions of religion, I was much aided by the contemplation of visible facts, which were daily present to me during my ministerial life. Thus when I told a neighboring clergyman, of considerable experience, that the principal member of my flock, who had very civilly attended my daily service —a habit the more meritorious because he evidently saw in it only a proof that I was harmlessly insane—had avowed to me on his deathbed a total unconsciousness of the Divinity of Christ, which I had incessantly preached, he bluntly replied: 'There is not a man, woman, or child in my congregation who is not, without knowing it, Arian, Socinian, or Sabellian; and I suspect that a good many of our reverend colleagues are in much the same condition.' At that time the new Oxford school, which was to labor so assiduously for the revival of Christianity in England, had produced little effect beyond the walls of the University. The heart sinks and the hands fall down at the thought of what must have been the state of the mass of the English clergy in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, and the early part of this. Even in the time of Laud, that prelate issued a circular, dated October 24, 1633, to all the bishops of the province of Canterbury, in which he said: 'His Majesty hath been often and much troubled upon complaints which have been made unto him concerning the *multitude* of both

unlearned and unworthy ministers which pester the Church, and are always the causes of great scandal, and too often of schism and divisions therein.'[4] And it was not only the inferior clergy to whom such a description applied. Samuel Taylor Coleridge infers, from his published writings, that even Jeremy Taylor, in spite of his great reputation among his co-religionists, was secretly an Arian. After quoting an example, Coleridge adds: 'This is one of the *many passages* in Taylor's works which lead me to think that his private opinions were favorable to Socinianism.'[5] Tillotson, though he was Archbishop of Canterbury, was publicly accused of the same heresy. 'It was the general language of the clergy that Lambeth House was the rendezvous of all religions; that the archbishop's palace was an *Amsterdam*.'[6] The same prelate taught 'utter disbelief of the eternity of hell-torments.'[7] In his time, it may be truly said, England had become virtually a heathen country.[8] Hoadly, again, though notoriously a Deist, held four Anglican sees in succession. When Dr. Hampden, in our own time, was appointed to the see of Hereford, an Anglican journal publicly announced that he was 'as well-known

[4] Laud's *Works*, vol. vi. p. 327. Yet some have thought Macaulay's account of the degradation of the Anglican clergy at a later date overcharged.

[5] *Literary Remains of Samuel Taylor Coleridge*, Notes on Jeremy Taylor, vol. iii. p. 292, 1836.

[6] *The Bishop of London's Doctrine of Justification*, p. 40, 1740.

[7] *Ib.* p. 41.

[8] Charles Lamb says (*Essays of Elia*), speaking of the period of Congreve and Wycherley, and the characters depicted by them: "No reverend institutions are insulted by their proceedings—for they have none among them. No purity of the marriage bed is stained—for none is supposed to have a being. . . . There is neither right nor wrong, gratitude or its opposite, claim or duty, fraternity or sonship,' &c. The England of that date, as of the days of Smollett and Fielding, had fallen into a condition which perhaps no other Christian nation ever reached. On the other hand, the worst epochs in French history, such as the age of Louis XIV., were prolific in saints.

a heretic as Arius was.'[9] Organs of the same class still continue to speak in much the same terms, and no doubt with equal truth, of many of the existing bishops. Their clerical readers remain, however, with a tranquil conscience, in close communion with such bishops, and accept at their hands whatever semblance of orders and mission they are able to dispense. In my own youth there were few for whom such words had any meaning; and if any one had asked most of my reverend friends if they were 'priests,' they would have thought it only a pleasant jest.

Among other examples of the chaotic state of that community which some people are not ashamed to call 'a Branch of Christ's Holy Catholic Church,' though extreme divergencies of doctrine' are its chief claim to the title, the following appears to me to deserve mention. In my parish were some of the people called 'Irvingites,' though they probably call themselves by some more imposing name. One of my predecessors had abandoned the National Church for the superior attractions of their community. I declined to admit these religionists, with whom I had nothing to do, nor they with me, to the Anglican sacrament. One morning I received the visit of an individual whose personal appearance was not prepossessing, and who informed me that he had travelled thirty miles in order to 'admonish me in the name of the Lord.' When he had done so, I gave him something to eat. He was said to be 'an angel' in his sect, and perhaps he was; but as he looked like a tradesman in mourning, his angelic attributes were effectually veiled. He did not

[9] *The English Churchman.* Windham said of Wilberforce: 'He adopts, as I understand, the Trinitarian doctrine, but not in any absurd way'! *Diary*, p. 226.

mention, I think, to which of the angelic choirs he belonged, or I should have ventured to offer to its members my respectful condolence. But this celestial personage gained an easy victory over me. After eating my food, like any ordinary mortal, he repaired to the authorities of the neighboring cathedral—one of whom subsequently became its bishop—and pleaded so successfully the cause of his friends in my parish—though he had frankly admitted to me that, by the written laws of the National Church, I was formally prohibited from granting their request—that they all received on the following Sunday, in a cathedral where Saints had once offered the Sacrifice of the Mass, the innutritious repast which the Church of England has substituted for it. When I related the matter to an eminent person whose judgment I desired to consult, his characteristic reply contained these consoling words: 'I fear the time for restoring discipline in the Church of England has gone by, or not yet arrived.'

The experimental observations of my daily ministerial life, which were always of the same complexion, only tended, therefore, to confirm the convictions acquired from other sources. If all that I *read* told against the National Church, all that I *saw* revealed its impotence. More than one of my neighbors made the same discovery. It was only with a secret deprecation of the wrath which an unhallowed ministry provokes that I continued to perform my pastoral duties. Indeed by this time I was so nearly persuaded that the Church of Barlow and Parker was one of the meanest of human sects, and began to see so plainly that the sportive *demiurge* who had created such an institution could not resemble the God of Abraham, Moses, and Peter, that my disaffection became apparent to my clerical

friends, many of whom kindly offered suggestions for my relief, which were more varied than effective. My learned father, though not easily moved to lively emotions, especially about questions of the soul, began to be anxious. My case, he thought, called for prompt treatment; and when I announced to him that I could no longer tolerate an existence which was fruitful only in remorse, distress, and apprehension, nor continue to discharge functions which seemed to me equally sacrilegious and absurd, he proposed to me, with skilfully simulated sympathy, to reinvigorate my sick soul by foreign travel. He did indeed mildly reproach what he called my 'lamentable tendency to enthusiasm,' but in a cheerful way, as if it was only a juvenile defect, for which he had found the true remedy. I was, in fact, in spite of his disparaging judgment, of a decidedly lymphatic temperament; but I did not care to dispute his view of the subject. I knew, moreover, that he considered it a proof of wild 'enthusiasm' to push speculation beyond the safe limits of the Thirty-nine Articles—which I was far from admitting—or even to feel overmuch solicitude about *them*—an opinion which I cordially shared. I think if I had not believed in a future life, I should rather have liked my father's creed. It had only one defect, that it did not seem likely to land one on any safe or desirable spot on the shores of eternity. But my kinsman had craftily devised a cure for my 'enthusiasm,' which he only revealed at the last moment, when my parsonage was empty, my passport in my pocket, and my portmanteau laden with a modest outfit, including certain theological treatises, which I prudently concealed among my linen. If my father had discovered, under that silent canopy, Bellarmine *De Controversiis*, or St. Francis of Sales

on the *Love of God*, he would no doubt have considered me hopelessly lost, and would perhaps have countermanded the expedition. He was not a man to waste anodynes on a corpse. But he was as ignorant of my concealed library as I was of his ingenious plot. I knew that he counted a good deal upon the wholesomely repelling effect of continental 'Romanism' on the intelligent English mind; but he would not trust to a single chance. At length the plot was unfolded. I was not to visit foreign parts alone. With an air of studied indifference, admirably assumed, and as if the idea had only just occurred to him, he informed me that an excellent clergyman, of 'sound Church principles,' who proposed to travel for some months on the Continent, desired the advantage of my society, and would think himself fortunate to have me as a companion. I comprehended that the scheme had been arranged between them, but acquiesced in the proposal as if I rather preferred it. My fellow-traveller had no doubt instructions to gauge my mind; but I did not despair of reversing the operation. I formed also an energetic resolve, that the first attempt on his part to assume a hortatory tone should meet with such prompt and signal failure as to discourage any repetition of it. Our intercourse had not lasted forty-eight hours before he understood his position, and accepted it. He arrived only on the eve of our departure, and my first impressions of him were not unfavorable. He had some reputation as a scholar and a writer; and beyond a certain primness and angularity was not, *prima facie*, an ineligible companion, though I wished his costume had been a trifle less severely clerical. We slept the first night at Dover; and it was on a sunny day in June that we steamed out of its diminutive harbor, a mirror hardly large enough to

reflect the castle which lifts its head above the sea, as if in contempt of the pool at its base. Our voyage had begun, we were going to look the great Roman Church in the face, and many a league we were to travel together before we saw again the white cliffs of Dover.

I knew nothing as yet of the inner mind of one who was destined to be so long my daily companion. It was evident, however, that he had cultivated whatever mental faculties he possessed. He could read Æschylus and Sophocles with ease, though I afterwards found that he displayed towards their creations the love of a grammarian rather than of a poet. What he was, and how well he represented a class of men who were the product of English universities before they ceased to be exclusively Anglican, will appear hereafter. I observed with satisfaction, before the paddles of our steamer had made many revolutions, that he was not insensible to the lighter emotions. He appeared to expand, like a flower, under the bright sun, and even rubbed his hands together with sober complacency at the thought of our coming tour. I began to think, with a sense of gratulation, that my father's plot would prove innocuous. But the next moment I was reminded of the part which my companion was destined to play, and that his shadow might be inconveniently projected across my path, even when I most desired to tread it alone. Among our fellow-passengers, leaning against the deck-rail, and quietly surveying the scene, was an individual of whose profession I could have felt no doubt, even if a new and ominous expression in the face of my clerical friend had not already revealed it to me. They had exchanged glances, and the frown on one countenance was responded to by a half smile on the other. It was a curious inconsistency in

my friend, common to a multitude of his brethren in more recent days, that while nothing would have gratified him so much as to be mistaken for a Catholic priest, he never saw one without displeasure. On this occasion, as soon as the recognition was made, I noticed that he looked across the sea with that total absence of expression which an Englishman assumes when he wishes to appear unconscious of the presence of an obnoxious neighbor. I think the priest noticed it too; for he presently sat down, took a little book out of his pocket, and, having very coolly made the sign of the cross, with a complete indifference to public opinion, appeared to become absorbed in its contents. My friend proposed to me to stroll towards the bow of the vessel, alleging an irresistible desire to obtain an immediate view of Calais, at which place, without further adventure, we arrived in due time.

Having baffled the friendly zeal of an excited populace, who appeared to extol the unapproachable merits of more hotels than the town could possibly contain, and having wondered how the very small soldiers on the quay could bear the weight of such heavy muskets, we made our precipitate way to the platform, and attacked the first compartment whose open door invited our assault. My friend, who had outrun me, recoiled at the entrance; and it was only when I had pushed him in, with not more vigor than the occasion required, that the cause of his sudden hesitation became apparent. The priest who had sailed with us from Dover was installed in a corner, his little book in his hand, and his valise reposing by his side. It is a proof of my benevolent disposition that I felt a certain regret on my friend's account; but you cannot choose your companions in a railway journey, and the priest had as much right to be

there as we had. A slight shock to the spine proved that we were in motion; and we had not advanced beyond the suburbs, when the sign of the cross was made, and the little book brought into requisition once more. My friend coughed—though his bronchial tubes were perfectly sound—looked out of the window, closed his eyes, and finally produced from *his* pocket a New Testament, which he read, I am tempted to think, with considerable distractions. I watched them both, as an impartial observer, and silently compared the quiet and natural abstraction of the priest with the feverish calm of the parson. I observed, too, that the former had large hands—my friend's were white and delicate—and had apparently forgotten to clean his nails; but perhaps this was because he was on a journey. What further reflections I made, I do not now recall; but they were beginning to interest me more and more feebly, when the priest closed his little book, made another sign of the cross, and immediately asked me, in a rough but sympathetic voice, if I was going to Paris? At this moment I am sure that my clerical friend could not have told whether the book in his hand was the New Testament or Robinson Crusoe. It was his business to keep me out of 'the jaws of the lion,' if he could; and here was an encounter with a large and combative specimen on the first day of our travels! It is not easy to descend from a train in full career, or I think my friend would have proposed that solution of the difficulty. But he was a gentleman, and maintained the character even in these trying circumstances. By degrees he took part in the conversation, the only other occupant of the carriage being a Frenchman, apparently devoted to agricultural pursuits, and unfamiliar with the English tongue. My own share in the discussion which

ensued, and which gradually verged from secular to ecclesiastical topics, was limited to such occasional remarks as were likely, without too plainly revealing my purpose, to stimulate the clerical gentlemen to more animated debate. In this I was successful. Each was earnest, but in a different way: the one seemed to contend for what it was his duty to maintain, the other for what it was his privilege to love. A good deal was said on both sides which was neither new nor particularly instructive, and I observed that my friend went further in the way of concession than he would have done in London or Oxford; but after professing a cordial acceptance of many distinctively Catholic doctrines, including the Christian priesthood and sacrifice, the power of the keys, and the benefits of sacramental confession, he permitted himself certain disparaging remarks on the Roman Church, which provoked an impressive rejoinder. The priest, though fairly intelligent, was not conspicuous for talent, and was decidedly inferior to my friend in precision and felicity of language; but he had the advantage of knowing exactly what he believed, and why. There was also a freedom and genuineness about him which contrasted with the constrained and artificial manner of his antagonist, who seemed never to be quite sure what he wished to say, nor quite satisfied with what he had said. Like so many of his class, 'he scarce ever allowed a flower of sacred emotion to spring up in his soul without picking it to pieces, to see if its genera and species were correct.'[10] Religion had for him its grammar and etymology, which he was solicitous not to violate. But on this occasion, as I have said, either from con-

[10] *The Minister's Wooing*, by Mrs. Beecher Stowe, ch. xviii. p. 122.

viction or from sudden heat of temper, he forgot his formal rules, and became imprudently rhetorical. The fault was promptly chastised, but with a vehemence which sprang so evidently from the heart that it was impossible to take offence at it. 'Ah, you profess Catholic truths,' exclaimed the priest, 'and yet reserve all your sympathy for a sect in which they have been reviled for three centuries, while you have only sneers for the Church which has taught them for eighteen! You call them an essential part of God's holy revelation—needful for humanity, the life of our souls, our joy in the present, and our hope in the future—and you do well; but you have no thought of love, admiration, and reverence for the Church whose ceaseless fidelity alone has preserved them, and for which, even on your own principles, you ought to cherish a tender and enthusiastic gratitude! She alone has kept, while your guilty sect was blaspheming, the very truths which you rightly say are dear to God, which you profess to adore, and which, but for her undying vigilance, must have perished out of the world; and though God has used her, during long ages of strife and combat, as His sole witness on earth, you lift up your voice with His enemies to reproach and insult her! From her you have learned all that you know, or think you know; and yet you boast because some of you have been insinuating, for a few years past, in timid whispers, and against the impotent authority of your own bishops, what *she* has loudly proclaimed from the housetops for nearly two thousand! And even now these very truths which you have borrowed from her, and but for her would never have known, you maintain in a community where they are barely and reluctantly tolerated; and you do so with a more schismatical spirit of wilfulness and self-conceit

than they who continue to deny them! You know, too, that your own sect would cast you out to-morrow, if its temporizing tribunals were not afraid of diminishing its scanty numbers; and that if it has always claimed to be "comprehensive," and to permit with indifference every variety of opposing doctrine, the only form of Christian belief to which it has *never* given a place in its latitudinarian theology is precisely that Catholic Faith which you affect to regard as its uniform and consistent profession! For my part, I would as soon trust my soul before the judgment-seat of God in company with Judas, Barlow, or Calvin, as with men who are already judged out of their own mouths, and who have so little care either for God's honor or for revealed truth, that they hate the Church which has always confessed, and love the sect which has always betrayed it.'

It occurred to me at this stage of our journey, that the salutary lessons which my learned father proposed that I should derive from it were more likely to be the portion of my clerical friend. His embarrassments were already greater than mine. He looked, indeed, at this moment so limp and decomposed, so visibly *mutatus ab illo Hectore*, that I thought it considerate to affect not to notice it. I am afraid I overdid it, as I distinctly remember that I attempted to whistle, though not prone to that exercise, which I immediately abandoned, as at once trivial and liable to misconstruction. The priest wiped his face with a cotton pocket-handkerchief, took up his little book, and put it down again, as if he could not quite do justice to it just then. And so we came to Paris. Many years after, I met this priest once more. In the interval, he had twice nearly died of fever, and once of cholera. He had a sin-

gular habit of volunteering his services wherever such attractions were to be found. On one critical occasion h and a robust nurse were the only survivors in a certain typhus-hospital, all the rest having died or run away. He made shrouds of the infected bed-linen for the corpses, which he carried on his back into the hospital-yard, whence they were removed to the cemetery. He also received the abjuration of a good many of the patients, to whom he was the only representative of the Christian religion in that desolate scene. The rector of the parish, a very gentlemanly person with a large family, who had a justifiable horror of contagion, desired the nurse to inform Father Sheridan (why should I conceal the name of one of the bravest and most generous priests who ever toiled for the conversion of England?) that he must abstain from encroaching upon his flock. 'Let him come and tell me himself,' was the answer which the nurse was charged to convey. The next morning he came, though he prudently remained at the door, and holding a camphorated cambric handkerchief with one hand to his nose, beckoned with the other to Father Sheridan, who was at his usual work, to come and speak to him. 'Wait a minute,' replied the Father, as he advanced to the window at the opposite extremity of the ward, and threw it open, admitting a current of air which carried down a thick fever-laden mist towards his interlocutor, whose rapidly retreating footsteps were greeted, I regret to add, with a burst of laughter from the priest and the Protestant nurse. But his end came at last, after many a year of apostolic labor. He gave me his blessing before he died, and I am not without hope that he will one day give it to me again.

We are in Paris. I have often revisited that much

embellished city, and always with the same feelings. There is nothing, I suppose, more characteristic of our modern world than the cream-colored Paris of Napoleon III. Its long geometrical lines of streets—which are so exactly alike in their mathematical uniformity that it is hard to distinguish one from the other, so pretentious in their monotony that they seem to have been built by contract, and so completely without an idea or an appreciable architectural feature that they might have been designed by a hairdresser for the habitation of ballet-girls—are the supreme expression of that artistic imbecility which is one of the glories of our progressive age. There is more genius and poetry, more ingenuity of thought and construction, in a single ancient square of Brussels or Antwerp, in the market-place at Innspruck, or even in the streets of Basle or Nuremberg, than in all the bald edifices, public or private, of modern device. I think it was Montalembert who said that 'the builders of Cologne cathedral seem to have left it purposely incomplete, as if to show that later generations could not even finish what they had begun.' Whatever is not a servile copy either of classical or mediæval architecture is so void of truth and meaning, that if any specimens of the domestic or ecclesiastical architecture of which the idea is properly our own should survive for two or three centuries, nothing will give our descendants a more decisive proof of what Mr. Ruskin calls 'the decline of the arts among us.' 'Great art,' observes that gentleman, 'is the expression of the mind of a great man, as mean art is of the want of mind of a weak man;' [11] and when we see all Europe strewn with the ruins of Catholic

[11] *The Queen of the Air*, by John Ruskin, LL.D., p. 191.

edifices, still lovely in their ruins, and of which every fragment attracts the wistful admiration of students of art from all lands, we learn to appreciate at their true value the claims of our boastful generation. In such remains we see the evidence, not of an advancing, but of a lost civilization.'[12] We can copy, but can no longer invent. And the same thing is true of almost every department of human thought. 'We have been running new metal into our castings, artistic and intellectual,' says Hugh Miller, 'but it is the ancients in most cases who have furnished the moulds.'[13]

We did not, however, visit Paris in order to study its architecture. The day after our arrival was Sunday, and at an early hour my friend, who became rapidly convalescent after his encounter with the priest, appeared in my room, with a razor in one hand and a towel in the other. He inquired, with the nearest approach to a light and easy manner which he could attain, whether I proposed to accompany him to the episcopal service? I had anticipated the question, and was prepared for it. I asked, therefore, in my turn, whether *he* was prepared for such a perilous

[12] The biographer of Telford, after describing the frightful state of Scotland up to the close of last century, candidly observes, that 'the magnificent old abbeys and churches of Scotland in early times indicate that, at some remote period, a degree of civilization and prosperity prevailed, *from which the country had gradually fallen*.' 'As in England,' he adds, 'so in Scotland the reclamation of lands, the improvement of agriculture, and the building of bridges were mainly due to the skill and industry of the old churchmen. When their ecclesiastical organization was destroyed, the country speedily relapsed into the state from which *they* had raised it.' *Life of Thomas Telford, C.E.*, by Samuel Smiles, ch. iv. pp. 58-9. We learn from the same writer, that whereas Catholic Scotland fed, in what are pleasantly called 'the dark ages,' upon wheat, Calvinistic Scotland feeds, in the nineteenth century, like horses, upon oats.

[13] *First Impressions of England*, ch. xviii. p. 229

experiment, and whether it was consistent with his principles to visit an alien conventicle, in order to listen to some shallow and unprofitable expounder of texts, who was almost sure to revile the very truths which he professed to venerate? I added that, for my own part, I was going to High Mass at the Madeleine. He mechanically applied the towel to his chin, and was nearly doing the same thing with the razor, but I think he must have promised never to leave me to myself, for he presently agreed to accompany me. And so we went to the Madeleine. I did not possess at that moment any suitable book of devotions, a want which I soon repaired, but my friend carried in his hand a neat edition of the Book of Common Prayer. I hardly noticed him during the service, having other things to think of, but am persuaded that the joint production of Cranmer and Bucer, which was revised by Act of Parliament in 1552, changed again by Elizabeth at her accession, modified for the fourth time at the Savoy conference in 1661, and which a good many people at this day hope to change once more, was far from absorbing his undivided attention. For myself, I saw nothing but the altar. A dweller hitherto in that dismal waste which lies outside the city of God, and nourished only with the husks of human opinion, or the wild grapes of human preaching, I was but dimly conscious of the nature of the divine mystery which I was now to behold for the first time. I knew that countless generations of holy souls had found in it life and peace, and was filled with unutterable shame at the thought that what was all light to them, to me was only confusion and obscurity. But perhaps this sense of my own ignorance and humiliation was the best preparation which one so helpless and forlorn could have brought to such a Presence. I saw the

incense, and I knew there was music, though I hardly heard it. I had not come there to feed the senses, nor to learn the poor lesson which they could teach me. I wanted to know if from that altar, in which our fathers discerned the throne of God upon earth, a ray of the light which had transfigured purer souls would visit my own. And in this hope I looked and waited. This, then, was that *Incomparable Sacrifice*—God offering Himself to God—which one of the latest of the prophets had announced, in closing the records of the older dispensation, should be 'offered among the Gentiles,' to the last hour of time, 'from the rising of the sun to the going down thereof.'[14] This was that '*true and supreme sacrifice* before which,' as St. Augustine observes, 'all false sacrifices gave place.'[15] If all the prayers of loving hearts from the beginning of the world, combined with the seraphic worship of the thrones and principalities in heaven, and intensified by the surpassing excellence of Mary's devotion, were offered in one immense and harmonious act of praise and adoration, they would not even approach in efficacy the infinite worth of a single Mass. God alone is worthy of God, and here He is at once the Priest and the Oblation; '*Ipse offerens*,' as one of the wisest of His servants has said, '*ipse et oblatio*.' In this sacrifice countless saints have found the abundant fulfilment of that gracious promise, '*I will not leave you orphans*.' For this is that last invention of the Creator's love, and maturest fruit of His Incarnation, which converts even our fallen world into a true paradise, and without which it would be only a cheerless sepulchre, the home of sad and weary

[14] Malachias i. 11.

[15] 'Huic summo vero que sacrificio cuncta sacrificia falsa cesserunt.' *De Civit. Dei*, lib. x. cap. 20.

spirits, 'seeking rest and finding none.' In this Divine Sacrifice the light of God falls upon human faces, and illuminates human souls. It is more than a vision of angels, for *they* descend every day from heaven to look upon it. It is more than our life, for it is its end and object, and without it we could not live. I knew not then its manifold sweetness, but I was to know it later. May they who behold it from the sanctuary intercede for me, who am unworthy to look upon it even from the porch.

From that day I was present every morning in the same church. Sometimes my friend accompanied me, always carrying the Book of Common Prayer, and would even talk of the 'happiness of assisting at the holy sacrifice,' which, he said, was also offered in the Church of England. When I asked him how long the practice had been introduced in that community, and under what sanction of its nominal authorities, and what he thought of a Church which had applied all its energies for three centuries to banish the very notion of it out of the land, he said that such evil times had passed away. If we had been discussing the question at the present hour, I could have reminded him that, far from having 'passed away,' the very newest ecclesiastical judgment, proclaimed by the prelates of York and London, declared of *the doctrine of sacrifice*, that 'the Church of England *has deliberately ceased to teach or affirm it*;' adding triumphantly, that 'this clearly appears from a comparison of the present Communion office with that in King Edward's first book, and of this again with the Canon of the Mass in the Sarum Missal.' From the Mass to King Edward's book, and from that to the present office, as these bishops and their assessors triumphantly argue', was a steady and '*deliberate*' progression from bad '

worse. I did, however, further inquire of my friend, if it was not within his personal knowledge that his own bishop formally denied the doctrine; to which he responded that the man was a heretic, and ought to be deposed. But when I finally asked why he remained voluntarily in communion with a bishop who, by his own admission, blasphemed a sacred truth, he requested me, with an uneasy smile, 'not to push things too far.' There was something in all this so repulsively false and unreal, that my friend became irksome and repugnant to me, and I am afraid I did not conceal it. It is due to him to say that he endured this involuntary manifestation of feeling without impatience. He was, indeed, what would be called in his sect 'a good man;' wholly exempt from unruly appetites, and much occupied with religious questions. There seemed, however, to be an obstruction in his mind, hindering its free motion, and a veil over his eyes, through which he saw all things indistinctly. I have known many such men since, and they always appeared to me one of the saddest sights on this earth. They can use their reason up to a certain point, sometimes very effectually, when suddenly it fails them, and they can only sigh, or frown, or ask a respite, or refuse to speak. And they form in their disciples the same habit of mind. To those who confide in them, the sum of their counsels appears to be that they should cease, as far as possible, to act as intelligent and responsible beings, take refuge in silence, decline all intercourse with Catholics whose faith they profess to share, remain in communion with heretics whose doctrines they affect to abhor, stifle every suggestion of the Holy Spirit as a temptation of the evil one, and trust that everything will come right at last. It might be supposed that at least they would revere the

Church which has never ceased to 'teach all nations' the very truths which *they* desire, after centuries of oblivion, to restore in their own. If they loved God, they would love her who has so vigilantly served Him. Yet it is precisely this Church which they resist, depreciate, and dislike. Forbearing towards every form of heresy, even to the point of communicating with those who hold and teach it, they have only hatred for the great witness of revealed truth. It is this which condemns them, in spite of their lip-profession, because it shows that in heart and soul they are heretics. But the explanation of this singular contradiction has always appeared to me very simple. If Satan, as even they believe, persuaded many at the so-called Reformation to cast away the very gifts which divine compassion had provided for their soul's health, nothing can be more natural than that he should resist, in his own interest, any attempt to recover them. To effect this purpose, and to secure his previous triumph, he has no need to prevent, even if he had the power, what is called 'the revival of Catholic belief' in England. His malice can turn the revival itself to good account. He has only to substitute a shadow for the substance, plausible appearances for realities, and he has done the work of the 'Reformation' over again; Barlow still reigns in the place of Peter, and a sham Catholicism will destroy as many souls as Lutheranism itself. In the morbid attachment of multitudes, who connect all their hopes of salvation with Catholic doctrines and practices, to what is only a fictitious representation of both, we see the evidence of his craft. And the attitude which such persons assume towards the Church on the one hand, and human sects on the other, is a sufficient demonstration of its success.

Among the more attractive scenes which we visited, at an early period of our sojourn in Paris, was the cathedral of Notre Dame. We had seen still earlier the Sainte Chapelle, which seemed to us as nearly worthy of the priceless treasure which it was designed to receive as a human structure could be. I know not how any one can dispute—if indeed any one does—that the Catholic faith has inspired the only fabrics of which the matchless grace and beauty are proportioned to its own. It seems to me also worthy of observation, that while the Catholic Church, in the very ages when she was undisputed queen of the nations, and no man opened his mouth against her, spontaneously covered the earth with the noblest monuments of human genius, and multiplied on every side homes of supernatural charity, the immediate fruit of the so-called Reformation was the suppression of the one, and the degradation of the other. 'Its complete suppression of the conventual system,' says an advanced rationalist, 'was very far from a benefit to women or to the world,' and he adds that 'no fact in modern history is more deeply to be deplored.'[16] Fountains, and Tintern, and Netley still remain in their ruins to tell what the Church created, and the sects, as if inspired by the spirit of the Moslem, brutally destroyed; but this is only one feature of the contrast. 'It is an unquestionable and most instructive fact,' observes Macaulay, 'that the years during which the political power of the Anglican hierarchy was in the zenith were precisely the

[16] Lecky, *History of European Morals*, vol. ii. p. 391. Mr. Carlyle says it 'was frightful waste; perhaps among the saddest our England ever saw.' Of the 'noble forests' destroyed at the so-called Reformation he deplores, in characteristic language, that men should have 'turned loose four-footed cattle and Henry-the-Eighths into them!' *Past and Present*, ch. iv. p. 139.

years during which national virtue was at the lowest point. To crush at one blow Christian art and Christian piety was the earliest triumph of the Church of Barlow.[17] But this digression detains us from our visit to Notre Dame. It happened, I know not why, that on this occasion the sacred relics in which its treasury is so rich were exposed to view. I was too unfamiliar with such objects to look upon them without a certain confusion of mind. I have since seen Washington's coat in the city called after him, Nelson's at Greenwich, and, I think, the Duke of Wellington's small-clothes at Madame Tussaud's. These are national relics, and suitably honored. They are samples of the universal relic-worship to which our nature inclines us, which the lover practises when he kisses the lock of hair received from his mistress, or the mother when she presses to her heart the portrait of her dead child. The sentiment is profound and ineradicable, as we learn even from the songs of the heathen poets. The autograph of Napoleon or Pitt has still its market value, and Mr. Dickens bequeaths the stuffed body of his immortal raven, which is sold at public auction for £70. But if dilapidated garments of departed soldiers and sailors, the coat of one man and the breeches of another, and even the relics of horses, dogs, and birds, once dear to a possessor more distinguished than themselves, retain a recognized value, and attract a respectful and sympathizing curiosity, it is far otherwise, apart from all preliminary questions of evidence and authenticity, with relics of another class. It is true that the

[17] Already, in the time of Henry VIII., the decay of religion and piety was so general, that 'London deserved a thousand times more plagues than ever fell upon Tyre and Sidon, or even on Sodom and Gomorrah.' *Westminster Review*, January, 1870, p. 98.

bones of a saint, according to the Scripture,[18] could raise a dead man to life, a resurrection which was presumably not effected without the coöperation of God; and that, in later times, according to the same authority, 'handkerchiefs and aprons,'[19] which had touched the living body of St. Paul, expelled both 'diseases and wicked spirits.' Perhaps, however, Eliseus would not permit such an indiscreet use of his bones in our enlightened age, while St. Paul would probably explain to the sick, at whose recovery he once so unphilosophically connived, that the 'laws of nature' are not to be set aside by an unscientific use of aprons and handkerchiefs, much less wicked spirits expelled, of whose existence we have no reliable proof. It was in this conviction, no doubt, that Calvin objected to our Lord healing the woman who timidly 'touched the hem of His garment,' and suggested that He ought rather to have rebuked her 'superstition'—a proof that 'reformers' are able to correct, not only the mistakes of Apostles, but even those of Almighty God. When Luther called the divine Epistle of St. James 'an epistle of straw,' he left his rival at Geneva no alternative but to try to surpass him in impudent blasphemy, which he contrived to do. One of the ablest disciples of Calvin in our own day, a man so intellectually great that we mourn his wasted life and still more miserable death, speaking of the wedding ring of his grandmother, says: 'Though not much of a relic-monger, I would hesitate to exchange it for the Holy Coat of Treves, or for wagon-loads of the wood of the "true Cross."'[20] We can easily believe him. What was the 'true Cross' to him? As Dr. Johnson once said, 'Most

[18] 4 Kings xiii. 21. [19] Acts xix. 12.

[20] Hugh Miller, *My Schools and Schoolmasters*, ch. vi. p. 117, sixth edition.

Scotchmen love Scotland better than truth, and almost all of them love it better than inquiry.' Why, indeed, 'inquire' whether this or that relic be genuine, when you are perfectly indifferent whether it be so or not, and would show less respect even for the 'true Cross,' if you were quite sure you were looking upon it, than for the meanest memorial ever preserved in hall or museum of famous man or notable beast?[21] To such as you the latter are realities, but not the former, since your whole love is given, not to Jesus or His saints, nor to the religion which He taught and they practised, but only to *a set of opinions*, which you have made your own, and which you greatly prefer to anything in heaven or on earth.

In presence of the relics at Notre Dame, my friend was serious and respectful, though it evidently cost him an effort to kiss them. Perhaps, however, he thought that what had touched the sacred Body of Christ might be as efficacious now as it was when the woman in the Gospel was healed by it; and when he saw old men and children put their lips to such objects with reverent tenderness, I think that, like myself, he envied the piety which he could not refuse to imitate. He could always do what he thought it his duty to do, but he generally contrived to convince himself that his duty and his inclination pointed in the same direction. I have known other people who had the same talent.

From Notre Dame we went to the Seminary of the *Mis-*

[21] About *this* class of relics, and the evidence of their authenticity, our Protestant contemporaries are much less exacting. Of those which are displayed to their admiration at Wartburg, Mr. Henry Mayhew says: 'The table which is fudged off as being the very one at which Martin Luther sate is a paltry cheat.' That individual, he adds, 'never wrote one line upon it.' *German Life and Manners*, vol. i. p. 131, 1864.

sions Etrangères, and as the distance was not considerable, we went on foot. By the way, we made reflections, each after his own manner. It was very delightful, my friend observed, but with a spasmodic enthusiasm which did not promote hilarity, 'to be able at length to take part in the beautiful services of our Roman brethren, and to worship at the same altars.' It was much more painful, I replied, to remember that not one of them would recognize us as brothers, nor admit that we belonged to the household of God. I added, that as there is not a Catholic in the whole world, to whatever nation he may belong, who would put his foot in an Anglican Church if he visited England, or worship anywhere but with 'our Roman brethren,' it was a transparent sham to pretend to regard the latter, in France or anywhere else, as one with ourselves. If they were the Church of God, our Establishment was not; and if it was, there was no other, for there was nothing else on the wide earth like it.

I often noticed, when we were together in the streets, that people would look for a moment at my friend, whose limbs seemed starched as well as his linen, as if wondering what he could be, and turn away the next, as if it did not in the least matter. He soon got accustomed to the native clergy, whose costume he approved, but I think it gave him some satisfaction to notice that personal beauty was not their chief attraction. A good many of them were certainly persons of unprepossessing exterior. For a while this incongruity gave me a painful impression, but I soon learned to take a less romantic view of the subject. St. Paul's 'bodily presence,' though he had been 'caught up to the third heaven,' does not seem to have been imposing. Whatever may be the beauty of even glorified

bodies, it will probably not consist in regular features or a pink complexion. St. Bernard once presented to Pope Eugenius IV. a certain Abbot, whose physical structure was so extremely defective that he thought it necessary to excuse it by saying: 'Be sure, Holy Father, that whatever there is of him is full of the Holy Ghost.' It would be very pleasant, I suppose, particularly at Mass, that every priest should look like St. Michael or St. Raphael, but it is more to the purpose that they should resemble such models in their hearts. Even the Majesty of our Divine Lord was far from impressing every spectator, and an eloquent living preacher had reason to say: 'I fear too surely that if Christ had been born in England in this nineteenth century, public opinion would have reviled Him and His Apostles with as much insult and acrimony as it now reviles us. I fear that the poverty of Christ would have been a scandal and offence; that the virgin purity of Christ would have been despised and laughed at; that the obedience of Christ would have been denounced as slavish superstition, and as being inimical to the inborn rights, the independence of an Englishman.'[22]

Musing on such things, we arrived at the Seminary of the *Missions Etrangères*. We hardly knew what we had come to see; but I think the first thing which struck us was the simple cordiality of our reception. Two gentlemen from England, one of whom was at that moment, and the other had lately been, a teacher of heresy, might reasonably feel some doubt as to the greeting which awaited them in a Catholic missionary college. If we had been wholly pure from the taint of heresy, it could not have been more gra-

[22] Father Harper.

cious and charitable. I had many subsequent opportunities of noticing, and always with the same admiration, this patient courtesy towards men who have so little claim to it, and who too often repay it with vulgar ingratitude. The usual attitude of Protestants towards Catholics, except in the United States, is one of suspicion and defiance, and not seldom of unappeasible malice and enmity. This is especially the case in England. Considering that during many ages, including some of the most glorious epochs of our history, all England was Catholic, this peevish disavowal of the authors of her civilization, and the founders of her noblest institutions, reflects no honor upon living Englishmen. It is not creditable either to their piety, their gratitude, or their good sense, and it seems to me impressively relieved by the gentle forbearance of those who have kept the faith which was so long the light of our nation. '*A thousand years ago*,' says a well-known Protestant writer, 'England was not only in name a Christian country, but a living faith in Christ had entered into, and was practically *the deepest and strongest force in, the national life*.'[23] This is what the Church had done for England seven hundred years before the so-called Reformation obliterated her ancient glories, and reduced her to her present condition. It is no doubt to the secret influence of the demon of heresy, who bids her hate what he hates himself, that her ingratitude is to be attributed; but it has also, like everything generated by heresy, its comic side. I have seen a considerable company in an English drawing-room fretfully agitated, or reduced to uneasy silence, by the entrance of a harmless Catholic; and when I called to

[23] *Life of Alfred the Great*, by Thomas Hughes, M.P., ch. ii. p. 31.

mind that their own forefathers, if they had any, which may perhaps be taken for granted, were all likewise Catholics, the feeling manifested appeared to me so immeasurably ludicrous, that any other sentiment than one of kindly compassion would have been out of place. The incorrigible littleness of human sects is displayed in another habit of mind, in which the contrast between them and the Church is equally apparent. If their members shrink from Catholics with a restless aversion which they do not feel towards Unitarians, Turks, or Jews, they have a no less vivid apprehension of the peril of reading Catholic books. An accomplished relative of my own, after reading the first volume of Bossuet's *Histoire des Variations*, refused to go any farther, 'lest it should make her a Catholic;' just as Lord Peterborough said of Fénelon, 'he was forced to get away from him, else he would have made him pious.' There is nothing, we are told, on which Ritualists insist more vehemently with their disciples—who are often the victims in a single week of a more minute and vexatious 'priestcraft,' of the most odious kind, than was ever known in the Catholic Church from Peter to Pius IX.—than abstinence from the formidable enchantments of Catholic literature. 'The most degrading and debasing slavery,' says the American Dr. Brownson, 'into which mortals can be plunged is that of Protestants to their favorite ministers, unless it be that of the heathen to their idols or false gods.' The influence of the Catholic clergy has ever been due to the dignity of their office and their personal virtue, and is exerted only over those who recognize the one and imitate the other. Nor have *they* any hesitation in reading either Protestant or rationalistic works, with which they have often so exact an acquaintance, that

they could lend to many of their adversaries more cogent arguments than any which they are able to employ in their own behalf. In this respect, as in their kindly intercourse with those who do not share their faith, all the generosity and largeness of mind seem to me to be on the side of the Catholics.[24] They have so little fear lest the solidity of their own convictions should be impaired by any arguments which can be urged against them, by any disputants whatever, ancient or modern, from Cain to Dr. Cumming, that they only ask that they shall have a little more talent and learning than the latter, to read them with studious interest. I once heard a report from a friend of a discussion which he witnessed in Rome, where a French priest was contending for the degree of Doctor of Theology. Among his opponents were two French Bishops, whose names are known throughout the world, and who attacked him in succession, in presence of an audience convulsed with laughter, with arguments so keen and varied against the Church, her doctrines and her government, that a Protestant hearer would have been astonished to find that his own opinions could be so ably defended. Can any one imagine a similar scene in Oxford? The popular usage *there* is to ignore all opinions which are not your own, to

[24] A representative Englishman, the late Lord Palmerston, seems to have thought so too. 'The Catholics,' he said, 'were contented with impartiality and justice. The Protestants, on the contrary, required partiality to themselves, and injustice to the Catholics.' *Life of Viscount Palmerston*, by Sir H. Lytton Bulwer, book vi. p. 310. Pitt made the same observation, and Wilberforce describes him as 'resenting and spurning the bigoted fury of Irish Protestants.' *Life of Pitt*, by Lord Stanhope, vol. iii. p. 136. See also vol. iv. ch. xl. p. 257. Mr. Buckle gives the same account of the French Protestants. 'They were not content to exercise their own religion unless they could also trouble the religion of others.' *History of Civilization in England*, ch. viii. p. 509.

refuse even to hear what can be said in their favor, and to revile the doctrine of the whole Christian world, without knowing, or wishing to know, anything about it.

But we are still at the door of the *Missions Etrangères*, and shall perhaps find something worth seeing inside. We were permitted to visit the whole establishment, including the memorable *Salle des Martyrs*. This is a room of moderate dimensions, which contains portraits of several of the recent martyrs of the society, many of their blood-stained relics, and even some of the instruments of torture, purchased from the executioners by native Christians, which had replaced the scourge, the thorns, and the lance to these modern disciples of a crucified Master. We did not remember to have seen anything of the kind in England. But what seemed to me hardly less impressive than these crimsoned and significant emblems was the fact, simply communicated to us, without any dramatic change of attitude or expression, by the venerable superior, that all the students, aspirants to a similar calling, meet every evening in this room, in presence of the memorials of their martyred predecessors, to meditate upon the career to which they desire to devote themselves, if the King of Martyrs will accept their service. My companion, who had assumed an air of intense depression, which he no doubt considered suitable to the occasion, as if he had just heard of the death of all his relations, inquired gravely, 'what provision was made for the maintenance of the society's missionaries?' When the superior replied, with something like a smile, that 'they trusted for that to Divine Providence,' a still deeper gloom overspread his features. But on the whole he behaved very well, though he probably regretted that 'our Roman brethren,' who are

evidently not without good qualities, should have such an extremely unfavorable impression of the Church of Dr. Tait. For my part, I also thought, during our visit, of that English institution, and shuddered at the thought.

The Seminary of Foreign Missions in Paris, one of several societies devoted to the conversion of the heathen, is not perhaps surpassed by any other in zeal or success. At the present time it counts, besides its martyrs, twenty-three bishops,—who never run away from their apostolic toils,—440 European missioners, 320 native priests, and 700,000 Christians. In the seminary at Paris, there are 120 students; in the college at Pulo-Penang, 132.

It will, I suppose, be generally conceded that in the work of missions the Church anticipated the sects. From the beginning the injunction was laid upon her, '*Go teach all nations.*' No one will deny that she has obeyed it. If Europe is Christian at this hour she owes it, as Montalembert once said of England, 'to monks and emissaries of the Holy See.' During the first three centuries of the Christian era, it was by shedding their own blood in torrents, and persuading others to offer the same generous sacrifice, that they fulfilled their mission. A little later, their successors found another work to do, and did it. From the North and East came hordes of fierce barbarians, who overran all Europe, like a flood of angry waters, and fought their way even to the gates of Rome; but only to fall down, in the very moment of victory, and worship the cross which they had come to destroy. Out of this formless multitude of cruel savages, before whose assault any institution not of divine origin would have perished, the Roman Church built up a people of God, a

new society, and a new civilization. 'The Christian Church,' says Guizot, 'saved Christianity.'[25] 'The great work of christianizing the barbarian world,' observes a living unbeliever, 'was accomplished almost in the hour when that world became supreme.'[26] It may be doubted whether even the triumphant issue of her earlier combat with the forces of paganism was more glorious than this second victory. If the Roman Church had rendered no other service to the human family, this alone would suffice to deserve its eternal gratitude. Once again, in the seventh, eighth, and ninth centuries, when 'Europe had sunk into the most extreme moral, intellectual, and political degradation, a constant stream of missionaries poured forth from the monasteries, who spread the knowledge of the cross and the seeds of a future civilization through every land, from Lombardy to Sweden;' and 'in addition to their noble devotion, carried into their missionary efforts the most masterly judgment.'[27] Nor should it be forgotten, in our own age of 'branch churches,' 'extreme divergencies of doctrine,' and other substitutes for Christianity, that all these heroes of the cross, 'wise as serpents and harmless as doves,' offered the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, were devout to our Blessed Lady, and derived all their authority from the Roman Pontiff, whom they venerated as the successor of St. Peter, and in whom they recognized the Centre of Unity. It would be a singular illustration of the wisdom of God, if the very men whom He endowed with supernatural gifts, and employed to effect the mightiest works ever accomplished by His intelligent creatures,

[25] *History of Civilization in Europe*, lect. ii.
[26] Lecky, *European Morals*, vol. ii. ch. iv. p. 190.
[27] *Ib.* p. 191.

were precisely those, as senseless fanatics dream, who 'corrupted' the purity of His revelation!

When our Divine Redeemer said to His first missioners, '*Behold, I send you as lambs among wolves*,' He added immediately, '*Carry neither purse, nor scrip, nor shoes.*'[28] This precept also the 'emissaries of the Holy See' have found courage to obey. They do not stipulate, before quitting their homes, what shall be the amount of their salary, since they ask for none. It is otherwise with the agents of human sects. When the Church of Barlow began to think of sending preachers to the heathen, a matter which wholly escaped its attention for the first two hundred and fifty years of its existence, it was far from suggesting to them to 'carry neither purse, nor scrip.' The Church of England knew herself and her clergy too well to offer such romantic counsel. If any one was to go on her errand, she understood that there must be an effectual pecuniary inducement. 'No men, that I know of,' observes an English Episcopalian in 1866, 'take better care of themselves than missionaries—I mean those of *our* Church, for the Roman Catholic propagandists go where duty calls, without making any fuss about the dangers and privations to which they are about to be exposed. All honor to them for it! But our clergy most do congregate where skies are bright, and natives tractable, and their cry is always the same—Money! Money! Money! We cannot save another soul without money!'[29]

Such missionaries would probably feel ill at ease in the

[28] St. Luke ix. 3.

[29] *Recollections of a Life of Adventure*, by William Stamer, vol ii. ch. vii p. 147.

Salle des Martyrs of the Seminary in Paris, especially at the hour of evening meditation. To expect their maintenance from the bounty of Providence would seem to them a doubtful and unpromising security. If indeed by their profuse expenditure they could save anybody's soul, even their own, it could not be deemed excessive; but when we are told, by five hundred impartial witnesses, what manner of life they lead, and that the sole result of their presence among the heathen is to make the latter a trifle worse than they were before, we understand the pleasant saying of Mr. Laurence Oliphant, Lord Elgin's able secretary in China: 'If there is one thing that is more urgently needed than a missionary to the ball-room, it is a missionary to the missionaries.'[30] Yet their ceaseless cry for 'money' is more intelligible than the facility with which they obtain it. 'The English,' observes Sir William Napier, 'are a people very subject to receive and to cherish false impressions; proud of their credulity, as if it were a virtue, the majority will adopt any fallacy, and cling to it with a tenacity proportioned to its grossness.'[31] Hence the triumphant financial successes of the 'Bible Society,' the 'Society for the Propagation of the Gospel,' and other English associations for the more effectual demoralization of the heathen. The first never converted a single soul in any part of the world, and has only exposed the Scriptures to shameful profanation. 'In a religious book-store at Malta,' says one American writer, in 1866, 'I actually received a Chinese New Testament in lieu of

[30] Nathaniel Hawthorne pleasantly contrasts their uniform failure *at home*, in converting 'the heathen in a great city,' with their fabulous triumphs abroad. *American Note-Books*, vol. i. p. 38.

[31] *Life of General Sir William Napier*, vol. ii. p. 23.

threepence change due to me.'[32] 'It has repeatedly pained us,' says another, in 1872,[33] 'to see even King James's version, imperfect as it is, scattered broadcast by agents of the Bible Societies in hotel and steamboat saloons, barbers' shops and bar-rooms, not to be read, but to be devoted to the meanest purposes of waste paper.' As to the second, which professes to 'propagate' what it never possessed, here are a few examples, out of a multitude, of the result of its operations.

In India, which France or Spain, or any other Catholic nation would have converted long ago, the vast sums expended in educating the natives have only made them conceited infidels. 'We have heard much of young Bengal,' says Professor Max Müller, alluding to missionary education among the people; 'young Hindus, who read Byron and Voltaire, play at billiards, drive tandems, laugh at their priests, patronize missionaries, *and believe nothing*.'[34]

From every part of the world comes the same report. In many cases, the heathen cannot even be persuaded to believe that the English emissaries are themselves Christians. 'The Druses informed us,' writes an Anglican minister, 'that the English were *much more like Druses than Christians*. This is a prevalent idea in this country. We tried to explain that we were "Christians of the book," but they incredulously shook their heads, rubbing their forefingers together, and exclaimed, "sowa, sowa!" (all alike).'[35]

'The episcopal system,' said the *Times*, in 1865, 'has

[32] *Across Mexico*, by W. H. Bullock, ch. i. p. 13, 1866.

[33] New York *Catholic World*, January, 1872, p. 442.

[34] *The Science of Language*, lect. iii. p. 102, fourth edition.

[35] *The Land of Israel*, by Rev. H. B. Tristram, M.A., ch. xxiv. p. 588, 1865.

nowhere been so completely developed as in New Zealand, and nowhere has the failure been more disastrous and universal, though 'at the head of it is'—or as it may now be said *was*—'the ablest and most distinguished of all our colonial bishops.'[36] The province of Auckland, the special field of Anglican operations, contains 'about four-fifths of the whole native race;' and when the 'horrible reaction' of the Hauhau fanaticism arose, 'it swept away in a few hours almost every trace of the missionary efforts of fifty years.' 'Maori Church of Englandism,' adds an eye-witness, 'has proved a failure. Not only did Christianity disappear in a day, but' all the old habits, including 'the most revolting cannibalism, in a day returned. The fall was terrible.'[37] They massacred the Rev. Mr. Volkner, an Episcopalian minister, 'his own congregation standing by,' and having eaten part of his body, threw the rest to their dogs. Dr. Hobhouse, for seven years Protestant Bishop of Nelson, 'made to his synod the painful admission that "he had to behold the failure of almost everything he had planned and cherished."'[38] When Dr. Selwyn finally retired from the dismal scene, the only advice he could give to the friends whom he left to struggle alone was, 'not to despair'[39]—an exhortation which his own flight must have rendered particularly impressive and consoling. On the whole, our visit to the Seminary of Foreign Missions, and the reflections which it suggested, did not diminish my respect for the Roman, nor increase my esteem for the Anglican Church.

What else we saw during our stay in Paris, it would be

[36] The *Times*, July 7, 1865.
[37] *Greater Britain*, by Charles Wentworth Dilke, ch. xxviii. p. 381.
[38] The *Times*, August 14, 1866.
[39] *Ib.* December 12, 1867.

tedious to relate. Nowhere, perhaps, does the undying conflict between good and evil rage more fiercely than in that city, and nowhere is it more difficult to predict its final issue. In Paris, as throughout France, are to be found the best and the worst people in the world. But as our journey has been fruitful thus far mainly in religious reflections, perhaps a political digression may be tolerated in this place, if only on account of its novelty. We live in a day in which there is a general upheaval of old traditions, and the spirit of lawlessness, more busy than ever because his time is short, seems to be urging men in all lands to remodel ancient institutions, and to essay new experiments in government, as well as in religion. The exuberance of new constitutions is likely to give the world as much trouble as the multiplication of new sects. Both are fruits of the so-called Reformation, which taught men the right of rebellion against divine, and therefore against human authority. The example of France in this matter seems to me full of instruction. For nearly a thousand years the great French monarchy survived all the trials to which temporal polities are subject. The era of revolution, with its long train of crime and anarchy, had not yet dawned. Hitherto men had been wise enough to accept the sacred supremacy of law, without which human society cannot endure, and to reverence the institutions, in spite of partial defects, in which it was embodied. If they were sometimes galled by its unequal pressure, they preferred patience to rebellion, for they deemed that the occasional hashness of legitimate rulers would be feebly compensated by the all-devouring vanity of conceited demagogues, or the capricious violence of self-elected despots. The experience of later generations has justified them. 'God and

the King' was a more fruitful watchword than any of the discordant cries which have been substituted for it. It was the so-called Reformation which first exaggerated kingly power, and then destroyed it. It revived the autocratic rule of Cæsar, which it preferred to the paternal government of the Successor of the Fisherman; and when his yoke became intolerable, and thrones began to fall, and Europe reeled to and fro, escaping from military despotism only to fall under the more cruel oppression of a brutal democracy, the world found too late, that devotion and loyalty are the surest guardians of the glory and prosperity of nations. There is no delusion which ought by this time to be more completely exploded than that revolutions are made for the benefit of the people. They have been, for the last hundred years, the work of cunning and unscrupulous speculators—statesmen without principles, lawyers without briefs, doctors without patients, journalists without readers, and all who desire to be rich without labor, and to impose on others the burdens which they refuse to bear themselves; and when their triumph is secured, after deluding their victims more impudently, these plebeian Sybarites indulge in more effeminate luxury than the worst princes of any race, and devise more odious exactions than monarchs of any dynasty. The only abiding result of revolutions, as far as the masses are concerned, whether in France, Italy, or Spain, has been enormous increase of taxation, and proportionate diminution of liberty; while a few loud-voiced adventurers, false both to God and their country, are found to have usurped the dignities which they coveted, and to have divided among themselves and their friends the spoils of which not a fraction is reserved for the people who have been their tools and dupes.

A notable illustration has been witnessed in our own day of the true relations which subsist between those who make revolutions and those who profit by them. Not long ago a gentleman was dispatched on an official mission by the government of the ex-journalist, M. Thiers. He was deputed to visit the hulks in which the defeated Communists were provisionally incarcerated, an ample sum being allotted for his personal entertainment and the costs of his journey. He was already favorably known to the prisoners as a sympathizing associate and an assiduous teacher of impiety and sedition. He was even a member of the 'International,' of which the object is to subvert all human society, and was known in that interesting body as 'No. 606.' When he arrived among his former pupils and friends, they received him without surprise. 'We thought it would not be long,' they said, 'before they sent *you* to join us.' They supposed, not unreasonably, that he had come as a prisoner, and we may conceive their exulting satisfaction, as well as their keen enjoyment of their own prosperous position, when they learned that 'No. 606' was now a member of the cabinet of M. Thiers, and Minisister of Public Instruction! It will be seen that the revolution was somewhat more advantageous to this exemplary person than to his disciples and victims. It won a palace for him, and the galleys for them.

Yet the men who are permitted at this day, for the chastisement of her sins, to subject France to their ignoble sway, are now, as they have always been, a minority. It is by their diabolical energy and potent organization that they have prevailed. But neither their craft nor their ferocity would have given them even a momentary triumph, if they had not been aided by the pusillanimity of the

good. There is nothing more deplorable in the recent history of France than the effeminate docility with which the work of the revolution has been passively accepted by men who abhorred its aims and despised its agents. In the Assembly which holds its sittings at Versailles, it is notorious that a large majority belong to the party of order, while no small number are firmly attached both to the religion and the monarchy of France. Yet not one is found to ascend the tribune, or is permitted to do so, to utter one manly protest against the degradation of his country. After accepting a Jules Favre and a Gambetta, they are equally silent in the presence of a Thiers. Not one was found, when it was a question of exacting from the vanquished Communists the penalty of their crimes, to utter, for the consolation of applauding France, some such words as these: 'I am not blind to the guilt of these malefactors, but I protest, in presence of greater criminals than they, against the vengeance which crushes the disciple, while it loads the master with riches and honor. I see in this chamber men who have been, during their whole career, apostles of revolt and blasphemy; men who have striven to supplant every government, however honest and capable, of which they did not themselves form a part; men who lately seized the reins of power, without invitation, in defiance of law, and with no other sanction than their own greed and ambition; men who by their speeches and writings have educated, organized, and set in motion the very monsters whom it is now proposed to chastise with unsparing severity; and I see these men, the true authors of all our calamities, not at the bar of justice, but seated on the ministerial bench, and directing the destinies of France.'

What has happened in France, through the miserable decay of national and Christian traditions, a cynical press, and a godless education, will surely happen in every other land in which the demon of revolution shall find a home.[40]

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I can conceive no greater disaster for my country, hitherto so peaceful and glorious, than that the tempter should one day persuade her to accept, like France, a regimen of hungry lawyers and turbulent journalists. It is quite possible that our existing rulers may not always be models of wisdom, that neither Mr. Gladstone nor Mr. Disraeli may be absolutely faultless, and that even the institutions which control their actions as well as ours may need occasional reparation; but what would the nation gain by deposing such men, in order that Mr. Smith of the *Daily Smasher*, or Mr. Jones of the *Weekly Crasher*, may reign over us in their stead, and squander, in a single year, like their fellows in America, in ostentatious peculation and bribery, more than the crown of England costs in three? Such men may discourse, for their own purposes, about the 'equality' against which all nature protests, and which has

[40] Some passages in the English edition, expressing opinions regarding the institutions of the United States for which the American editors are unwilling to assume even an apparent responsibility, have been, with the author's kind permission, omitted in this edition.

no existence either in heaven or on earth, and propose to reduce the whole human family to a dead level of plebeian monotony, but they will not easily beguile the sagacious Englishman into a fruitless search after a chimera. I am confirmed in this belief by the observations of a man of massive intellect, who was himself a journeyman stonemason, and earned his bread by the sweat of his brow. On one occasion it happened to him to spend many months in a Scotch village, in the same humble dwelling with a number of fellow-quarrymen. 'I first learned to suspect in this rude village,' says the author of *The Old Red Sandstone*, 'that the democratic watchword, "Liberty and Equality," is somewhat faulty in its philosophy. Slavery and equality would be nearer the mark. Wherever there is liberty, the original differences between man and man begin to manifest themselves in their external circumstances, and the equality straightway ceases. It is through slavery that this equality, at least among the masses, is to be fully attained.'[42] Golden words! of which I was impressively reminded when I wandered, in July 1871, through the streets of Paris, and saw everywhere the stupid and mendacious device, 'Liberty, Equality, Fraternity.' Interpreting this triple falsehood by the light of recent events, I understood it to mean, liberty to oppress all who differ from you, the equality of scoundrels, and the fraternity of assassins.

I shall only be returning to a line of thought more in harmony with the rest of these pages, if I add that the bitter fruits of treason against the Holy See, and of the reckless depravity inspired by the spirit of revolution, were

[42] *My Schools, etc.*, by Hugh Miller, ch. xiv. p. 304.

never more clearly manifested than in the campaign which led to the downfall of a dynasty, and the temporary dismemberment of France. It was not possible that soldiers, sodden with impiety and sensualism, incapable of manly obedience, and led for the most part by officers as demoralized as themselves, should emulate the valiant deeds of their fathers, or add a page to that noble record which has been fitly entitled, *Gesta Dei per Francos*. How should *they* be His ministers, either in peace or war, who live only to insult His majesty and outrage His laws? Or how should we wonder if, in the sorrowful campaign so disastrous for France, the purest devotion and most enduring valor were displayed by those Pontifical Zouaves and their heroic brothers, the Christian soldiers of Brittany, who went to battle with the name of God inscribed on their banners, and with the love of His Vicar in their hearts? It has been well and religiously observed, that 'the day on which the French troops quitted Rome, the German troops entered France;' and that 'when France ceased to be the sword of the Holy See, the soldiers of the Pope became the best soldiers of France.'

But it will be the privilege of France, whatever fresh calamities may yet be in store for her, to share the immortality of the Church which her fathers served so faithfully. She must repent, indeed, before she can be restored. She will never triumph again, till she falls on her knees, and asks victory from God. But when that hour comes, her enemies may begin to tremble, for she will be once more the France of Charlemagne and St. Louis. When God chastises His own children, it is only to heal and restore, and He oftimes uses vile instruments, because He designs to break *them* in their turn, when they have unconsciously

done His bidding. If he who is now styled Emperor of Germany shocked the moral sense of Europe by affecting to claim the Most High as his accomplice, and to regard the humiliation of France as a special favor to his own family, he permitted himself a sentimental interpretation of events of which the true meaning was hidden from him. His own day of reckoning will surely come, and his attitude toward the Church and her Supreme Pontiff suggests the belief that it cannot be far distant. Let all who love France take comfort. She will cast out the evil spirit which oppresses her, renew her filial allegiance to the Holy See, and will be in the future, when her penance shall have been accomplished, what she has been in the past, the noblest nation of Europe, and the Eldest Daughter of the Church.

But it is time to return to my clerical friend. He also made his reflections on Paris and its inhabitants. They did not, as may be supposed, coincide with my own. It appeared to him, though he expressed the thought with laudable hesitation, that if Sunday was imperfectly observed, the popular pastimes trivial or worse, the audacity of the impious unrestrained, and the literature profane and sensual, it was impossible to acquit the Roman Church of a certain relative complicity in the production of such phenomena. The notion was founded, I presume, upon his interior conviction that there are no corresponding evils in England, where, as every one knows, the general piety of the population, the purity of public morals, the remarkable unity of religious sentiment, and especially the modest gravity of the press, may be confidently attributed to the all-pervading influence of the National Church. In combating his suggestions, which he did not urge with much persistence,

I observed, that the Church of Rome never ceases to condemn and proscribe the evils in question; that if there are great criminals in France, there are also great penitents, that if a Cousin fights against the Church during his life, he is sure to implore her aid at his death; that if bad men in France hate the Church, it is because she incessantly teaches the truth, while multitudes in England despise the Establishment, because it teaches nothing. I ventured further to remind him that there are tens of thousands in France, models of every Christian virtue, who refer all their progress in holiness to the succor which the Church affords them in every action of their life, and who comprehend that without the Divine unity of which she alone possesses the secret, faith would soon be supplanted by heresy, while even piety would lose all merit in His sight, who reserves His rewards, not for the virtue which is its own rule and sanction, but for that which is attended by humility on one side, and obedience on the other.

I think that my friend was much, though not permanently, impressed by the signs of lively faith and, to him, inexplicable unity, which we saw on every side, but he was hardly in a condition to trace them to their true source. His own opinions seemed always to stand up, like a wall, between him and truth. They hemmed him in on every side, and hindered the free movements of his soul, when it would fain have reached forward towards God. They were a bandage over his eyes, and turned the light that was in him to darkness. He was quite willing to serve God, but it must be in his own way, or after that of his sect. The Deity whom he consented to worship must keep on good terms with the Church of Barlow, in spite of its 'extreme divergencies of doctrine.' If some of them were deemed

objectionable, was it not open to any one to select their contradictories? The field of choice is almost unlimited, and it is not every Church which offers the same advantages. If patriarch or apostle should presume, on account of such divergencies, to call the Church of England a 'sect of perdition,' my friend would remove their names from his calendar, in whose pages they were indeed a little out of place. His mind was so occupied with one idea, and that a false one, that it had no room for any other. No purer or larger thought could find entrance there. God might require certain things of him, by virtue of His general supremacy, but had no right to require that he should obey the Holy See, whose authority the Church of England does not acknowledge; and it is not lawful to God to condemn the Church of England. Unity might be the note of all His works in the material, but must not be exacted in the spiritual sphere. *There*, as Dr. Wilberforce observes, chaos is 'inevitable.' The day soon arrived when my friend's state of mind, which has since become very common in England, seemed to me to imply, if not actual *possession*, at least a horrible subjection to the evil one. He had no more liberty of soul than a man bereft of consciousness. He never seemed able to ask, 'What does God require of me?' but only, 'What does it become me to do as a member of the Church of England?' He admitted that heresy was a deadly sin, except in his own sect; a needful reservation, because no man *could* abide in that, without consorting every hour with heretics. He appeared to think that it was less criminal to communicate with heretics, which in the judgment of Apostles was equivalent to apostasy, than to refuse to communicate with the Church of England. Though any of her bishops and clergy were at liberty to

blaspheme sacred truths, with her cordial approval, was he not equally at liberty to affirm them, without it? What more could any one reasonably desire? Even the magisterial claims of the Church of Rome were no difficulty to him at all, for if she commanded his obedience, it was probably a mere inadvertence. He had his own view of the mathematical truth that things which are equal to the same are equal to one another. The Church of Rome, he would say, is equal to the Primitive Church; but the Church of England is also equal to the Primitive Church; therefore the Church of England is equal to the Church of Rome. I am persuaded that no amount of borrowed light could have helped him to see any flaw in this reasoning.

From Paris, after visiting Orleans and Tours, we went to Lyons. One of the first things which attracted our attention in this ancient city was a church dedicated to St. Irenæus, the disciple of St. John. Such a man was more likely to know the mind of the Apostles, and to be in harmony with it, than Barlow or Parker. It was not, therefore, an unprofitable reflection, that in an age when Christians had death always before them, St. Irenæus was careful to remind them, as if it were a truth which even martyrs would do well to ponder, in the very moment of combat, that they who love God must cleave fast to the Church of Rome, '*propter potentiorem principalitatem.*' If all His servants have erred from the beginning in believing the Roman Pontificate to be of Divine institution, they may certainly plead that the delusion was forced upon them.

But there was something else to be seen at Lyons, which gave occasion to examine another subject, and contributed to complete and harmonize convictions already

acquired. On an eminence outside the city is a famous shrine, much frequented by devout pilgrims, and widely known as Notre Dame de Fourvières. At Fourvières it is to our Blessed Lady that hopeful clients come for the succor and protection of which she has been in every age the created but inexhaustible fountain. I had long felt that to locate the Mother of God in the Christian scheme was both a theological and a devotional necessity. But it was not easy for a disciple of Barlow to do it. Anglicans can only believe in a motherless Saviour, as they believe only in a divided Church. No sectaries have surpassed, few have equalled them, in ingratitude and irreverence towards her in whom the Most High became Incarnate. Cut off from the communion of saints, and dwelling in dry places where the living stream of pure tradition no longer flows, they seem to have lost, what many other sects have preserved, even those rudimentary Christian instincts which sometimes survive when all else is gone. Thus Greeks and Russians, in spite of their lamentable exile from unity, have never so far departed from Christian belief and practice as to refuse to be clients of our Lady. There is not a house in all Russia, from the palace of the emperor to the hut of the peasant, which does not contain a picture of the Immaculate Virgin. Even modern Greeks, fallen as they are, cease not to invoke the Queen of Angels. England alone knows not, nor desires to know, the Mother of God. The only Englishmen who comprehend, however faintly, what she has been to the human family, are the professors of pure rationalism. Though they have misused, they have not quite abdicated, the gift of reason; and it helps them to see in part what is hidden from those who, in losing faith, seem to have lost reason also. 'The world,'

says Mr. Lecky, in one of the most remarkable works of our time, and one of the saddest, 'is governed by its ideals; and seldom or never has there been one which has exercised a more profound and, on the whole, a more salutary influence than the mediæval conception of the Virgin. . . . All that was best in Europe clustered round it, and it is the origin of many of the purest elements of our civilization.'[43] Such a confession falls, indeed, far below that of Mary's kinswoman, St. Elizabeth, when she exclaimed, in the astonishment of her humility: 'Whence is this to me, *that the Mother of my Lord should come to me?*'[44] But we cannot expect a rationalist to speak like a Christian, much less like a saint.

During the doubts and difficulties of an earlier period, one consideration had been constantly present to my mind, which not only tended powerfully to compose its strife, but supplied an intellectual motive of credibility for every Catholic doctrine and practice, and therefore for devotion to the Mother of God. When our Divine Lord commanded His Church to 'teach all nations,' He evidently implied that He would give her the power to do so, otherwise the injunction would have been nugatory. Nothing, one may venture to say, could be less worthy of God than to impose a mission, and refuse the gifts necessary for its discharge. He has never dealt so with His servants. When He first sent forth His disciples to preach, after warning them not to be 'solicitous what you shall answer to magistrates and powers,' He added, 'for the Holy Ghost shall teach you in the same hour what you must say.'[45] But when He had founded His Church,

[43] *Rationalism in Europe*, ch. iii. p. 234.

[44] St. Luke i. 43.

[45] St. Luke xii. 11, 12.

such assurances became more full and solemn. Not only did He pledge His Divine word that He would 'guide her into all truth,' and that the powers of hell should never 'prevail against her;' but confirmed her indefectibility by the magnificent announcement, 'Behold, *I am with you* all days, even to the consummation of the world.' Hence St. Paul boldly calls her 'the pillar and ground of the truth.' She cannot err, according to this Apostle, unless God can deceive, which is evidently a *reductio ad absurdum*. When she speaks, it is with His voice. His own terrible menace to such as will not 'hear the Church' proves it to be so. To obey her authority, He declares, is so essential a part of every Christian's probation, that all who revolt against her, no matter on what pretext, are out of the pale of salvation. Yet even God could not command us to 'hear' a fallible Church! He would not be God if He could. He is too jealous of His own honor, and of our undivided allegiance, to bid us transfer any portion of it to a spurious authority. The fact that He commands us to obey the Church, under penalty of utter reprobation, is the clearest demonstration that between her claims and His there is no difference, and that her title to our obedience is identical with His own. We understand, therefore, why the most virtuous schismatic or heretic is, in His judgment, not simply a criminal, but 'a heathen and a publican,' because to dispute the authority of the Church is to deny His, and resistance to her is the worst form of revolt against himself.

The Anglican heresy not only reverses this law of God, but makes its negation one of the few positive articles of its code. Not only does it affirm that the Church of God *can* err, but that all the Apostolic Sees, without exception, *have*

erred.[46] And as it is necessary to the justification of the Anglican sect, and indeed its sole *raison d'être*, to assert its own happy deliverance from the errors of the Catholic Church, it does not shrink from this further declaration. It even requests the world to believe, that the corruptions which made separation a duty were introduced by Christians who were all of one mind about God's revelation, while the recovery of pure doctrine was effected by miscreants who differed on every point of it! Our Lord, according to the Anglican theory, first broke His promise to the Church, which, in spite of His abandonment, never ceased to persevere in inflexible unity of faith; and then revealed her errors to a sect which, in spite of His illumination, never ceased to profess 'extreme divergencies of doctrine.' It is not easy to say whether such a theory is more impious or irrational; whether it is most injurious to God, to the Church, or to common sense.

And even this is not all. To the members of the English sect, the Church is so far from being 'the pillar and ground of the truth,' that it is always lawful, and sometimes a paramount duty, as it was in the sixteenth century, to reject her teaching and deny her authority. It would almost seem to be a kind of diabolical 'rule of faith' with Anglicans, in default of any other, to make the announcement of any doctrine by the Catholic Church a sufficient evidence of its falsehood. They refuse, for example, to obey the Holy See, which *she* proclaims to be a fundamental Christian duty; *therefore* the Catholic Church is in error. They maintain that there are at least three

[46] 'As the Churches of Jerusalem, Alexandria, and Antioch have erred, so also the Church of Rome hath erred, not only in their living and manner of ceremonies, *but also in matters of faith*.' Art. xix.

Churches, and perhaps several more, which she regards as senseless impiety; therefore the Catholic Church is in error. They hold it lawful to abide in communion with heretics, both lay and clerical, which she considers a deliberate denial of the faith; therefore the Catholic Church is in error. They reject the most solemn proclamations of the Vicar of Christ as of no account, while she declares that they are infallibly true; therefore the Catholic Church is in error. They have always scorned devotion to the Mother of God, to which she earnestly exhorts all her children; therefore the Catholic Church is in error. This comprehensive rule is certainly fatal to the Church, which probably constitutes its merit, but it is equally fatal to God; for if all the Apostolic Sees have erred, as the sect of Barlow cheerfully affirms, and fifty generations of devout souls have been defiled by corrupting the faith, either the most solemn promises ever uttered by the Almighty had no meaning, or He had no power to keep them.

This consideration applies with as much force to the doctrine of Mary's mediatorship, which is not of justice but of grace, as to every other precept or practice of the Catholic Church. If she could err in one point, she could err in all, and her teaching would have no more authority, in spite of the promises of her Founder, than that of the most contemptible of human sects, the miserable counterfeits of a Barlow, a Calvin, or a Wesley. Let there be at least one thing in this dreary world which is worthy of God, and a mirror of His Divine perfections! We have no reason, therefore, to be surprised if an overwhelming majority of Christians, including all who have most nearly resembled their Model, have been as firmly persuaded of the inerrancy of the Church as of the immutability of God. It

was to Saints and Martyrs as evidently a truth of divine faith as the Incarnation or the Atonement. The Church was to be *God's own Witness* to the end of time; and as He is always with her, according to her daily needs, she has not only survived all conceivable dangers, and baffled all possible adversaries, but remains, and will remain, 'to the consummation of the world,' as incapable of error as God who dwells in her. Christianity reposes securely on this fact. As Christ was born of an Immaculate Virgin, purer than mortal tongue can express, because the All-Holy could not have endured a Mother sullied by the taint of corruption; so He has espoused an Immaculate Church, composed indeed of human elements, and sheltering for a time unworthy members, yet as *Teacher* and *Witness*, by virtue of her ceaseless union with Him, 'a glorious Church, not having spot or wrinkle or any such thing.' That He should 'nourish and cherish' *such* a Church is intelligible; for she is His own representative, and united to Him as a wife is to her husband; but how should the Word of Truth defile His unutterable sanctity by alliance with impure and wrangling sects, begotten of pride and revolt, and busy only in contradicting themselves and one another? Or how should *He* tolerate 'divergencies of doctrine,' who has closed the Book of His Revelation with this dread warning, that whosoever 'shall add to' or 'take away from' it, 'God shall add unto him the plagues written in this book, and shall take away his part out of the book of life'?[47]

Another reflection was suggested to me at the shrine of Fourvières, and has often been present to my mind in later years. I have noticed, especially in my own land,

[47] Apoc. xxii. 19.

that the most ignorant and incapable of human kind affect to regard devotion to the Mother of God as a sign of mental feebleness. They smile with serene disdain at the fatuity to which their own robust intelligence is never subject. Heresy and unbelief are apt to solace themselves with such consolations. In the sphere of human science a similar attitude would be regarded only as evidence of imbecility, for in *that* region idiots do not give the law to experts. But the less a man knows about religion, theoretical or practical, the better qualified he is to discuss it, and the more peremptory are his judgments. The 'third-rate Lucifers' of the pulpit and the press, whose profession it is to give an opinion at any moment on things of which they are profoundly ignorant, and who are always equal to the task, appear to derive peculiar satisfaction from the agreeable delusion that the wisest of mankind were their inferiors. Yet nothing is more certain than this, that the mightiest intellects which ever adorned our race have found their highest sphere in Catholic theology, and have been exercised in its defence. Genius allied with sanctity has ever been its most persuasive and enthusiastic exponent. The subtlest minds have confessed its incomparable majesty, as the purest hearts have done homage to its irresistible attraction. When heretics and infidels pretend to see in devotion to Mary only the decrepitude of human reason, their absurdity is even more evident than their impiety. It would hardly be more irrational to assert that only women and children believe in the law of gravity, or the rotation of the earth. To say nothing of countless saints, in all the long ages of the past, nor of myriads of pure and bright souls known only to God, Mary has counted in modern times among her noblest children and most loving clients

such luminous thinkers as Suarez and Bellarmine, Bossuet and Fénelon, Frederick Schlegel and John Henry Newman.

My friend, I have reason to think, was ill at ease in presence of our Lady of Fourvières. What, indeed, was our Lady to him? No *Ave* had ever been uttered by his voice to salute the Queen of Heaven. No earthly mother had ever taught his lisping lips to sing that song of the innocents, 'O Mary, how sweet is thy name!' I am persuaded that Semiramis or Cleopatra, Anne Boleyn or Queen Elizabeth, filled a larger place in his thoughts than the Blessed Mother of God. It was not from the impure crew who founded his sect that he could learn anything of her who is 'our life, our sweetness, and our hope.' To him that Blessed One was little more than a name. If I had not obtained a fresh provision of patience at the shrine of Fourvières, I think further converse with my companion would from that time have become intolerable. If he would only have kept silence, I might have been able to endure him; but to be vexed by simpering platitudes on such a theme, or to listen to incoherent opinions which, if weighed and balanced, would have been found to destroy one another, was more irritating than the sting of insects, or the smart of the east wind. In very weariness of spirit, I could have said, with the impatient Hotspur:

> 'I had rather live
> With cheese and garlick in a windmill, far,
> Than feed on cates, and have *him* talk to me,
> In any summer-house in Christendom.' [48]

Within the shrine, I had seen her children looking up into her face with quiet love, and whispering in her ear messages to her Divine Son, which they seemed sure she would con-

[48] First Part of *Henry IV.*, act iii. sc. 1.

vey; and now a tedious voice was buzzing in my ear, like a bee which had forgotten how to make honey, and could gather no sweetness from the fairest flower. Within the shrine, pure hearts were greeting their Mother, exulting in her unutterable gladness, and confiding in her unbounded power; and here was one who did not so much as know if he had a mother, but was asking himself, as usual, not how a Christian should behave in presence of the Immaculate, nor what he could do to proclaim her glory, but what reproaches a human sect would address to him, if he should recognize the one or confess the other? There was something so inexpressibly sad in this poor man's unconscious bondage, that by degrees I felt towards him the pity which masters indignation, and puts anger to flight. Who indeed was I that I should be angry? But I was tempted to say to him, as St. Augustine once said: 'May God teach you the things which you think you know!' Nothing but the power of God could break his fetters, and bid him go free. It is not the wrath of man, however reasonable, nor the skill of the disputant, however subtle, which can convert a soul. That is a work which God has reserved to Himself. But prayer may do it, especially if it be addressed to her to whom the Church sings: '*Thou alone hast overcome all heresies.*'

It is not easy, and would be wholly unprofitable, to attempt any intelligible analysis of the opinions expressed by my companion, as a representative of one of the subdivisions of his sect, on the subject of our Blessed Lady. On this point, even more than on others, his trumpet gave such 'an uncertain sound,' that it was hard to distinguish one note from another. Embarrassed by the custom of his sect on the one hand, and the opposing belief of all

Christendom on the other, he would put forth an assertion, and then retract it; suggest an objection, and then qualify it; insinuate a doubt, and then withdraw it. Of one thing only he was sure, that since his sect had always professed contempt for devotions to the Blessed Virgin, it was not within the discretion of its members to practise them. To do so, he evidently understood, would be to repudiate its whole history, and to cast a bitter reproach on its name. As to the general opinion and sentiment of Anglicans, including all their various schools, on the dignity of our Lady, and her office in the Christian Dispensation, they seem to repose on such assumptions as the following.

1. If the Incarnation is the sole fountain of life, grace, and benediction to all God's intelligent creatures, and some receive more, some less, from that Divine Treasury; it does not follow that she in whom the stupendous Mystery was actually accomplished, with her own consent, received a fuller measure than others, whose consent was never asked, who approach it from afar, and only accept it by faith.

2. If to touch even the 'garment' of her Creator and Son was to feel the might of His Divinity, so that 'virtue went out of Him,' and the weak became strong; she could bear Him in her womb, nourish Him at her breasts, enfold Him in her arms, and caress Him with her lips, without being transfigured by a union with the Living God which 'the Seven Spirits before the throne' would not have been able to endure, and though she received from the Almighty the filial embraces which the Seraphim would not have dared to accept.

3. If at the sound of His voice the dead stood up, the winds were hushed, and the demons fled away; she could

listen to that voice for thirty years, speaking as it never spoke to man or angel, and revealing unimaginable abysses of light which no other creature could have seen and lived; but we need not suppose that she derived any special benefit from what she saw and heard, much less that her wisdom transcended all that human thought can conceive, because she alone had for her Teacher the Uncreated Wisdom of God.

4. If to look, for one brief moment, on His adorable Face, which is the Light of heaven, would seem to us the most transporting joy which a creature could ask or obtain; to have watched that Face with worshipful love, day after day and year after year; to have dwelt for weeks and months together in the same house, and sat at the same table; to have touched at one time His omnipotent Hand, at another His sacred Head; to have looked into the eyes of the God-Man, and seen the movement of His Divine lips; and to have done all this with an unceasing adoration, by day and night, more perfect than ever was offered to their Almighty King by the greatest princes of the heavenly court; this also suggests no motive for devotion to Mary, much less the conviction that she is the Queen of angels and men, as well as the Mother of God.

5. If the share which He assigned to this Incomparable Creature in the work of our salvation was present to His thoughts even in the supreme hour of His agony, so that His last words from the Cross to each of His elect was this: 'Behold thy Mother!' we are not obliged to recognize an office so obscurely set forth, nor to call her our Mother because she was His, nor to tremble lest we forfeit the virtually omnipotent protection which He wills her to extend to all His children and hers.

6 If Holy Scripture is full of her matchless perfections, so that the friends of God, illuminated by His Spirit, find her name exalted in almost every page of it; if the Church, which is God's witness and the only authorized interpreter of His Word, applies to her in her solemn offices such texts as these: 'The Lord possessed me in the beginning of His ways, before He made anything, from the beginning;' 'He that shall find me shall find life;' 'I am the Mother of fair love, in me is all hope of life and virtue;' 'Fair as the moon, terrible' (to the infernal powers) 'as an army with banners;' 'Who is this that cometh up from the desert, flowing with delights, leaning upon her beloved?' 'I will put enmities between thee and the woman, she shall crush thy head;'—and if the greatest Saints find similar allusions to her throughout the whole inspired volume, it is better to conclude, as usual, that the Saints were deceived, and that the Church, according to her habit, ignorantly perverted the Scriptures.

7. If even under the Old Law prophets confessed her blissful Maternity, and pleaded it in their own behalf, so that David cried to God: 'Save the son of Thy handmaid,' meaning, as St. Augustine observes, 'her who said, Behold the handmaid of the Lord;' this only proves that the Patriarchs of the Jewish were as easily deluded as the Doctors of the Christian Church, and that, under the Old Law as under the New, the more closely men were united to God, the more certain they were to corrupt the faith.

8. If the Queen of Heaven was so conscious of her own immaculate purity—which, as theologians say, 'made her worthy to be the Mother of God before she conceived'—that even in recounting all which God had done for her, she could not with truth speak of sin pardoned or corrup-

tion effaced, but could only say, 'He hath regarded the *humility* of His handmaiden;' men may refuse to respect the perfections which God did not refuse to admire.

9. If the Divine Word, by whom all things were made, '*was subject to*' His own creature, as a child is subject to his mother, and Mary ruled Him who rules the universe; it is idle to suppose that she has any influence over Him now, that He continues to treat her as a Mother, or that He grants the requests which she presents to Him in heaven, because He obeyed so promptly those which she addressed to Him on earth.

10. If He wrought His first miracle to give pleasure to her, and to relieve a transient pang which had moved her gentle compassion, and if He did this, as she evidently knew He would, though 'the hour was not yet come' when she was to be the sole dispenser of all His graces; it is not to be supposed that she continues to call His attention to the wants of her clients, or that He continues to supply them at her word.

11. If His Passion was the expiation of our guilt, who were not consulted about it, and neither approved nor dissuaded it, but are constantly renewing it by our sins; it could only be the same for hers also, who had no sins to expiate, but who generously acquiesced, for the love of us, in the death of that dear Son to whom she had given birth.

12. If the Precious Blood which was shed on the Cross cancelled death, and satisfied the justice of God; it is no title to our reverence, admiration, or gratitude, that this life-giving Blood, by which we are saved, first flowed in Mary's veins.

13. If to have been only a *servant* of God shall win, in spite of defects and shortcomings, such a recompense as 'it

hath not entered the heart of man to conceive;' we need not imagine that anything higher was reserved for her whom He chose to be His *Mother*, and whom He had already made so great by the majesty of her gifts, that nothing could make her greater but the glory of her Maternity.

14. If she was the Mother of the *Natural* Body of Christ, which derived from her its life, and the supply of all its needs; it does not follow that He made her the Mother of His *Mystical* Body also, —that the lower was included in the higher function, —or that He willed her to do for His Church what He made her worthy to do for Himself.

15. If she is so indispensable to us in our combat with Satan, whose head she alone was destined to 'crush,' that such Saints as an Anselm, a Bernard, and a Thomas à Kempis teach that 'the most powerful demons tremble at the very name of Mary,' and dare not assail those who have recourse to her in danger; we are not obliged to suppose that *we* need her help in that unequal conflict, nor that we shall surely be defeated without it.

16. If Catholics have never ceased to adore the Divinity of her Son, and to worship the sacred Mysteries of the Trinity and the Incarnation, this is no proof that union with her is the safeguard of faith; and if heretics, after professing to refuse devotion to her only out of reverence for God, have come in every land, to doubt or deny the highest truths of revelation, this is no evidence that men who begin by declining to honor the Mother are sure to end by blaspheming the Son.

17. If, on the one hand, 'we find perfection in the art of sanctity carrying with it the characteristic mark of devotion

to the Blessed Virgin, so that we may measure the perfection of each Saint by the measure of his devotion to the Mother of God;' and if, on the other, heretics are distinguished, first by indifference, and then by dislike, to her, until 'they can no longer hear her named without feeling tormented as were the demoniacs by the presence of our Lord, and their hatred finds too often vent in blasphemies which belong not to man, but to those evil spirits which then possess them—thus verifying the words which were spoken from the beginning, "I will put enmities between thee and the woman, and thy seed and her seed;"'[49] neither the peaceful stability of those who honor Mary, nor the dismal apostasy of those who contemn her, contains any lesson for ourselves.

18. Lastly, if the Church has always confessed, and the Saints have always believed, that the Mother of God surpasses the highest archangel in purity and holiness, as in glory, wisdom, and power; that she is enthroned above all the choirs and principalities of heaven, who exult in the majesty of their Immaculate Queen; that she is, by Divine appointment, the channel through which the choicest gifts and favors of her Son are distributed to men; that she is our mighty defence against the powers of evil, whom we can always put to flight by only invoking her sweet name, and trample under our feet by extolling her matchless purity; there is nothing in this unanimous consent of all faithful souls,—who were probably under the delusion of error,—which need produce any impression on *us*, nor have we any reason to fear though we live without her protection and die without her help.

[49] *The Glories of Mary*, translator's preface, p. 7.

Such are the opinions of even the milder sort of heretics,[50] nor is there a single distinctive tenet of the Anglican heresy —such as the denial of Peter's office, or of the unity of the Church—which does not involve, in its logical results, assumptions as brutish and impious as these. In order to resist more effectually the Catholic Church, the children of error are obliged to maintain propositions, though without a distinct perception of their real nature, which are an outrage both against reason and God. Yet it is sometimes made a reproach to those who have escaped from such horrors, and have been led by the mercy of God into the paradise of truth, peace, and liberty, that they surpass all others in their vehement abhorrence of the sect which they have quitted, and in the energy with which they detest and disavow their former errors. What can be more natural? They alone know, by a sorrowful experience, the shame and anguish of the bondage from which they have been delivered. How should they not exult, as St. Paul did, in spite of the indignation of the Jews, in the freedom to which they have been called? Why should they be an exception to the truth which the king of poets, not wholly forgetful of the faith which his father professed, and which he would have professed himself if he had not 'loved this present world,' expressed in the famous words:

> 'The heresies that men do leave
> Are hated most by those they did deceive'?[51]

From Lyons it was our purpose to proceed to Rome, but I stipulated that we should stop at Avignon by the way.

[50] Thus the Anglican bishop Bull was not afraid to express 'the greatest horror' at the language of the Saints about our Lady, which he ventured to call 'manifest sacrilege;' just as he styled 'the elevation of the Host' 'the grossest idolatry.' *Corruptions of the Church of Rome*, pp. 84–87.

[51] *Midsummer Night's Dream*, act. ii. sc. 3.

If my companion had offered any resistance, I am afraid I should have left him to travel by himself. He had, however, lost all taste for combats in which he evidently ceased to anticipate success. In spite of many severe trials, of which I was too often the cause, he still preserved his amiable temper. He had acquired, too, a sort of intellectual resignation of which I noticed the growth with satisfaction, as well as a dread of discussions in which he seemed to suspect that he had not hitherto gained any notable victory. Otherwise he was completely unchanged. He continued under the impression that he was enjoying himself greatly, which was probably a mistake, and that he was attaining a remarkable identity with 'our Roman brethren,' which was certainly a delusion. He talked no more, or very little, about 'the Anglo-Catholic Church,' which he seemed willing to keep out of sight for the time being; but he would still gently insinuate, when a favorable opportunity occurred, that the Church of Rome had her difficulties also. He had read many books, and had probably brought some of them with him, as he would often propose to me, in an abrupt way, as if he had just thought of it, but had no particular motive in alluding to it, some crafty objection, and then turn away his head, lest I should think he was enjoying my discomfiture. I got so accustomed to this elaborate strategy, from which he evidently derived real pleasure, that when a day passed without an example of it, I regretted it on his account. But he did not often deny himself such agreeable recreation. We were descending the Rhone, with occasional stoppages on a sand-bar, and I was thinking, in spite of a temperature which discouraged mental activity, that if anything could have been done to improve the river, the Romans would have done it long

ago, when my friend suddenly unmasked one of his batteries. It had been prepared with unusual care, and I afterwards recalled that he had that morning kept me waiting nearly half an hour for breakfast, being probably engaged with his secret polemical combinations, and that he had attacked that meal with an unusually buovant air. Beginning with a word about the city which we were approaching, he noticed its connection with the history of the Roman Pontiffs, and though I intemperately replied that it was much too hot to talk about Avignon, or the Popes, or anything else, his firework was prepared, and I was obliged to assist at its explosion. 'I think you must have remarked,' he said, in his softest tones, 'as a difficulty in the Roman theory, that some of the Popes have certainly taught false doctrine.' As I was in a nearly horizontal posture, with my hat over my eyes, and the sun burning my feet, I was wholly indifferent at that moment to the possible errors of the Popes; but as politeness required the effort, I languidly asked, without uncovering my face, 'Which of them?' 'Are you aware,' he continued, 'that John XXII. publicly taught that even the Saints cannot see God before the day of judgment?' I certainly was not aware of it, and knew no more about John XXII. than my friend had probably known the day before. I could hardly have guessed within half a dozen centuries when he occupied the Pontifical Throne, and his private opinions were as completely unknown to me as those of Tamerlane or Nadir Shah. I was obliged, therefore, to take refuge in ignominious silence, and affect to be overcome by the heat. I am sure that to my triumphant friend that was the pleasantest day of our tour.

But his triumph was ephemeral. Even in the comatose

state to which I had been reduced in our descent of the Rhone, I had just mental life enough to say interiorly, 'Wait till I remove my own ignorance, and I shall perhaps be able to enlighten yours.' And so it proved. Having dined at Avignon, and visited the Palace of the Popes, a feat which had become possible in the cool twilight of evening, I contrived a pretext to part with my friend, who was still mildly exhilarated under the carminative influence of his recent triumph, and made my way to the shop of an ecclesiastical bookseller. John XXII. had become to me, for the first time in my life, an object of interest. I candidly imparted this fact to the courteous bookseller, who evidently knew no more about the Pontiff than I did, but who was good enough to respect the curiosity which I soon persuaded him to share. We examined together a volume which he produced from his shelves, and which gave us all the information we desired. When I bade the bookseller good-night, he was shaking with laughter, though a grave man, at the thought of what was going to happen to 'Monsieur le Ministre.' The night was to be less cheerful to the latter than the day had been. I found him sitting at an open window, savoring the cool air in scanty apparel, and evidently under the impression that life was, on the whole, rather an agreeable burden. 'You told me something to-day,' I said, 'about John XXII., but you brought your interesting story to an end too soon.' At this introduction, the light died out of his face so rapidly, that I almost regretted the pain which I was going to give him. 'It is quite true that, before he became Pope, he thought himself at liberty to maintain, as a theological opinion, the idea of which you spoke; but you appear to be ignorant, as I was, that John XXII. was the

very man who, *as Pope*, authoritatively condemned the error which, as a private theologian, he had seemed to defend.'[82] I added that the whole case, in which he fancied he had detected a pontifical mistake, was only a fresh proof of a truth familiar to Catholics, that the successor of St. Peter is able to correct all possible errors, including his own. When we met the next morning, I noticed that my friend turned the conversation upon our journey to Marseilles, and seemed uneasy lest it should stray into any other channel.

It is not probable that he made, while in Avignon, a reflection which greatly occupied my own mind. Lacordaire has observed, that to choose an infirm old man, whose head the stroke of a sword may at any moment cut off, and to make *him* the Centre of Unity and the Rock of the Church, would seem to human reason about the weakest provision which could be made for the permanence of the latter. Yet this, he adds, is precisely what God has done. And though a hundred dynasties, defended by mighty armies, have come to an end, this defenceless old man still remains. I have lived long enough to hear it announced a great many times, chiefly in English newspapers, that at last there was an end of the Pope. Pius VI. and Pius VII. lived before my time; but they both furnished a text for much eloquence of this kind. I suppose that during the long Papal occupation of Avignon, heretics and infidels abounded in similar comments. Men of the same class have repeated the announcement, both before and since. It has been falsified a hundred times; but the world grows no wiser. It is always ready to believe

[82] Rohrbacher, tome xx., liv. lxxix. p. 289.

that the impossible has been accomplished. At the present day it has less doubt than ever about the caducity of the Popes. Yet they have fallen and risen again so often, and have such a prescriptive habit of singing a *De Profundis* over all their enemies, that heretics might have learned by this time to feel little confidence in their own jubilant prophecies. All the powers of the world, combined with those of hell, can no more destroy the Roman Pontiff than they can dethrone his Divine Master. It is a mere waste of time to 'kick against the pricks,' and totally unprofitable to the health of soul or body. Even shrewd men of the world, incapable of acting upon a religious motive, have made this discovery. 'If you can show me a single example in all history,' Louis Philippe is reported to have said to a French statesman, who advised him to break with the Holy See, 'of a prince who made war against the Pope, and had no reason to regret it, I will take your advice.' 'What is your opinion of the Roman Question?' asked the Empress Eugénie, some years ago, of the prosperous old gentleman who is to-day the tolerated President of an impossible Republic, which to-morrow will have ceased to exist. 'I confess,' replied M. Thiers, 'that I am not a good Catholic; but I am a Papist, because I have read history, and have learned there, that all who have eaten of the Pope *have died of it.*' If Napoleon III. had made the same reflection on the downfall of his uncle, he would have derived more profit from that formidable lesson, and might still be sitting on a throne. But for such men the most solemn warnings have no meaning.

'The Popes suffer,' says a living preacher, 'and the Catholic faith prevails. The greater number of the Popes of the first three centuries were either martyrs or confess-

ors. And though after eighteen hundred years the successor of St. Peter remains still on his apostolic throne, yet from the beginning until now he has been so frequently driven forth, that such a fortune may be said to have become one of the characteristics of the Papacy.' Here are a few examples out of many: 'Cornelius was relegated to Cività Vecchia, Liberius to Thrace. John I. was imprisoned in Ravenna. Martin was first sent to prison by the emperor, and then banished to the Chersonese. And since the time that the Pope has become a temporal sovereign, Leo III. had to leave Rome; John VIII. was obliged to seek an asylum in France; John XII. was expelled by the first Otho; Benedict V. died in exile at Hamburg: Benedict VIII. was driven from Rome, and went to Germany. The Roman factions expelled from their city John XXI. Benedict IX. was twice driven out; so likewise was Gregory VI. Gregory VII. died in exile. Paschal II. was a prisoner in Sabinum; Gelasius II. an exile at Gaeta. Innocent II. had to flee from Rome as soon as he was elected. Alexander III. had to leave Rome four times. Gregory IX., Innocent IV., Urban IV., Boniface IX., Innocent VIII., were all obliged, through persecution, to leave Rome. John XXIII. was forced to quit by a hostile army; Eugenius IV. by the people; Clement IV. by a foreign power.'[53] Yet the succession has never failed! Human lords disappear, and the world knows them no more; but the Pope abides for ever. When will the world understand that it will be so to the end?

If Avignon is almost a city of the past, Marseilles, which was our next halt, has some title to represent the present.

[53] *La Civiltà Cattolica*, quoted by Father Harper, *Sermons*, p. 78.

It is the conviction of the people of Marseilles, from which they appear to derive much satisfaction, that if they were to lend some of its incomparable attractions to the other famous cities of the world, the latter might perhaps begin faintly to resemble it. Such pleasing delusions are so full of profit, that it would be a waste of innocent enjoyment to part with them. The fervid inhabitants of Marseilles are not tempted to commit such a mistake. For the same reason they will no doubt retain their peculiar accent, which they prefer to that of Paris, perhaps because it is so very unlike it. Marseilles, like Lyons, contains a population which is divided into two sections, having no features in common, and differing as widely in temper and disposition as good and evil angels. The spirit of De Belzunce and other apostolic prelates still animates the nobler half of the people, who do not forget the lessons bequeathed to them by those glories of their ancient city, St. Lazarus and St. Mary Magdalen. The rest, in Marseilles as in Lyons, are probably as obnoxious products of the foul spirit of revolution and impiety as the student of human degradation and decrepitude could desire to encounter. Sensual, impudent, tyrannical, and seditious; hating every law except that which they have themselves imposed; and as intolerant of religion as of loyalty; the scandal of God's kingdom, and the disgrace of their own—they are probably the basest Frenchmen and the worst Christians in the world. They are fitly represented in our own day by an ambitious and unscrupulous demagogue—at once coward and oppressor—who could only hurry others to the slaughter from which he carefully shielded himself, and whose brief dictatorship, more dishonorable to France than even the gross domination of Saxons and Pomeranians, was a heavier

low to the national dignity, as well as a more fruitful source of corruptions, crowded together within the compass of a few months, than all that was ever done by Bourbon, Orleans, or Bonaparte to stain the honor or compromise the fortunes of Christian France. Such paganized Frenchmen, for whom nothing is great, nothing holy, are a living demonstration of the truth lately proclaimed by a Bishop of their own land: 'You cannot govern a people who have forgotten the life eternal.'

Yet there are in Marseilles, as in Lyons, a multitude of homes in which may still be seen what dignity of life and charm of manner, what grace of speech and subtle ingenuities of thought, the ancient religious and social traditions of France can inspire. Here may be seen, even in our degenerate age, wealth without ostentation, and poverty without meanness; modesty in prosperous, and courage in adverse fortune, zeal without clamor, and piety without grimace; heroism without ambition, and patriotism without greed. It was not in vain that she who ran to tell Peter and John, 'They have taken away the Lord out of the sepulchre, and we know not where they have laid Him,' spent the long years of her fruitful penance near the city of Marseilles. She has left a benediction behind her, which still lingers like a perfume in the air. After visiting the shrine of our Lady at Fourvières, it was natural to make a pilgrimage to the grotto of the Magdalen. Differing in all else, in one respect they were alike. The immaculate purity of the Queen of Heaven was not more evidently the work of God, than the conversion of that sublime penitent who stood with her at the foot of the cross.

My friend, who had gone with reluctance to Fourvières, made no difficulty in accompanying me to La Ste.

Baume. The name of St. Mary Magdalen was still retained in his expurgated calendar, though without any approval on her part. Like the rest of the Saints, she would have regarded Barlow and his sect with about as much sympathy as St. Paul felt for 'Alexander the coppersmith,' for whom he desired 'a reward according to his works.'[54] But as the Christian Church was not 'corrupted,' nor in much need of 'reformation,' quite so early as the time of the Magdalen, Saints of her period, and even a little later, are indulged with such distinction as may be derived from a place in the Anglican Prayer-book. The list is not a long one, because the English and Americans—of the latter only very few—who use that compilation, which is the exclusive property, not of the disciples of Christ, but of a portion of the Anglo-Saxon race, profess to belong to 'the *ancient* Church,' and admit no Saints after the lamentable epoch, of which they do not seem to have fixed the precise day or year, when erroneous opinions about the Holy See, the indefectibility of the Church, and other novelties, began to overspread Christendom. That the Church of the nineteenth century is absolutely identical with that of the sixteenth, the tenth, and the first, and all the ages between them, and that it would not be a Church at all if it were not, is an elementary truth which has no place in the Anglican mind, and lies outside its sphere. The most aspiring member of the Ritualistic school has no more truthful conception of the real nature of the Christian Church, or 'Kingdom of God' upon earth, than the wildest sectary of Holland or the United States. Differing among themselves on a hundred points, all separatists are of one

[54] 2 Tim. iv. 14.

mind in their first principles; they all insist that the Church *can* err, that she *has* erred, and that *they*, not being liable to such infirmity, are able to correct her errors. Whether they profess to hold 'all Catholic truth,' or glory in denying it, they do it by virtue of the same assumption—that it belongs to them to judge the Church, and not to be judged by her.

It was the first week in September when we left Marseilles for Cività Vecchia. The summer still lingered in this southern latitude, and the waters of the Mediterranean, which can be as tumultuous, on sufficient provocation, as those of the Euxine, parted slowly before the prow of our vessel, as if prepared for a long slumber, and too indolent to resent our disturbance of it. It was a night to be remembered, especially by one who came from northern climes. To go below seemed a thankless indifference to the beauty which was all around us, in the soft air, the bright heavens, and the hushed sea. Hour after hour we sat on deck, each busy with his own thoughts, and I knew, in that silent night, that the season of doubt and inquiry was over, and that the time for action had arrived. Too long I had heard, without obeying, a voice which said, 'Follow Me.' Purer hearts than mine had offered less resistance, keener intellects had been more easily subdued. It was time to consort no more with swine, nor feed on husks, but to rise up at His call who had prepared for the wanderer a new robe, and a ring for his right hand. What was it to me that I should lose home and friends, resign the ease which nature loves, and accept a future of uncertain cares, if only I found Him who is our true life? That silent sea, from which not a murmur arose, was an emblem of His unaccusing patience, as the tempests hidden in its mysterious depths

were of His awful wrath. The stars looked down upon us, like mute witnesses of a combat in which the life or death of a soul was at stake. The voiceless air seemed to bear a message from Him who can instruct without speaking. He was willing to reveal to me, as He had revealed to others in their appointed day, the truth which was worthy of all my love, since it was the chief object of His. Blessed be the Divine election which constrains so mightily the will which has ceased to oppose it, and illuminates the understanding which it has first made pliant and docile.

Many have known in our day, and many more shall yet know, what it is to burst the bonds of heresy, to escape out of Sodom, by a greater deliverance than that of Lot, and to 'come to the city of the Living God, and to the Church of the first-born, who are written in the heavens.'[55] Nothing, we learn from theologians, can merit that surpassing grace, which is the free gift of God to those for whom it has been eternally destined. Silently it descends, like the dew of heaven, and he upon whom it falls is able to say, 'Whereas I was blind, now I see.' And in this new Pentecost, as all who have seen that day know, there is neither terror nor confusion. The 'sound as of a mighty wind coming,' which tells that the Holy Spirit has passed by, does not affright *them*, for their ear is already attuned to heavenly music. Even the resistless might which can make or destroy a thousand worlds, gather souls into heaven or plunge them into hell, no longer awakens dread, for in that might 'the Church of the first born' sees only her own security, and laughs her enemies to scorn.

[55] Heb. xii. 22.

It was long after midnight when I communicated to my companion the resolution which I had formed. From him I expected no remonstrance, and received none. It was even, I think, a relief to him to know that he need no longer affect to imagine that we professed the same religion. In my intercourse with him, I had at no time concealed or mitigated the growing aversion and horror which I felt towards the Church of England. From the moment when I first began, in a serious and candid spirit, to examine the claims of that community, its real character became more and more luminously apparent. No human sect has had a baser origin nor a more shameful history; none has owed its existence to a combination of viler motives, or more sordid passions. It would hardly be a greater calamity to believe in nothing, than to believe that God could be the author of such an institution. Of the Four Notes which belong to the true Church—Unity, Holiness, Catholicity, and Apostolicity—not a vestige can be discovered, even by the wildest fanaticism, in the sect of Barlow. Instead of *Unity*, it prides itself on 'extreme divergencies of doctrine,' such as never disgraced any other sect, ancient or modern. It is so far from even pretending to *Holiness*, that it has ever been more busy in reviling God's Saints, than in emulating the heroic and supernatural life which it neither desires nor comprehends. Its claim to *Catholicity* consists in the fact that it is disowned by every other Christian community in the world, and has no existence save where the English tongue is spoken, and English commerce has found a mart. Its *Apostles* were not Peter, James, or Mark, but Henry and Elizabeth, Ridley and Latimer, Barlow and Parker. And with the progress of time, it has only advanced, as might have been anticipated,

from bad to worse. If it is reproached, in 1872, within the walls of the Senate, for its omnigenous heresy, its defenders are not ashamed to plead that this is in fact its chief merit. 'That the Church of England contains everything,' said one of them lately in the House of Commons, 'from a Romanist to a Rationalist, is precisely the great argument for a National Church.'[56] It is as if he had said: 'That the Church of England is, beyond all other sects, meanly and ostentatiously human, is its chief title to our sympathy.' 'We cannot hope,' said the Bishop of Ely, in 1872, as his brother of Winchester had said a few years earlier, 'to make all thinkers think alike,'—that is, on the highest mysteries of revelation,—'but, *the more comprehensive we are in doctrine*, the more we need regularity and sobriety in ceremonial.'[57] Differences of doctrine, they all consider, are of no importance whatever, but there really must be sobriety of ritual! And this is almost the only opinion which is common to the two dominant sections of the National Church. It is even dearer to the High than to the Low Church party. The latter, more zealous for what they suppose to be truth, do make efforts from time to time to silence or eject their opponents, in which attempt they are at least consistent; while the former not only abide contentedly in close communion with men whose creed is the direct negation of their own, but openly avow that their elastic sect is capacious enough to retain, in a peaceful fraternity, both those who adore and those who revile some of the gravest truths ever proposed to human belief. The attitude of these rival parties resembles that of the two Dromios in the comedy. Each maintains that *he* is

[56] Mr. Thomas Hughes, reported in the *Standard*, July 3, 1872.
[57] *Standard*, July 11, 1872.

the true and original representative of the genuine Church of England, and that the other is only an impostor. Dromio of Syracuse, who represents the Evangelical, says to the Duke of Ephesus, who represents the Privy Council,

'I, sir, am Dromio; command him away.'

But Dromio of Ephesus, who represents the Ritualist, replies,

'I, sir, am Dromio; pray let me stay.'

The Duke—that is, the Privy Council—benignly observes, that it is quite open to anybody to 'stay,' if only he is willing to do so; whereupon the battle ends, just as in the comedy, and one of the Dromios, giving his arm to the other, cheerfully exclaims,

> We came into the world, like brother and brother;
> And now let's go hand in hand, not one before another.' [58]

I have already observed that I never scrupled to manifest to my companion the disesteem which I felt for this ignoble sect, in which they who profess to revere Catholic truths dishonor them with more deliberation than they who openly reject them. Sometimes he would appear for a moment to admit the absurdity of supposing that such a chaotic community, in which half the clergy deny, and the other half betray, some of the most sacred mysteries of religion, could be 'the Church of the Living God, the pillar and ground of the truth;' but more often he was content to sigh, cast down his eyes, hope 'things would improve' (as if a human church could by degrees become Divine), and then relapse into the stupor of the soul, and paralysis of the conscience, which are the symptoms of

[58] *Comedy of Errors*, act v. sc. i.

that final stage of heresy when it is no longer possible to distinguish between light and darkness. I should no more have attempted to convert him than to convert a bank of snow or a field of poppies. After an interval of more than twenty years, he is still in the same condition, with only a conspicuous abatement of humility, and a perceptible enlargement of self-will. But the hour of our final separation was now at hand, though we agreed to postpone it till after our visit to Rome.

There are people who are more interested in the Forum or the Capitol, and even in the Column of Trajan or the tomb of Cecilia Metella, than in the Church of the Ara Cœli or the Mamertine Prison. The growing sympathy of what is called 'modern thought' with classical paganism, sometimes revealed unconsciously, and sometimes with ostentation, is nowhere elicited with more spontaneity than in Rome. In that sacred city, as in Jerusalem, men betray their true character. If all that is best and purest in our nature asserts its supremacy under the influence of holy scenes and memories, the might of prejudice, illusion, and heretical malice seems to be augmented tenfold by contact with them. Many a man has lost in Jerusalem or in Rome the little religion which he had when he went there. It is chiefly in the people of one nation that examples of this deterioration are found. A clerical relative of my own once assured me that, during a visit to the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem, where he was surrounded by Greeks, Turks, and Armenians, 'the only visitors who displayed a shameless levity were English Protestants.' There is perhaps nothing so discreditable to the English of our day—nothing, I may add, so foreign to their better and more generous instincts—than their behavior in Roman churches,

unless it be their language about the Roman Pontiff. The ribald and 'surfeit swelled' Falstaff called Julius Cæsar 'the hook-nosed fellow of Rome;' but our grosser Falstaffs of the pulpit and the press are often still more shameless and insolent to a greater than Cæsar. Even Protestants from other lands are scandalized by their senseless brutality. Two American ladies, well known in Roman society, overheard not long ago the following dialogue in St. Peter's, of which I received the report from their own lips. The Holy Father was at the Altar, and an immense congregation on their knees, when an Anglican clergyman suddenly exclaimed, 'Is there no one in this vast assembly who will lift up his voice with me to protest against this idolatry and superstition?' 'If you don't *shut up*,' responded an American Methodist minister, evidently inspired by the *genius loci*, 'there is one man in this vast assembly who will lift up his foot to kick you out of the church.' The Anglican promptly disappeared in presence of the only argument which his state of mind enabled him to comprehend.

The buffoonery of heresy and unbelief is nowhere more dismally out of place than in Rome. There at least one might reasonably look for gravity and silence. There our countrymen might remember that the Pope, whom they treat as Herod treated his Master, was for long ages the Spiritual Chief of all England, as well as of the rest of Christendom, and that he was venerated as the Vicar of Christ by many generations of the noblest and wisest of our land. The insults which they address to him recoil upon *them*. They are treading under foot the graves of their own fathers. Nor was it any act of the Pope which divorced these isles from the Church, but the savage impurities of Henry, and the ambition of his bastard daughter. Yet if

the Roman Pontificate was established by God, as Holy Scripture teaches and the Church believes, there is surely reason to say, woe to the man who contemns it! 'It had been good for that man if he had never been born.' In vain men presume to divide the truths of religion into essential and non-essential precepts. There is no distinction of great or small in the commandments of God. We know Who has told us that to break one is to break *all*—because it is to revolt against the Authority upon which all repose. And even if such a distinction could exist, where *every* precept is of Divine obligation, who can imagine a provision more incalculably momentous than that which was conceived by the wisdom of God to secure the unity of His Church? Better despise any law rather than that! Hence the awful severity of the language both of Holy Scripture and of the Saints, in speaking even of the most temperate schismatics. There is no truth more clearly set forth by either than this—that though a man should hold, or profess to hold, every Catholic truth, call the Reformation a 'miserable apostasy,' wear costly vestments, and offer a fictitious Mass, yet claim the right to resist the Vicar of God, he would be as much a rebel, and as far removed from communion with Jesus Christ, as if he denied the Gospels, and all which they contain.[59]

[59] 'Peter received power from the Son,' says St. Chrysostom, 'over all who are sons, not as Moses, over one people, but *over the whole world*.' St. Thomas, quoting St. Cyril of Jerusalem, observes: 'It is *a necessity for salvation* to be subject to the Roman Pontiff. Cyril says in the book of *Treasures*, "Therefore, brethren, let us so imitate Christ that we His sheep may hear His voice, abiding in the Church of Peter; and let us not be inflated with the wind of pride, lest perchance the serpent cast us out for our contentiousness, as he did Eve of old, from Paradise."' See *Life of Thomas Aquinas*, by Very Rev. Roger Bede Vaughan, Cathedral Prior of St. Michael's, Hereford, vol. ii ch. ix. pp. 787, 791.

Yet there are Englishmen, outside the *turba* of coarse and illiterate fanatics, whose excesses surpass in enormity all that the latter are able to invent. 'Rome,' says a gentleman who was Dean of Canterbury, 'is essentially a Pagan city. . . . The worship of the people in her churches has *nothing in common* with Christianity. . . . The Son of God has, as a matter of fact, ceased to be an object of their adoration.' Stupid and wicked as this language is, Dean Alford could find, in the fertility of his malice, copious varieties of the same eloquence. 'With nine-tenths of living Romanists,' he says elsewhere, 'the whole of the faith once delivered to the saints is set aside, and is *as if it had never been*.'[60] This person has gone to give account of his words.

A more recent example, less horrible, but prodigious in its incomparable absurdity, deserves notice. At a meeting held in London, in July, 1872, with the object of raising funds to build an Anglican church in Rome, a Mr. Harris, who is styled 'Bishop of Gibraltar,' spoke as follows. 'It was only lately that Rome had been *included in his diocese*,' —apparently by a new and special decree of Almighty God,—'and he could now answer *in the affirmative* a question asked by a distinguished member of the Church of Rome four years ago, whether Rome was in the diocese of Gibraltar?' And this statement,—that a Mr. Harris of England, who is as sublime, in his way, as 'Dr. Cumming of Scotland,' exercises episcopal authority over the Vicar of Christ, and governs a diocese, without any flock except a few English tourists, which extends from Gibraltar to Rome, and probably a good deal further,—was received,

[60] *Letters from Abroad*, by Henry Alford, D.D., Dean of Canterbury, pp. 73, 70.

we are told by the newspapers, with approving 'cheers.' The English are certainly a great people.

But this judicious inhabitant of Gibraltar, whom one would have been tempted to rank, if he had not so vigorously asserted his actual existence, with the mythical and impossible 'Mrs. Harris' imagined by Dickens, is not without rivals. There is a large number of Englishmen at the present day, chiefly of the clerical order, whose view of th relations of their sect to universal Christendom is not les. curious than the notion that Rome was 'included,' on a certain day in the nineteenth century, in 'the diocese of Gibraltar;' and that St. Peter and his See, being no longer of any use, were finally absorbed in the majestic patriarchate of Mr. Harris. Many Anglicans have a fitful and intermittent perception that, on the whole, it would be better, and perhaps more Christian, that there should be one Church rather than a dozen, or a hundred, and that, to attain this object, somebody must learn to obey, and the less be aggregated to the more perfect community; but as their own is notoriously the nearest to the 'primitive' model, and least tainted by any defect, evidently all the others ought to mould themselves upon it. They propose, therefore, that all erring churches should learn from the Church of England; meaning, not its bishops, whom they flout as heretics and temporizers, much less the Establishment as a whole, which they deride as 'Protestant,' but only a certain fraction of its members, who profess a particular modification of Christianity, which happily unites the doctrine of St. Peter with the discipline of Barlow, and which will effectually secure unity, by proving, to the general satisfaction of mankind, that it has no Centre, and ought to have none. During our residence in Rome, we

became acquainted with an Anglican minister who abounded in this sense. He was of a type extremely rare at that time, though very common now. It was reported, by those who knew him, that he would sometimes array himself in a rich cope, light a dozen candles in his room, and then recite Vespers, and that in this position he considered that he combined in his own person all that was most imposing in St. Basil, St. Chrysostom, and St. Athanasius. Judging by what we saw of him, the report appeared to me credible. He reminded me of Shakespeare's intelligent prince, of whom the poet says:

> Not Hercules
> Could have knocked out *his* brains, for he had none. [61]

He was always talking about religion, but never got beyond its externals. If he attended an ecclesiastical function in St. Peter's, the Gesù, or anywhere else, he would criticise the form and color of the vestments, which seldom merited his entire approval, or object to the gestures of the thurifer. I suppose he prayed sometimes, but he never seemed to do so in church; and though he discoursed from morning till night about the mistakes of the Roman, and the 'providential mission' of the Anglican Church—a phrase which he had probably borrowed from somebody else—I never saw anything in him which implied that he gave a thought to God, or indeed to anything but his own whims and crotchets. The main purpose of his life was to insist upon the incontestable superiority of the sect of Barlow—meaning himself and a very small number of its adherents—over the Catholic Church. He was never abashed and never embarrassed. If he was silenced on

[61] *Cymbeline*, act iv. sc. 2.

one point, he jumped to a fresh one, and seemed equally incapable of conducting his own arguments, and understanding those of others. He was accustomed to call the sect of Barlow 'the Church of St. Augustine,' which he did with unmoved gravity; and when he was asked *who* sent Augustine, and gave him authority to preach in Britain, he turned the conversation upon something else. As a rule, he was only ridiculous, but sometimes he became criminal. One morning he presented himself, without invitation, at our breakfast, and informed us that he had just received Holy Communion at the Gesù. His tone, in narrating this incident, which I repeat with repugnance, was that of a man who once boasted of having got into the gallery of the House of Commons without a ticket. Charles Lamb says of a certain obnoxious person, 'methinks I could willingly spit upon his statue.' I was tempted for a moment to a more intemperate act, but contented myself with following him down-stairs, and requesting him not to honor my lodgings with any future visit.

Every Christian who has been in Rome has prayed in the church which the sons of St. Ignatius, and the brothers of St. Francis Xavier, have made one of the chief centres of spiritual life in this lower world. There had been a time when the Jesuits were to me, fed from childhood upon fables and fictions, what they still are to most of my countrymen. No lessons sink deeper into the heart than those which we derive from early associations, and none resist more violently the process of ejection. But I had investigated, before I left England, with all the care which I could employ, the authentic history of the Society of Jesus. Since that date, I have known its members in many lands, and have been honored, during a quarter of a

century, with their intimate friendship. I have known them in the great capitals of Europe, where they were the cherished guides of some of the purest souls and most vigorous minds of our age; in the missionary fields of Syria, India, and China; and in the chief cities of that young Republic, whose populations, even when they do not share their faith, know how to respect their zeal and virtue, and recognize them as true patriots and worthy citizens. It seems to me that, after such ample experience, I am at least better qualified to judge them, however feeble my powers of discernment or discrimination may be, than men who never conversed with them at all, and have known them only by the slanderous tongue of rumor. The Bishop of Liége observed, during the Vatican Council, alluding to the prelates who opposed the definition: 'What sort of apostles are these, who come to us *with an escort of all the enemies of the Name of Jesus?*' The argument, which was felt by many to be decisive, applies with equal force to the Jesuits. All that is base in this world—the impious, the impure, the seditious, the false brethren, and the worldly-wise—suspect or hate them. It is impossible to misinterpret this agreement of the agents of the evil one. He does not waste his forces. Satan may sometimes make mistakes, but not of this kind. He knows his friends and his enemies, and does not confound them together. If he incessantly stimulates heretics, infidels, and all who follow his banner, to rage against the Society of Jesus, it is probably because he recognizes in it an adversary. There is no such alliance of our modern Herods and Pilates against any *human* sect or confederation as against the Church and the Jesuits. The instinct of such men does not deceive them. It is rare to find in

the writings of rationalists and scientists so much as an allusion to the Church of England. They do not care even to express contempt for it, but are content to pass it by, as if it had no existence. They understand that they have nothing to fear from it, and need not take it into account. They know that it is a human thing, which exists only by the patronage of the State, and will fall to pieces as soon as that patronage is withdrawn. But the same men cease not to concentrate all their efforts against a power which can neither be cajoled nor terrified, which can dispense with the favor of the State, and in which they detect a living and indomitable enemy. No such conscious policy, it is true, animates the mass of those who revile and fear the Jesuits, without knowing anything about them. It is only a blundering and unintelligent animosity which such men cherish. The human animal is perhaps never so maudlin and irrational as when he raves against the Jesuits. In his periodical vociferations, the mind has no more part than it had in the old cry of the heathen: '*Christianos ad leones.*' He knows no more about the Jesuits than the satellites of a Roman prefect knew about St. Polycarp or St. Cyprian. He is no better qualified to judge them than he is to command an army, or to prove the lunar theory. He knows that they teach what he ignorantly dislikes, and that is all. Human antipathies have often no other foundation.

The real offence of the Jesuits is, that they do His work, and are called by His name, Who said: 'If they have hated Me, they will also hate you.' That is their lot, and they would not exchange it for any other. To them it belongs to say, with an illustrious Father of the Oratory of St. Philip Neri, between which and their Society there has

always been mutual love: 'We know our place and our fortunes: to give a witness, and to be reviled; to be cast out as evil, and to succeed.'[62] None better than they have a right to add: 'We love you, O men of this generation, but we fear you not. Understand well and lay it to heart, that we will do the work of God and fulfil our mission, with your consent, if we can get it, but in spite of you, if we cannot.'[63] Let it be permitted to one who knows you, Fathers of the Society of Jesus, and who offers to you all that his heart contains of love, duty, and reverence, to say what he has found you to be in many a land. You are ambitious, but only to serve God and your fellow-creatures; politic, but only to overcome the world; astute, but only to battle the wicked one; inflexible, but only against evil; and stern, but only towards yourselves. With others you deal as if their faults were yours, and your virtues theirs. Like the great apostle, with whom your sublime founder had so much in common, you may say: 'We suffer tribulation, but are not distressed; we are straitened, but not destitute; we suffer persecution, but are not forsaken; we are cast down, but we perish not.'[64] If I may not speak of some nearer home, let me at least have leave to offer to you, most dear and honored friends, who, on the other side of the great sea, have condescended to my infirmities, and greeted me with a tenderness and charity to which I had so little claim, the homage of my respectful gratitude. Among the sweet memories of a life which has been too full of them, none are more unceasingly present to me than the days which I have spent with you, dear and venerable Fathers of Washington, Baltimore, Boston, and Montreal

[62] Dr. Newman, *Christ upon the Waters.* [63] *Ibid.* [64] 2 Cor. iv. 8, 9.

You cannot quite have forgotten one to whom your doors were so often opened, whom you did not disdain to receive as if he resembled yourselves, and who will never forget you, as long as he is able to love wisdom and virtue, and to thank God for the examples which you gave him of both.

The day arrived when I was to leave Rome, and bid farewell to one who had been for four months my daily companion. Henceforth our paths in life were to be separate. It was his purpose to go on to Naples and Sicily, while I was to return, for a brief space, to my own land. He had nothing to say in our parting conversations, at least he said nothing, against the Church. But he suggested motives for resignation in his own position, each more delusive than the other, which I thought myself obliged to combat.

Men who have resolved, like my clerical friend, to obey no authority but one of their own selection, and to resign no private opinion because it is condemned by the Holy See, easily persuade themselves, as he did, that the points in which they differ from the Roman Church are only superficial. The Most High, they flatter themselves, will regard them with indifference. He will cherish, for example, with the same tender predilection, those who obey His Vicar, and those who resist him. To believe in the unbroken unity of the Church, or to deny it; to live in the Communion of Saints, or outside it; to adore the Mystery of Transubstantiation, or to adopt some human compromise in its place; to believe in a universal religion, like the Catholic, or in a local and national one, like the English or Russian; to avoid all intercourse with heretics, according to the injunction of St. Paul, as a deadly sin, or to remain, like

Anglicans, in close and daily communion with them; this is only to use a rational liberty of choice, which is not prohibited by any precept of the Gospel, and the Almighty will regard with equal love and favor those who follow *either* alternative.

To this I replied, that if God were like the meanest of His creatures, and as indifferent to His own revelation as they are, the assumption involved in such postulates might perhaps be reasonable; but considering what He is, they are simply the condensation, in a single maxim, of all the impiety and lawlessness which heresy has ever generated in the human soul. If there be anything about which our Creator and Lord is, and must be, '*a jealous God*,' it is His own truth. In the lower sphere of natural science we may err with impunity, but woe to the man who 'perverts the Gospel of Christ!' When He privately communicated to St. Peter and the other Apostles, during the forty days between His Resurrection and Ascension, those instructions which now form the Divine code of the Catholic Church, they had no more power to modify any portion of it, than to dispense with it altogether. Not only what He then taught was true, but there was from that day no other possible truth. To depart from it wilfully, in any single point, was to be a rebel and an apostate. There are no *alternative truths* with God, as there are with human sects. From the hour in which the Church was founded, the whole human race has been divided into two classes—those who are *in* the 'kingdom of God,' and those who are *out* of it. To the latter belong all who, in any age, or under any pretext, or with whatever profession of loyalty to Him, refuse to 'hear the Church' of which Peter is the Rock. That is to be, to the end of time, *God's test* of human obedience.

'If any man hear not the Church,' no matter what virtues he may possess, 'let him be to you as a heathen and a publican.' If even 'an Angel from heaven' should presume to tamper with her doctrine, adds St. Paul, 'let him be anathema.'

Since, then, to gather the predestined within the fold of this Church, was to be henceforth the crowning effort and supreme evidence of the Creator's love, because it was to apply directly to each individual soul the benefits of the Redeemer's Passion and Atonement, by methods which no human skill can devise, and the want of which no human substitutes can supply; since submission to this Church was to be, to the end of time, the proof of that *obedience* which is the first condition of salvation, according to His Word who said, 'I will have obedience, and not sacrifice;' we can partly conceive the ineffable complacency with which our Divine Lord contemplates the soul in which He has worked His miracle of grace. In such a soul He beholds not only the triumph of His own regenerating might, but a reflected image of Himself, and that *joint-possession* with Him of eternal and immutable truth, which is the privilege of Catholics alone, and which assimilates the creature to the Creator.

Yet there are men who invite us to believe that the Most High, 'with Whom is no change nor shadow of alteration,' and Who, even under the Old Law, chastised the first symptoms of an heretical and self-reliant spirit with such unsparing severity, is as deeply enamored of the soul which rejects or corrupts His truth, as of that which He has taught to adore it! To bring the latter out of the abyss of error, ignorance, and revolt, He has employed, in each individual case, all the magnificent resources of His

omnipotent grace; yet His Spirit broods with equal tenderness over the former, for which He has done nothing of the kind, or has done it only in vain! He has so little gravity and consistency, according to this revolting opinion, that He has no more purpose in bestowing than in refusing His gifts; and while His illumination of the soul conveys no special blessing, His departure from it implies no proportionate malediction! He has so little care, according to the same impious thought, for any truth which He has revealed to man, and even for the most astonishing inventions of His own compassionate love, that whether we embrace them with grateful adoration, or reject them with heretical disdain, we are equally pleasing in His sight!

Such are the assumptions upon which heretical obduracy and self-confidence are founded. Their frightful malignity becomes more evident, when we consider them in relation to particular doctrines. There is, for example, a Mystery of the Faith, which has been, in every land and in every age, the life of elect souls. It is the central object of Catholic devotion, the illumination of Saints, the strength of Martyrs, and the light of the world. This Mystery existed in the Divine Mind before it was revealed to men, who know it by faith, and adore it as the incomparable invention of God's love, by which He brings their souls into a communion with Himself more intimate than they could have dared to hope, or would have been able to conceive. The presence of the God-Man in the Sacrament of the Altar is either real or fictitious. If it be the latter, all faithful souls have lived from the time of the Apostles in a perpetual delusion, 'our faith is vain,' and Christianity is a transparent fable. If it be the former, it is not only worthy of our adoring love, but to possess the

knowledge of it, which belongs only to the children of the Church, and to live in daily contact with it, which is their blissful portion, is a grace which the tongue of angels and men cannot fitly celebrate. Yet to be ignorant of this transporting truth, to substitute for it some heretical travesty, or even to revile it in language which demons would fear to employ, is not likely to forfeit the favor of God, nor to kindle His awful wrath, since He has no more predilection for those to whom He has revealed the devices of His mercy, than for those who reject or defile them!

There is another Divine Truth, of incalculable gravity, relating to the constitution of the Church, the preservation of her unity, and the fundamental obligation of Christian obedience. It was enunciated by a great Saint in the well-known formula: 'Where Peter is, there is the Church.' If, then, as all the friends of God have believed, submission to the Holy See is as much a part of our religious probation, and as essential a condition of eternal life, as the observance of any other precept or ordinance of the Most High; to refuse that submission, on whatever pretext, is to cease to have any share in His promises. To despise His Vicar, if He has appointed one, is evidently to despise Him, to waste life in senseless rebellion, and to fall to the level of the heathen. And it is equally certain, on the other hand, that if, as heretics dream, the Holy See has usurped an authority which does not belong to it, and imposed in every age a false test of human obedience, the Pontiffs who thus changed the constitution of Christ's Church, and the faithful throughout the world who assented to their act, had lost the guidance of the Holy Spirit, and were never members of 'the kingdom of God,'—which, on that supposition, has never had any existence.

My friend, to whom I now refer for the last time, was also of opinion, that the assurance of his co-religionists in the tenableness and security of their own position was a plausible argument in its favor. To this I responded, that Quakers, Irvingites, and Methodists, to say nothing of older sects, are at least as confident, and on precisely the same grounds. I observed further, that as Anglicans do not even profess to believe in an infallible Church, assert that all the Apostolic Sees have erred, and notoriously teach in their own community every conceivable variety of doctrine, their assurance is even more fanatical than that of other heretics. If any *one* of their conflicting sections be right, no matter which it be, all the rest *must* be wrong, unless two opposite doctrines can be equally true; and even if individuals among them seem to approach ever so nearly to the Catholic faith, *their church*, which allows that faith to be publicly denied by all the others, can only be an apostate sect. I added finally, that the irrational assurance, in which my friend saw a motive for resignation, seemed rather to be a sign of reprobation; and I reminded him of the saying of our Lord, to men who were quite as confident as any of our modern sectaries: 'If you were blind, you should not have sin; but now *you say*, *We see*, therefore your sin remaineth.'[66]

A new motive of confidence in the Church of England is spoken of at the present day, though only in whispers, and with careful avoidance of public rumor. Miraculous appearances, it is alleged, have been witnessed in the celebration of the Anglican Lord's Supper. As I am personally cognizant of at least one similar occurrence among

[66] St. John ix. 41.

the Irvingites, which was undeniably preternatural, I can easily believe that they take place also in the Church of England, and that they have the same author. Diabolical miracles have been common in every age among Pagans, and appear to be still common in India, China, and Thibet. Nothing, I suppose, reveals in a more horrible light the real character of the pretended 'Catholic movement' in the national Church, at least in some of its self-willed and presumptuous leaders, than this direct intervention of Satan in their unhallowed ministry.

There is yet another delusion, more persuasive than all the rest, which merits notice. It was a common thing with the Donatists, and other rebels against the Church, to boast of the *virtues* of their leaders. These virtues, as their illustrious adversary St. Augustine allowed, were sometimes real. Yet he declared, as St. Cyprian had said still earlier, that even if they were crowned by martyrdom, they would not avail to salvation.[66] St. Paul had said exactly the same thing before either of them.[67] In his famous Epiphany sermon, *Sur la Foi*, Bourdaloue quotes the words of the great Doctor of the Latin Church, which express, he adds, 'the unanimous sentiment of all the Fathers.'

[66] When they boasted, like our contemporary Donatists, of their communities of nuns, St. Augustine replied: 'An obedient wife is better than a disobedient virgin.'

[67] 'If I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal. And if I should have prophecy, and should know all mysteries, and all knowledge, and if I should have all faith, so that I could remove mountains, and have not charity, I am nothing. And if I should distribute all my goods to the poor, and if I should deliver my body to be burned, and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing.' 1 Cor. xiii. 1-3. The charity of which St. Paul speaks in such amazing terms, and the want of which, in spite of all imaginable virtues, is fatal to salvation, is the charity which inspires *obedience*. Therefore, as the Saints teach, virtues outside the Church 'profit nothing.'

such virtues, St. Augustine observes, however eminent, 'profit nothing,' to use the words of St. Paul, and will only increase the final condemnation of those who die out of the Church. 'They are the more to be reproved,' he says,—*magis vituperandi sunt*,—'and God will judge them with all the more rigor, because they lived so well, and believed so ill.' The same thing is true of all the children of revolt, of every school, and in every age. 'The grace given them,' says Father Newman, alluding to the virtues of Anglicans, with which no man was more familiar, 'is intended ultimately to bring them into the Church, and if it does not tend to do so, it will not ultimately profit them.' [68]

[68] *Lectures on Anglican Difficulties*, lect. iii. Of the vain plea which some urge for remaining in the Establishment, that haply they may leaven its omnigenous heresy with Catholic truth, the same eminent person says. 'To aim at making the nation Catholic by means of the Church of England, is something like evangelizing Turkey by means of Islamism.' *Ib.*

CHAPTER IV

THE CLERGY AND MODERN THOUGHT.

WE hear a good deal just now of what is called 'modern thought.' Its leading maxim, if it has one, appears to be this, that whatever you believe, if you believe anything, you should at all events believe nothing that was ever believed by anybody else. The creed formed on this simple basis is encumbered with no superfluous or controverted articles. It contains only the single word *Ego*. Of this fruitful and comprehensive Ego it will be time enough to predicate something, when any reliable religious truth shall have been discovered, which may possibly occur some time before the end of the world, if it ever occurs at all. Meanwhile, all which relates to God, if there be a God, and to the soul, if we have a soul, being of no immediate interest to humankind, and for the present outside the region of 'science,' belongs to the ever-widening sphere of the Unknowable.

Our 'advanced thinkers,' as they love to be styled—though the chief result of their thinking has been to limit more and more the field of human thought, till they have left themselves little worth thinking about—not only proclaim their own incapacity to deal with truths of the spiritual order, which few will dispute, but insist that all other men are equally impotent, which many will decline to admit. It is a large assumption that, because they are

blind, no one else can see. Having proved, by actual experiment, that a certain class of truths can neither be weighed in their balance nor measured by their instruments, they propose that the scientific mind should resolutely ignore them. To act on this decision is the only religious duty which they recognize. 'By continually seeking to know,' observes Mr. Herbert Spencer, 'and being continually thrown back with a deepened conviction of the impossibility of knowing, we may keep alive the consciousness that it is alike *our highest wisdom* and *our highest duty* to regard that through which all things exist as The Unknowable.'[1]

To the uninstructed mind, this proposition—with its cruel indifference to the interests of men in the future, and its violent suppression of their whole history in the past—is repulsive by its wickedness, and humiliating by its folly. But this disparaging view of 'our highest duty' is no doubt owing to the faulty constitution of the uninstructed mind. If the Christian were more familiar with the requirements of exact science, and his ear better attuned to the reverberations of modern thought, he would comprehend, that it is alike our wisdom and our duty to forget that we are responsible creatures, and to become mere intellectual brutes. When he has formed this salutary conviction, which he should do without delay, 'that through which all things exist' will cease to occupy his attention, which will be given with great profit to more Knowable phenomena. Why inquire, for instance, *who* made the sun, when we do not so much as know what the sun is? 'Only fifteen years ago,' we are told by an advanced thinker, 'Sir Wil-

[1] *First Principles*, by Herbert Spencer, ch. v. § 113.

liam Thomson entertained a totally different view of the origin of the sun's heat.'[2] He will perhaps entertain a perfectly new one fifteen years hence. Such unresolved questions evidently claim precedence, by virtue of their relative importance, over idle theories about the Creator. What does it matter to us who made the sun, or whether it was made at all? Perhaps we shall some day be able to make one ourselves. There are a few difficulties, but what may not science hope to accomplish? 'Give me the matter,' one of its adepts is reported to have said, 'and I will construct a world.' It is to be presumed that he would also contrive to prolong his own existence during the operation, as it might be inconvenient to suspend, and difficult to find any one to complete it. But what really impedes possible progress of this kind, and deprives us of the benefits which would flow from it, is not the incapacity of science, but the fatuity of religion, which is only an ignorant pursuit of the Unknowable. 'Man will never be in a proper condition to make the best of this life,' observes a candid Buddhist philosopher, inspired by modern ideas, 'while his hopes and his thoughts are fixed upon one to come.'[3] This oriental gentleman evidently shares Mr. Spencer's estimate of 'our highest duty,' and probably agrees with Strauss, that 'the idea of a future world is the last enemy whom speculative criticism has to oppose, and, if possible, to overcome.'

Such practical truths, not hitherto appreciated by the human race, which has too long wasted its energies in aspiring to a chimerical eternity, are now coming more clearly into view. Modern thought recalls our attention to the

[2] Huxley, *Lay Sermons*, xi. 251.

[3] See *Creation's Testimony to its God*, ch. xi. p. 267, fifth edition.

visible and material. It proposes to remodel the education of the world, and confine its speculations within narrow limits. 'Education,' we are assured by Mr. Huxley, 'is the instruction of the intellect in the law of Nature.'[4] Nothing more. If man has a soul, which is only a hypothesis, 'our highest wisdom,' since it can neither be felt, weighed, nor measured, is to take no notice of it. As to religion, or worship, if people will have it, let it be, adds Mr. Huxley, 'for the most part of the silent sort, at the altar of the Unknown and Unknowable,'[5] who will no doubt, if He exists at all, be quite content with that limited amount of languid recognition. Whatever merit this suggestion of modern thought may have, it is at least deficient in originality. There were philosophers in Athens, two thousand years ago, who were familiar with it, and possessed the altar which Mr. Huxley desires to reproduce. Modern thought is evidently not progressive, except in things of the natural order. Even in them it makes frequent mistakes, and seems likely to continue to do so; but as it would be liable to still more disastrous errors by venturing beyond their sphere, it prefers to remain there. It reproaches the clergy, who divert our attention from 'the law of Nature' to unscientific questions about death and judgment, as unintelligent disturbers of the public peace. They may be sometimes 'versed in the literature of Greece, Rome, and India,' says Professor Tyndall; 'but as regards a knowledge of Nature, they are "noble savages."'[6] If the accusation were true, which it is not, the Anglican clergy, to whom it is addressed, might receive it with great composure. They have more formidable reproaches to answer,

[4] *Lay Sermons*, iii 32.

[5] Ib. i. 16.

[6] *Fragments of Science*, by John Tyndall, F.R.S., p. 68.

and need not concern themselves about this. An American writer lends them a suitable reply. 'Scientific knowledge,' observes Mr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, 'even in the most modest persons, has mingled with it a something which partakes of insolence. Absolute, peremptory facts are bullies, and those who keep company with them are apt to get a bullying habit of mind.'[7] From the jibes of such men it is not difficult, I think, to vindicate my clerical friends.

A preliminary distinction must, however, be noticed. Scientists and materialists never make the mistake of confounding together the Catholic and Protestant clergy. They have detected that the former are dangerous adversaries, because they are all of one mind, and their religion, as the *Westminster Review* observes, is 'a system very logically worked out from certain premises;' while it is the misfortune of the latter, that even their best efforts are neutralized by their notorious divisions and contradictions, and that, as the same Review notices, 'the corner-stone of Protestantism is an admirable one for a Temple of Free-thought, and for nothing else.'[8] Hence the Protestant clergy have no more authority in reproving error than in maintaining truth, and are as little feared by those who diffuse the first, as they are respected by those who revere the second. Modern thought simply pushes them aside. 'The Protestant clergy' Mr. Huxley dismisses with a jest, while of the Catholic he says: 'The difference between these men and the comfortable champions of Anglicanism and of Dissent, is comparable to

[7] *The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table*, by Oliver Wendell Holmes, p. 47.

[8] *Westminster Review*, July, 1872, p. 79. 'The Reformation,' says Mr. Lecky, 'formed a multitude of churches, in which the spirit of qualified and partial scepticism that had long been a source of anarchy *might expatiate with freedom*.' *Rationalism in Europe*, vol. i. ch. i. p. 62

the difference between our gallant Volunteers and the trained veterans of Napoleon's Old Guard.'[9]

Scientific infidelity has so little fear of any resistance which can be offered to it by Protestantism—which contains in itself the germ of all unbelief—of whatever accidental shape and color, from Ritualism to Calvinism, that one of its ablest organs lately said: 'We deem not only its eclipse, but its disappearance to be merely a question of time.'[10] And this is not the only point of contrast between the Catholic and Anglican clergy, in their relations to 'modern thought.' If many of the latter have unwittingly, and with quite other designs, contributed to the progress of a sceptical philosophy, not only by the shameful spectacle of their mutual contradictions, which have made religion a jest, but by opposing it on erroneous principles, and by defective methods; not a few have themselves initiated, or actively assisted to extend and popularize, some of the worst errors of the day. The unhappy publication of the Essays of Professor Baden Powell, it has been observed, 'gave Infidelity an authoritative voice in the University of Oxford.'[11] That solitary voice has since been repeated by a multitudinous echo. The clerical authors of a more notorious volume of Essays, though vehemently censured by some of their colleagues, only acquired fresh honors and higher dignities by the public avowal of principles which the latter justly deemed a disqualification for

[9] *Lay Sermons*, iv. 61.

[10] *Westminster Review*, ubi supra. After observing that no form of Protestantism has 'retained the power of attracting those beyond its border,' Mr. Lecky adds: 'Whatever is lost by Catholicism is gained by Rationalism; wherever the spirit of Rationalism recedes, the spirit of Catholicism advances.' Ch. ii. p. 187.

[11] *Creation's Testimony*, preface.

both. Still later, it was virtually announced by the highest Anglican tribunal, including two eminent bishops, when dealing with the questions at issue in the 'Bennett Case,' that modern thought has reason to class the mysteries of religion with the Unknowable. 'The matters to which they relate,' said these episcopal judges, '*are confessedly not comprehensible*, or very imperfectly comprehensible, by the human understanding.' In presence of such facts, constantly recurring, our advanced thinkers, though equally indifferent to the nerveless hostility and the active co-operation of the Anglican clergy, appear to regard them either as neutrals or allies. 'It is one of the most cheering signs of the times,' says Mr. Tyndall, arguing against the supernatural, 'to see such men,' ministers of the Church of England, 'coming forward to prepare the public mind for changes, which, though inevitable, could hardly, without due preparation, be wrought without violence.' [12]

No such assistance is expected from the Catholic clergy. Every one understands that *they* must cease to be Catholic before they can become, like their Anglican contemporaries, pioneers of infidelity. They have shown, in all lands, that they are able to resist the dreary impieties of modern thought, to combat the unproved assertions, and expose the arbitrary assumptions, which constitute three-fourths of its sterile philosophy. It is as defenders of human reason, accustomed for many ages to take a wider range, but now reduced to be the doorkeeper of a scientific museum, and forbidden to investigate anything but Matter, that *they* dispute the arrogant decrees of the materialistic school. This is so well known to its leaders, that one of

[12] *Mountaineering in* 1861, ch. v. p. 40.

them lately announced, with cynical candor, that he and his associates had nothing to fear from Anglicans, but that they must 'put down Catholics by force.' 'The Roman Catholic Church,' says Mr. Huxley, in the same generous and enlightened spirit, 'is the one great spiritual organization *which is able to resist*, and must, as a matter of life and death, resist, the progress of science and modern civilization.'[13] That the Catholic Church is likely to resist what is pompously called modern civilization, but which, as its admirers frankly tell us, is the ardent antagonist of Christianity in all its forms, is perfectly true. She has no higher duty to perform. But that any one should gravely assert, as a self-evident proposition, that she is unfriendly to the progress of science, is a fresh proof that passion and prejudice can supplant reason, and usurp its functions. As Mr. Huxley says it, it is to be presumed that he believes it; but in that case we must suppose that a too exclusive study of 'the law of Nature' has left him no leisure to become acquainted with history. Yet he might at least have known what eminent non-Catholic thinkers of our own day have said, with singular unanimity, of the action of the Roman Church in the cultivation of the human mind, and her immense services to mankind in the preservation of letters, jurisprudence, and philosophy. He may agree with Mr. Tyndall in preferring natural science, in which he is honorably skilled, to 'the literature of Greece, Rome, and India,' with which he is perhaps less familiar; but it is not permitted to a thoughtful and educated man to live in total ignorance of the language of his most distinguished contemporaries. Mr. Huxley might have known, for example,

[13] *Lay Sermons*, iv. 62.

that Guizot, though a Calvinist, affirms, and proves, that Europe owes its learning and its civilization to the Roman Church. It was that Church, says this impartial witness, 'which powerfully assisted in forming the character and furthering the development of modern civilization;' whose innumerable monasteries, even in the most gloomy periods, 'were philosophical schools of Christianity;' whose monks and clergy 'were active and potent at once in the domain of intellect, and in that of reality;' and whose glory it is, 'that the human mind, beaten down by the storm, took refuge in the asylum of churches and monasteries.'[14]

Mr. Huxley might have known, even though he were only what he calls 'a nucleated mass of protoplasm,' that Ranke, also a non-Catholic, was ashamed to say less than this of the Roman Church: 'A slow but sure and unbroken progress of intellectual culture had been going on within its bosom for a series of ages. . . . *All the vital and productive energies of human culture* were here united and mingled.'[15] He might have learned from Mr. Lecky, with whose book on Rationalism he is probably acquainted, not only that 'the Papal government has had no rival, and can have no successor,' and that 'there can be no question that the Papal power was on the whole favorable to liberty;' but that, in the long conflict for personal freedom, 'the Catholic Church was *the special representative of progress*.'[16] Even Mr. Froude, though not the most scrupulous of contemporary writers, would tell Mr. Huxley, who

[14] *History of Civilization in Europe*, lecture ii.; and *History of Civilization in France*, lecture iv.

[15] *History of the Reformation in Germany*, by Leopold von Ranke, vol. i book ii. ch. i. p. 251, ed. Austin.

[16] *Rationalism*, vol. ii. ch. v. pp 142, 154, 234.

thinks the Catholic Church 'must resist the progress of science,' that she was always 'essentially democratic, while at the same time she had *the monopoly of learning*.'[17] Mr. Hallam would inform him, if he could withdraw his attention for a moment from the law of Nature, that 'the praise of having originally established schools belongs to some bishops and abbots of the sixth century;' that it was owing to the influence of Theodore, Archbishop of Canterbury, 'sent hither by the Pope in 668,' that the knowledge 'of the Latin and even Greek languages was propagated in the Anglo-Saxon Church;' that the most eminent mathematician of the fourteenth century was Thomas Bradwardine, also Archbishop of Canterbury; and a crowd of useful facts of the same order.[18] Lord Macaulay would assure him, in famous words which have been quoted a hundred times, that the boasted revival of letters in the sixteenth century was at least as active within the court of Leo X. as outside it, and that the progress of learning and philosophy has always been so acceptable to the Catholic Church in the past, that it is not easy to see how it can be any danger to her in the future. A system of which the scientific exposition has been mainly founded upon the method of Aristotle, and which has survived so many spurious philosophies, has little to fear from the logic or the ethics of Mr. Huxley. Mr. Samuel Laing would also remind him, though probably in vain, that 'in any true reading of history,' which Mr. Huxley does not seem to think it necessary to read at all, 'the Church and her establishments were the only asylums in which the spirit of freedom and of *independence of mind* . . . were

[17] *Times of Erasmus and Luther*, p. 48.

[18] *Literature of Europe in the Middle Ages*, vol. i. ch. i.

lodged, kept alive, and nursed to their present maturity,' and that '*all that men have* of social, political, and religious freedom may be clearly traced, in the history of every country, to the working and effects of the independent power of the Church of Rome.'[19] If Mr. Huxley really values such blessings, why does he refuse his gratitude to her to whom he owes them? Even with respect to mechanical inventions, 'it will remain true for ever,' as he will not dispute, 'that the genius of invention created the press under the influence of the old religion; that the genius of discovery sailed to the shores of the New World under the shadow of the Cross; and that the sons of the Middle Ages laid the foundation of our own progress:'[20] so that even Mr. Tyndall confesses that 'the nineteenth century strikes its roots into the centuries gone by, and draws nutriment from *them*.'[21]

If Mr. Huxley declines to acknowledge what is admitted by every one else, he might at least remember what he has written himself. He has observed, and will not contest the authority of his own decisions, however lightly he may esteem those of others, that to obtain a mastery over the products of mediæval thought 'might necessitate an even greater expenditure of time and energy than the acquirement of the new philosophy.'[22] In truth, if there was ever a period when the human intellect moved freely in the

[19] *Observations on the Social and Political State of the European People*, ch xv. p. 394. The very title of the chapter, in which he laments the servility and bondage of the Protestant communities, is - '*Church of Rome the Source of Liberty and Civilization in Europe*.' Mr. Lecky also confesses, with his usual candor, that 'Catholicism laid the very foundations of modern civilization.' *Rationalism*, vol. ii. ch. iv. p. 32.

[20] *The Progress of the Age*, by Rev. Louis Heylen, S.J., p. 40. (Cincinnati, 1865.)

[21] *On the Study of Physics.* [22] *Lay Sermons*, i. 6.

region of bold philosophical speculation, it was precisely in those Middle Ages which modern ignorance and conceit affect to despise as an epoch of mental stagnation. It is his business, therefore, to explain, if he can, why a Church which was so active 'for a series of ages,' when she had no rival, and was free to develop according to her own instincts, and which never ceased to stimulate, as Ranke remarks, 'all the vital and productive energies of human culture,' suddenly changed her character, without any apparent motive, became enamored of mental sloth, and began to 'resist the progress of science.' Mr. Huxley is deceived. The Catholic Church respects true science quite as much as he does, and more wisely. I have myself found her clergy, all over the world, in colleges and seminaries, not only professors of theology and languages, but also of natural science, which some of them pursued with an enthusiasm which might have been deemed excessive, if it had not been tempered by a deeper veneration for higher truths, and subordinated to the general discipline of the mental faculties. I found them familiar with the writings of Mr. Huxley and all his school, which they read with intelligent avidity, and if he should ever make any real scientific discovery, they will not be the last to applaud it. They have no fear, as Mr. Huxley seems to imagine, of him or his science, but they have little esteem for the crude guesses and unphilosophical assumptions which are sometimes decorated with that title. They do not call natural science 'diabolical,' like certain imprudent clerical adversaries whom he justly reproaches, though they regret that it is sometimes pursued in a diabolical spirit. Not a few of them find time, amid more imperious duties, to cultivate it with marked success. 'To a Savoyard priest,' observes

Professor Tyndall, 'who I am happy to say afterwards became a bishop, we are indebted for the first clear enunciation of the truth that a glacier moves as a river.'[23] And not only individuals, like the illustrious Padre Secchi, but whole communities, have acquired eminence in various departments of natural philosophy. The Jesuits, for example, though busy with more important cares, anticipated our 'advanced thinkers' even in their own line, and were scientific observers of natural phenomena some centuries before Mr. Huxley was born. It is not to them, nor to a multitude of other Catholic corporations, that the reproach of the Commissioners who reported on the University of Oxford, in 1850, and lamented 'the absence of a body of learned men devoting their lives to the cultivation of science,' can be fairly addressed. The Sulpicians, whose noble college and museum at Montreal represent on the other side of the Atlantic the kindred institutions which they have founded on this, would smile, like their colleagues of other religious Orders, if they were told that they 'resist the progress of science.' Their whole life is a refutation of the foolish calumny. If Mr. Huxley should ever give his attention to facts outside the narrow range of his own pursuits, and comprehend the duty of making himself acquainted with the history of human thought, and the action of the Roman Church upon it, he will perhaps some day appreciate the observation of one of the master intellects of our time, and be willing to confess with Dr. Newman: 'Not a man in Europe now, who talks bravely against the Church, but owes it to the Church that he can talk at all.'[24]

[23] *Mountaineering*, ch. viii. p. 69.

[24] Dr. Newman, *The Office and Work of Universities*, ch. ix. p. 165. 'Le clergé a créé notre société moderne, il l'a vivifiée par ses principes, il a

It is true that the Church has more care for the salvation of souls than for the progress of human science, and would, at any time, cheerfully postpone the announcement of a new scientific truth, rather than risk an occasion of scandal to her weaker brethren. But it is only when scientists confound great things with small, and degrade reason by forbidding it to contemplate anything but Matter, that she regards them as enemies of the human race. Her judgment of such offenders is sometimes confirmed, at least in part, by unexpected witnesses. 'When science,' said Dr. Carpenter, in his inaugural address to the British Association, in 1872, 'passing beyond its limits, assumes to take the place of theology, and sets up its own conception of the order of nature as a sufficient account of its cause, it is invading a province of thought to which it has no claim, and not unreasonably provokes the hostility of those who ought to be its best friends.' If one of its luminaries did not hesitate to utter this reproach, why should it be unlawful to Christians to repeat it? Mr. Huxley and his scientific compeers, who might be very useful in their generation if they made a nobler use of their gifts and opportunities, err strangely in supposing, that because the Church has no respect for their unfounded assumptions, and still less for the intemperance with which they seek to impose them, therefore she resists true science. The pedagogue who tears in pieces a bad copy of Latin verses, and admonishes his pupil to do better next time, is not unfriendly to Ovid or Propertius, but only to those who caricature them. If our magisterial professors of natural science, whose 'arrogance'

pris l'initiative *de toutes les organisations*, de toutes les améliorations sociales.' *Services que le Catholicisme a rendus à la France*, par M. le Vte. Gazan, p. 43.

Dr. Carpenter contrasts with the religious humility of Kepler, and who imprudently deride the higher knowledge which they do not themselves possess, were even of one mind in communicating their own, their indictment against the whole human race might be a trifle more plausible; but since they are incessantly occupied either in retracting their own mistakes or in refuting those of others, we are entitled to say to them, as the heathen say to the Protestant missionaries, 'First agree among yourselves what *is* truth, and then come and teach it to us.' Dr. Darwin, for example, has a multitude of juvenile disciples, who have more confidence in his scientific infallibility than he has himself; yet M. Flourens, and the whole school of French physiologists, ridicule both his doctrine and his language, and even Mr. Huxley bluntly says, that his theory is 'only a hypothesis.' Why is it unscientific in Christians to say so too? Why are they alone hostile to science, because they decline to accept as conclusive what everybody else rejects as unproved? M. Vial, in his observations on *Le Darwinisme*, not only ridicules 'les gasconades de M. Darwin,' but adds: 'ce pauvre Huxley n'est pas plus heureux avec la tête des singes qu'avec leurs pieds,' and quotes Bischoff, Bianconi, and others, in refutation of his anatomical paradoxes. M. de Quatrefages denies that Darwin's theory has even the merit of originality, 'since it was clearly put forth by M. Naudin prior to its publication in England.'[25] Professor Owen, whose supremacy in his own branch of science is undisputed, says, with grave irony, of Darwin's 'hypothetical transmuting influences:' 'Past experience of the *chance aims of human fancy*, unchecked and unguided by observed

[25] *Unité de l'espèce humaine*, par M. de Quatrefages, ch. xii. p. 199.

facts, shows how widely they have ever glanced away from the gold centre of truth.'[26]

Of the Comtist philosophy, which has numerous adherents in England and the United States, for many of whom it is the only possible truth, Mr. Huxley observes: 'I find there little or nothing of any scientific value.'[27] But the Comtists and others would say exactly the same thing of Mr. Huxley and his Protoplasm; of Mr. Spencer and his Physiological Units; of Dr. Darwin and his Osmosis; of Mr. Tyndall and his Dynamic Principle of the Universe; of Mr. Buckle and his Equation of the Vices and Virtues. If scientists sometimes attempt to account, after their own manner, for the mysterious unity of Catholic belief, they have not hitherto made much progress in imitating it. Why should others be more reverential towards them than they are towards one another? There is perhaps no form of literature which makes a more copious use of the vocabulary of reproach and derision than the combative effusions of modern philosophy. Its leading oracles 'paw the earth like a war-horse,' and scent the battle from afar. They have as many different opinions about philosophy as the Anglican clergy have about religion. That such contentious and versatile pontiffs should be able to fill their temples, of which the scenes are constantly shifting, and the idols continually falling down, with a crowd of confiding worshippers, is one of the marvels of our time. Such a phenomenon would only be possible in an age like ours, of which the chief characteristic is, intellectual presumption in the few, and intellectual servility in the many. Men who would disdain, if they knew anything about it, the magni-

[26] *Palæontology*, by Richard Owen, F.R.S., p. 443, second edition.

[27] *Lay Sermons*, vii. 140.

ficent logic of a Suarez or a St. Thomas, meanly abdicate their reason in presence of the hypothesis of a Darwin, the assumptions of a Spencer, or the guesses of a Huxley. Yet 'dogmatism in matters of science,' it has been well said, is the more intolerable, 'seeing that the so-called "demonstrations" of one age have sometimes been the butt and ridicule of succeeding generations.'[28]

In spite, however, of the humiliations and misadventures of which our scientists have a large experience, and the periodical reversal of their most peremptory decrees, they still resent the ministerial functions of the clergy as an ignorant usurpation of their own, and propose to banish to the remotest sphere of the Unknowable all that has hitherto been deemed most worthy to be known. We have a clear right, therefore, to ask them what they are able to substitute in its place? Before we give up the future life, as they suggest, and consent to act as if the present alone, in spite of its brevity, had any real claim to our attention, common prudence counsels us to take some measure of the gains and losses which such a decision will entail. Will the study of 'the law of Nature,' as Mr. Huxley assures us, suffice—I will not say to form a rule of life, or to satisfy the yearnings of the soul, but even—to appease the hunger of a healthy intellect? It seems not. Even men of little or no religion reject the supposition as trivial and absurd. 'The teaching of natural science,' says one who has no respect for Christianity, 'even if it were carried out on a really satisfactory system, can never fill the place of letters,'[29]—much less, therefore, of all else. 'Every addition to its surface,' observes Mr. Herbert Spencer, with an appearance of mel-

[28] *Creation's Testimony*, ch. v. p. 118.

[29] *Pall Mall Gazette*, August 13, 1872.

ancholy moderation, 'does but bring it into wider contact with surrounding nescience.'[30] This is not an encouraging view of natural science as the sole basis of education, and the efficient substitute for all other knowledge. And even if the circle of illumination should slowly extend, as it probably will, since the subject now absorbs the whole intellectual life of so many of our contemporaries, it would still reveal to us only 'the phenomenal order of the universe,' or partial glimpses of it. But such knowledge, however fascinating in itself, and worthy, as all admit, to engage the attention of the few who have the gifts necessary for its acquisition, must always remain hidden from the mass of the human family; and even if, by a miracle upon which it would be imprudent to count, involving a total change in the conditions of human society, and a sudden and universal development of the critical faculty, all men could profitably investigate 'the law of Nature,' the most exact acquaintance with it would in no case compensate the loss of more momentous truths, which are not only the life both of the learned and the ignorant, but are as intelligible, by the exercise of a faculty distinct from natural reason, to the peasant as to the philosopher. It is the glory of the transcendent philosophy which the voluntary ignorance of unbelief rejects as Unknowable, that it is addressed, not to a little group of scientists, but to all mankind. Nor is it ever addressed in vain to those who 'have ears to hear.' When the Most Blessed God resolved to speak to the creatures whom He had made, and whom He destined to see Him as He is, He knew how to employ a language which the least gifted among them could understand.

[30] *First Principles*, ch. i. p. 17.

Our advanced thinkers are a good deal less intelligible even to the select and limited audience which they address. Some people think they do not even understand themselves, but this is doubtful. Whether they do or not, their 'superficial omniscience' was ridiculed even by Humboldt, who probably possessed as much human, and as little divine knowledge, as any man who ever lived. In his preface to the *Cosmos*, this veteran of natural science professes slight esteem for what he calls 'the pretended conquests' of our age, and its 'superficial half-knowledge.' But since such men are constantly laughing at one another, why should Christians be prohibited from sharing in the general hilarity? Professor Ruskin makes merry after this fashion over the jubilant prophets of modern thought. 'There have been some curious speculations lately,' he says, 'as to the conveyance of mental consciousness by "brain-waves." What does it matter how it is conveyed? The consciousness itself is not a wave.' Will man, he implies, feel sorrow less, or taste a deeper joy, because he is assured by some conceited pedant, incapable of lifting his thoughts above Matter, that his emotions are accompanied by cellular vibrations? 'When I want to know,' he continues, 'why a leaf is green, they tell me it is colored by "chlorophyll," which at first sounds very instructive; but if they would only say plainly that a leaf is colored by a thing called "green-leaf," we should see more precisely how far we had got.'[81] Liebig and others, by microscopic observations of the human fœtus, have discovered, not the origin of life, which eludes the grasp of their most delicate instruments, but only what appears to be its primitive receptacle or en-

[81] *The Queen of the Air*, by John Ruskin, LL.D., pp. 70, 72.

velope. Mr. Huxley calls this 'protoplasm,' which he had a right to do, and because he has coined the word, seems to fancy that he has invented the thing. Barren words, which often hide rather than reveal truth, appear to exert a dangerous fascination over a certain class of observers. 'I am aware,' says another popular writer, 'that for the maintenance of animal and intellectual energy in their best style, it is expedient that the atmosphere should contain a certain amount of ozone; but what ozone is, I do not know, and neither, I believe, does anybody else.'[32] Yet the men who relegate the only truths which are of any real importance to the obscure regions of the Unknowable, offer us in their place, for the most part, a mere vocabulary of scientific words, which convey no meaning to those who hear them, and would not be of much value if they did. Of such ear-filling words the 'Osmosis' of Dr. Darwin is perhaps the most imposing. Like Milton's archangel, its prostrate form covers leagues of ground, and he would be a bold man who should venture to tread upon it. Osmosis, or 'Filtration,' has not yet, however, attained the honors of undisputed existence. It depends, as a brilliant writer observes, 'upon settling a moot point between Mr. Darwin and Mr. Herbert Spencer;' and these physicists are at present at issue, Mr. Spencer having a decided preference for 'Physiological Units,' perhaps because he invented them. But if Osmosis is still a doubtful and precarious entity, and may never come into actual being at all, the bare conception of it should be entertained with awe. 'This is the new gospel. All religious hopes and fears, human interests and duties, being got rid of, we stand face

[32] *The Commonplace Philosopher*, ch. iv. p. 90.

to face with the one solid incontrovertible truth, majestic in its simplicity and power—"Osmosis, *i.e.* filtration."' Having observed that Osmosis does not mean filtration, but that 'the creator of a new word has a perfect right to make his own Greek,' the writer continues: 'Osmosis, then, is the new Gospel; or rather, everything is Osmosis. God, if there be a God, which there is not—man, only he is an aggregate of cells—human will, but that is only a succession of cellular vibrations—are all Osmosis.'[33] This ingenious reviewer, who has evidently small reverence for the resonant verbosity of modern thought, appears to consider that if this is all which it is able to give us in exchange for the Unknowable, we had better remain as we are.

It is not, then, extravagant to admit, though Mr. Huxley seems unable to do so, that the Catholic Church may feel little enthusiasm about Osmosis or Physiological Units, and even remain calm and self-possessed in presence of Brain Waves and Cellular Vibrations, and yet have no disposition to 'resist the progress of science.' She knows, with absolute certainty, that true science can never conflict with her teaching, nor contradict a single doctrine of the Revelation of which she is the appointed witness. She has, therefore, no conceivable motive for resisting it. On the contrary, she eagerly welcomes it, as a subordinate but valuable ally. 'Our age will always be known,' says an eloquent living preacher, who is both a priest and a Jesuit, and who knows a good deal more about science than some who know nothing else, 'as an age of great scientific progress. What it has done will ever entitle it to the grateful remembrance of posterity. Even revealed religion, as I

[33] *Saturday Review*, November 21, 1868; quoted in *Difficulties of Darwinism*, by Rev. F. O. Morris, p. 56.

have remarked, *has cause to thank it.* I know that a modern reviewer of great name (Macaulay), in speaking of the connection of science with *natural* religion, remarks that "the discoveries of modern astronomers and anatomists have really added nothing to the force of that argument which every reflecting mind finds in every beast, bird, insect, fish, leaf, flower, and shell." True, they have added nothing to the substantial strength and logical completeness of the argument, but they have added to its authentic completeness and moral beauty. Each new discovery of science is a trophy with which religion loves to adorn her altars.[34] Such language, addressed by a Catholic priest to a religious Confraternity, and received with cordial sympathy, certainly betrays no hostility to modern science, and perfectly accords with the observation of Sir John Lubbock, who declares himself 'fully satisfied that religion and science cannot in reality be at variance.'[35]

But it is quite otherwise with what Mr. Huxley calls 'modern civilization.' In this case his complaint is well founded, if we accept the definition of modern civilization given by writers of his own school. For true civilization, as for true science, the Church has so little motive of distrust or repugnance, that she regards it, with reason, as her own work. Even her adversaries confess, what they feel it would be irrational to deny, that Europe owes all which used to be included in the term civilization to *her* teaching and influence. But with our advanced thinkers the word

[34] *The Progress of the Age*, by Rev. Louis Heylen, p. 35.

[35] *Pre-Historic Times*, by Sir John Lubbock, Bart. F.R.S.; Preface, p. viii. 'Si la vérité est Dieu même, il s'ensuit, comme parle St. Augustin, que *toute science est bonne en soi*, et que la vrai est souverainement désirable, même indépendamment de l'utilité théologique qu'on en peut tirer.' Ozanam. *Œuvres Choisies*, p. 312, 1859.

has acquired a new signification, and represents a new order of ideas. Civilization and Christianity, in their judgment, have no longer anything in common. They are even founded on mutually antagonistic maxims. 'Christian morality,' says Mr. Mill, in his essay on liberty, 'is passive rather than active,' as any one may clearly perceive who examines its uneventful history, and 'in certain most important respects falls far below the best morality of the ancients.' Nor is this opinion peculiar to Mr. Mill. 'Modern philanthropy and Christianity,' says an English journal, which has some claims to be considered a representative organ, 'are two things *fundamentally opposed to each other*.' And then follows a decisive proof. 'It is impossible to reconcile such doctrines as eternal damnation with modern philanthropy.' What he means by modern philanthropy is not clear; but when we reflect what an attractive world it has constructed, how effectually it has banished from among us every trace of crime and suffering, with what new and fruitful virtues it has enriched human society, how it has facilitated the administration of law, and superseded the penalties of justice, we comprehend what an invaluable substitute it has proved for Christianity. This is so evident, as our journalist adds, that 'it is impossible to reconcile any form of systematic Christian theology with *what we call* civilization and progress. No one who really understands the matter,' which the philosopher of the *Pall Mall Gazette* does completely, 'would ever even try to do it.'[38]

Such being the nature of 'what we call civilization and progress,' there is some reason for surprise that Mr. Huxley should impute it as a reproach to the Church that she

[38] *Pall Mall Gazette*, October 12, 1869.

resists it. He might as well complain that the magistrate reproves the housebreaker, or that the legislature offers no reward to treason and sedition, as that an institution which was founded to maintain Christianity refuses to be reconciled with a so-called civilization which professedly aims at destroying it. The Church is by no means convinced, as Mr. Huxley appears to be, that the abolition of the Christian religion would be advantageous to human society, either morally or intellectually, and is less disposed than ever to consent to its destruction, when its enemies tell her what they propose to put in its place. 'At present,' Mr. Lecky observes, 'the tendency towards *materialism* is too manifest to escape the notice of any attentive observer;' while other Rationalists frankly avow, that it is towards *Pagan* materialism that they wish to conduct us. They are Pagan models only which they propose for our imitation. 'Marcus Aurelius,' Mr. Mill informs us, 'was a better Christian, in all but the dogmatic sense of the word, than almost any of the ostensibly Christian sovereigns who have since reigned.'[37] Mr. Matthew Arnold, a gentleman of cultivated mind and most amiable character, but who seems to be in an advanced stage of the 'modern thought' disease, goes still further. 'Marcus Aurelius,' he says, 'has for us moderns this great superiority in interest over Saint Louis or Alfred, that he lived and acted in a state of society modern by its essential characteristics, *in an epoch akin to our own*.'[38] It is impossible to be more candid. We begin to see what modern civilization and progress really mean. Their climax will be the revival of the golden age of Marcus Aurelius, of which, as Mr. Lecky truly

[37] *On Liberty*, ch. ii. p. 49.

[38] *Essays in Criticism*, p. 294, second edition.

observes, 'the moral condition is in some respects one of the most appalling pictures on record.' Modern civilization, therefore, though it has an imposing sound, appears to be only another name for ancient barbarism, and if it should triumph, will introduce us once more to the heathen bestiality of the Roman Empire under Marcus Aurelius, whom Mr. Arnold celebrates as one of 'the great masters of morals,' though it is not certain that he even believed in a future life, and though the pious sentiments of this Pagan emperor were written, not in order to be agreeable to God, which alone constitutes true virtue, but only that he might be worthy of his own admiration.[39]

A writer who has studied science, without ceasing on that account to be a Christian, observes, that 'in the present vagaries of scepticism we find so much of ancient theory remodelled, that it is impossible to tell what notions may not be revived in the next age.'[40] 'We are sure,' Dr. M'Cosh thinks, 'to be flooded with something still more intolerable' than the hero-worship produced by German pantheism, 'by ambitious youths each affecting to strike out a path of his own, in opinion and sentiment, speculative, practical, and religious.'[41] Meanwhile, our advanced thinkers, encouraged no doubt by the unexpected docility of their disciples, propose to revive, in the interests of

[39] Even as to the immortality of the soul, he 'never rose,' says Mr. Lecky, 'beyond a vague and mournful aspiration.' *History of European Morals*, vol. i. ch. ii. p. 193. 'Very far,' says another, 'was Marcus Aurelius from being gifted with that sort of electric force which could put itself out and transform the world, even if the Roman Empire were not too huge and corrupt for such a process.' *The Ethics of Aristotle*, by Sir Alexander Grant, Bart.; Essay vi. vol. i. p. 298, second edition.

[40] *Creation's Testimony*, ch. x. p. 234.

[41] *An Examination of Mr. J. S. Mill's Philosophy*, by James M'Cosh, LL.D., ch. xx. p. 389.

'modern civilization,' some portions at least of the old Greek and Roman mythologies. If they could invent anything newer, we may presume that they would do so, but what was esteemed as wholesome doctrine in the age of Marcus Aurelius is good enough for them. Mr. Ruskin, for example, inspired by an artist's predilection for the poetical side of heathenism, discovers a deep spiritual meaning in the ancient *cultus* of Minerva, and as Mr. Arnold observes, with apparent sympathy, finds great beauty in the story of Adonis, which 'could lead the soul to elevating and consoling thoughts!'[42] That Adonis was an attractive youth, at least in the judgment of such poets as Bion and Moschus, is not to be disputed, and he may have been of exemplary morals, though we are not prepared to produce any decisive evidence of it; but that he should be ranked, with Epictetus and Marcus Aurelius, among the 'great masters' of the science of virtue, and the dispensers of spiritual consolation, will perhaps surprise all but those who speak of God as 'the Unknowable.' Indeed our 'progress' is now becoming so rapid that we are in danger of being confused. The Knowable seems to us a trifle more perplexing than the Unknowable. Modern Christians, whose unprofitable clerical guides are only 'noble savages,' totally ignorant of 'the law of Nature,' are invited to learn true wisdom from the worshippers of Minerva and Adonis. A little while ago we learned that Osmosis is the 'new Gospel,' but this seems to be newer still. Perhaps we shall soon see sacred groves planted, somewhere between the Thames and the Tyne, and new temples erected to these agreeable divin-

[42] *Essays in Criticism*, p. 196.

ities, who are beginning to take their places in the capacious Pantheon of 'reformed Christianity.' We shall offer no objection, nor would it prevail if we did. They would certainly be as efficacious tutelary patrons as a Luther or a Cranmer, and infinitely more respectable than Barlow or Elizabeth; while, as a matter of taste, if one has a partiality for sculpture, one may without reproach prefer a statue of Minerva or Adonis to the best executed bust of Calvin or John Knox.[43]

If any one entertains the conviction that 'modern civilization,' which has already done so much, and seems likely to do more, to revive an effete paganism, is likely to be conducive to human dignity and happiness, he is more sanguine than some of its most eloquent advocates. It is a part of the fearful responsibility of such men, that they lead their disciples to believe in the 'new philosophy' a good deal more confidently than they do themselves. Mr. Lecky, though he vehemently defends Julian the Apostate, —that 'great and virtuous sovereign,' whose extraordinary merits 'could not shame the Christian community into the decency of silence!'—is almost pathetic in his disparaging estimate of modern civilization. He seems to agree with Addison, that 'the most polite ages are the least virtuous,' and that our own is not an exception to the rule. 'It has long been a mere truism,' he observes, 'that we are passing

[43] The connection between Protestantism and Paganism, as manifested in the literary creations of the former, is thus noticed by F. Schlegel: 'When compared with Dante and Tasso, who were his models, Milton, as a Protestant, labored under considerable disadvantages.' Having no Catholic ideas, 'he sought to supply the deficiency by means of fables and allegories selected from the Koran and the Talmud, a remedy not at all in harmonious unison with the general complexion of a serious Christian poem.' *History of Literature*, lecture xii.

through *a state of chaos, of anarchy, and of transition.* During the past century, the elements of dissolution have been multiplying all around us.'[44] He evidently does not even suspect that we owe these calamities to the moral and intellectual lawlessness of which 'modern thought' is both the source and expression; but perhaps he believes that Julian or Marcus Aurelius, if we were fortunate enough to possess such models, would do for our generation what they certainly did not do for their own. 'The abysses of depravity,' he allows, 'the hideous intolerable cruelty, the hitherto unimagined extravagances of nameless lust, that were then manifested on the Palatine, cast a fearful light upon the moral chaos into which pagan society had sunk,'—in spite of the beneficent influence of 'the great masters of morals.'[45] St. Paul could hardly describe the state of the pagan world with more energy, and Mr. Lecky, with the candor which rarely deserts him, goes on to contrast the change which Catholic influence effects in the human character, with the horrible deterioration which modern civilization tends to produce. 'Sincerely Catholic nations,' he remarks—and the confession entitles him to the prayers of Christians—'are distinguished for their reverence, for their habitual and vivid perception of religious things, for the warmth of their emotions, for a certain amiability of disposition, and a certain natural courtesy and refinement of manner that are inexpressibly winning.' Christian civilization, in the judgment of this able man, does not appear to be quite a failure. 'Neither in its ideal type,' he observes elsewhere, 'nor in the general tenor of its doctrines or devotions, is Protestantism' of which 'modern civilization' is the most

[44] *Rationalism*, vol. i. ch. ii. p. 187.
[45] *European Morals*, vol. i. ch. ii. p. 276.

conspicuous product—'as congenial to the nature of woman as the religion it superseded.' Whether a religion which is not congenial to the purer half of creation—to such ornaments of our race as St. Theresa and St. Catherine in a past age, or Madame Swetchine and Adelaide Procter in our own—can be said to be worth much, we need not stop to inquire. In flat contradiction to Mr. Mill and the philosopher of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, Mr. Lecky further admits, that the beneficent works of the Catholic Church 'constitute together a movement of philanthropy which has never been paralleled or approached in the pagan world;' that the boasted 'intellectual superiority of modern times is purchased by the sacrifice of something of dignity and elevation of human character;' and finally, that 'the spirit of content, repose, and retrospective reverence,' which animates sincere Catholics, '*is pre-eminently wanting* in modern civilization.' Mr. Lecky is at least so far impressed by the contrast which he eloquently proclaims, as to close his remarkable book with this sorrowful cry of a conscience not wholly seared: "It is impossible to deny that we have lost something in our progress.' [46]

[46] *European Morals*, vol. i. ch. ii. p 155, vol. ii. ch. iv. p. 107, ch. v. p. 390; *Rationalism*, vol. ii. ch. vi. p. 409. It is not a pleasant duty to speak of this distinguished writer with disrespect, yet it is necessary to show what are the qualifications of those who aspire to form public opinion in England, even on the gravest subjects. 'Mr. Lecky,' observes Prior Vaughan, 'with his usual accuracy for dates, says: "Thomas Aquinas was probably the ablest writer of the fourteenth (!) century, and he assures us that diseases and tempests are the direct work of the devil; that the devil can transport men at his pleasure through the air, and that he can transform them into any shape" (*Rationalism in Europe*, vol. i. p. 72). Now, considering St. Thomas, who wrote so ably in the fourteenth century, not only died before the end of the thirteenth, but also wrote rather voluminously, it is a pity we should be left quite in the dark as to *where* he made those statements.' *Life of St. Thomas*, ch. i. p. 62.

What they have lost, though they do not seem to know it, is all which is really valuable to man—faith, hope, and charity,—'the promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come.' And the nation which enjoys the benefit of their counsel and example appears to be quite resigned to the loss. 'A thousand years ago,' we have been told by the Protestant biographer of King Alfred,—and therefore a good many centuries before England began to 'reform' her religion and her civilization,—'faith in Christ was practically the deepest and strongest force in the national life.' Few people, I suppose, would venture to give a similar account of our country since it fell under the influence of 'modern thought.' England is chiefly remarkable *now*, says Professor Ruskin, 'for the multiplication of crimes more ghastly than ever yet disgraced a nominal civilization.'[47] 'We have become so shamelessly familiar,' adds Mr. Wilkie Collins, 'with violence and outrage, that we recognize them as a necessary ingredient in our social system, and class our savages as a representative part of our population.'[48] 'In all our great towns,' observes a lively nautical theologian, who regards the Catholic Faith with much the same feelings as a Celsus or a Porphyry did, and knows rather less about it, 'there is a mass of human beings whose want, misery, and filth are more patent to the eye, and blatant to the ear, and pungent to the nostrils, than in almost any other towns in the world.' 'People,' he thinks, 'will wonder, some day, that their fathers had a great human sink in every great town reeking out crime, disease, and disloyalty on the whole nation. I have seen the serfs in Russia, the slaves in

[47] *The Queen of the Air*, p. 145.

[48] *Man and Wife*, preface, p. 9.

Africa, and the negroes in America; but there are thousands of people in England in a far worse plight than these.'[49] A hundred witnesses draw the same picture of our actual condition, and some in still darker shades.[50] Mr. Matthew Arnold had evidently reason to say that the age of Marcus Aurelius was 'an epoch akin to our own,' and the writer in the *Fall Mall Gazette* that Christianity and modern civilization 'are two things fundamentally opposed to each other.'

'What,' asks Mr. Arnold, 'under the first emperors, was the condition of the Roman poor upon the Aventine compared with that of our poor in Spitalfields and Bethnal Green? What in comfort, morals, and happiness were the rural population of the Sabine country under Augustus's reign, compared with the rural population of Hertfordshire or Buckinghamshire under the rule of Queen Victoria?'[51] What, he might have added, does it matter to the brutalized masses of England or North Germany, void of supernatural life, and constantly sinking into a lower abyss of animalism, that a handful of students are making discoveries in geology or solar chemistry, that Mr. Tyndall can investigate the properties of light, or Sir Charles Lyell make guesses about the antiquity of man? Are the masses in England, or elsewhere, better lodged, more copiously fed, more decently clothed, because Mr. Darwin informs them that they are probably the descendants of apes, who have worn off their tails by sitting upon them? Is it any com-

[49] *The Voyage Alone*, by John Macgregor, M.A., ch. iv. pp. 65, 68.

[50] 'The physical, moral, intellectual, and educational state of the lower orders in England is the lowest on the scale I have ever witnessed . . . quite on a par with that of the savage, and sometimes even below it.' *The United States*, &c., by John Shaw, M.D., F.G.S., ch. x. p. 244.

[51] *Essays in Criticism*, p. 188.

pensation of their miseries to be told that 'the being called man is a concurrence of atoms, acted upon by a voltaic pile, and emitting sparks of thought'? Will it ameliorate their lot in this world, or help them in the dread passage to the next, to be assured that God is Unknowable, that Osmosis is the true Gospel, or that to study the law of Nature is the only rational substitute for the hopes which they have lost, the only suitable employment of faculties which they never possessed? Yet this is all which modern philanthropy and civilization are able to do for them.[52]

On the other hand, the Catholic Church—which, as Mr. Lecky tells us, converted and civilized the barbarian world, 'almost in the hour when that world became supreme,' and is as able to do it now as she was in the days of St. Paul or St. Leo the Great, if the princes of this world did not combine together to impede her work—still adorns even the humblest of her children with that 'inexpressibly winning' refinement which 'is pre-eminently wanting in modern civilization.' 'The uneducated Anglo-Saxon,' says an American Protestant, in spite of strong religious prejudice, '*is a savage;* the Italian . . . *is a civilized man.*'[53] A more capable witness, who is herself one of the fairest products of the Christian refinement which she knows so well how to describe, says: 'The refinement of a devout Italian of the lower orders is different from any other kind of refinement, except perhaps what is sometimes seen in the

[52] Speaking of the very province which gave birth to the so-called Reformation, Mr. Mayhew says: 'We never saw such wretchedness, such squalor, such meanness in beggary, such utter want of truth and friendship, in the darkest dens, nor among the most luckless of the vagrants congregated in the British Metropolis, as are to be found even in the families of the middle-class citizens of Saxony.' *German Life and Manners*, vol. i. p. 116. Yet Saxony has enjoyed all the privileges which 'modern thought' could bestow upon it.

[53] *Venetian Life*, by W. D. Howells, ch. xx. p. 343, 1866.

Irish poor. There is a grace and sweetness about it quite distinct from what education or natural amiability produces; something of poetry mixes with it, and yet it is perfectly simple. It helps us to picture to ourselves the fishermen of Galilee, and even the holy house of Nazareth.'[54] 'There is a natural talent about the *Spaniards*,' says Washington Irving, 'which renders them intellectual and agreeable companions whatever may be their condition in life, or however imperfect may have been their education: add to this, they are never vulgar; nature'—he did not know what share faith and the sacraments had in it—'has endowed them with an inherent dignity of spirit.'[55] Of the devout *French*, a Presbyterian writer, more self-complacent in her judgments than even most of her class, says: 'the worshippers,' in the first Catholic church she ever visited, 'all kneeling, and absorbed, every one of them, in an intensity of devotion that there is no mistaking, and cannot possibly be pretence, affect us most of all.'[56] What the *Irish* peasant can be, as long as he is docile to the inspirations of religion, may be seen even in Mr. Trench's sketches of Mary Shea, Alice McMahon, or Patsy McDermot.[57] To turn from such Catholic types to the English, Scotch, or North German *plebs*, is to perceive at one glance the distinction between Christian and 'modern' civilization, between what the Church can effect, and the sects can only degrade or destroy.[58]

[54] *Mrs. Gerald's Niece*, by Lady Georgiana Fullerton, vol. iii. ch. xvii. p. 3[illegible].

[55] *The Alhambra*, Works, vol. ii. p. 1196.

[56] *Fair France*, ch. i. pp. 12, 13.

[57] *Realities of Irish Life*, by W. Stewart Trench, Esq.

[58] Mr. Mayhew, alluding to 'the cant which is extremely consoling to the minds of English clergymen' about 'the social benefits of the Reformation,' candidly says: 'We can conscientiously aver that the Rhenish *Catholic* popu

It does not appear, then, even by the testimony of those who are contributing most actively to its development, that modern civilization, when contrasted with that which it seeks to supplant, has much claim to our respect. Judging it by its fruits, we have reason to say, with the permission of Mr. Huxley, not only that the Catholic Church is without reproach in denouncing it, but that unless she is allowed to do once more what she alone *can* do, what she has done so often before, and what the suicidal indiscretion of living princes and statesmen strives to prevent her doing now, the ruin of human society cannot be long averted. Already the practical atheism of all European governments, and the banishment of God from any share in their councils, except when His Name is profanely invoked to cover some deed of rapine or injustice, is producing its inevitable results. The 'logic of the masses,' who ask with reason why they should respect a human, when they are taught by the example of their rulers to despise a Divine authority, has consistently applied the principles of which the latter vainly hoped to retain the exclusive control. The Communist only says to the statesman, who has proved to him that he can dispense with God, as the Rationalist says to the Protestant, who has assured him that he can dispense with the Church, 'It shall go hard, but I will better the instruction.' 'Nor is it, alas, very improbable,' said Hugh Miller, who knew the temper of both, 'that the ever-grow-

lation is by many degrees less squalid and less beggarly in their appearance than the common people of Saxony.' *German Life*, p. 385. Mr. Laing is a good deal more emphatic in the same sense. Another writer says: 'It is precisely in the tracts of country which are Catholic to the core that the peasants are most prosperous. In the Catholic half of Westphalia they are more like well-to-do farmers than like peasants, in the English sense of the word. *Dublin Review*. October, 1872, p. 341.

ing masses of our large towns, 'broken loose from the sanction of religion and morals, may yet terribly avenge on the upper classes and the churches of the country the indifferency into which they have been suffered to sink.' They have made considerable progress since his day in that direction. Already they have created the 'Commune' and the 'International,' and are rapidly producing in all European lands a horde of savages, more impious and ferocious than ever disgraced humanity since the irruption of the Hun and the Goth, and less capable of conversion, because most of them have sinned, as the Pagans of old never did, against light and truth. If 'modern thought' should continue to inspire the educated and governing classes, and shape the policy of so-called statesmen, who are now the most active assailants of that Spiritual Power to which alone the world owes both order and liberty, and of whom the worst agents of the socialist revolution are but the advanced and logical pupils; if a spurious philosophy should persuade men to believe that God is the Unknowable, and that therefore we have no duties towards Him, we shall arrive in a few years at a state of society in which, 'content, repose, and reverence' being extinct, brute force will be everywhere the highest law, as it is already in more than one European kingdom, and justice and mercy will have disappeared from the earth. Already our advanced thinkers, it has been well observed, 'have imagined a hell worse than that of theologians, and would turn the world into that hell.'[59] Under the influence of such teachers, unless God should put a bridle in their lips, the golden age of Marcus Aurelius will be speedily revived, the burden of

[59] *Saturday Review*, November 21, 1868.

human life will become as intolerable as it was in the mournful days which preceded the advent of our Redeemer, and every motive for prolonging it will be so effectually destroyed, that, in order to escape from such a world, all who are not assassinated will probably commit suicide.

To arrest this retrogression of human society towards chaos and barbarism, which our advanced thinkers, alarmed for their own ease and tranquillity, inconsistently deprecate, while every word they utter tends to accelerate it, Protestantism is confessedly impotent. It is the maxims of the so-called Reformation, promptly transferred from the theological to the political sphere, and equally fatal in both, which have dissolved in so many lands, and weakened in others, the social and spiritual fabric which the Christian Church had built up; while in our own country, it is the shameful spectacle of confusion and disorder presented by the Anglican establishment, which has first excited the passionate contempt of thoughtful men, unacquainted with any nobler form of religion, and then provoked them to regard all which relates to God and the soul as Unknowable.

If Mr. Mill and others think Christian inferior to Pagan morality, it is probably because they fix their attention only upon certain phenomena which everywhere accompany Protestantism. 'When one looks,' says Mr. Matthew Arnold, 'at the English Divorce Court—an institution which perhaps has its practical conveniences, but which in the ideal sphere is so hideous; an institution which neither makes divorce impossible nor makes it decent, which allows a man to get rid of his wife, or a wife of her husband, but makes them drag one another first, for the public edification, through a mire of unutterable infamy—when one

looks at this charming institution, I say, with its crowded benches, its newspaper reports, and its money compensations—this institution, in which the gross unregenerate British Philistine has indeed stamped an image of himself—one may be permitted to find the marriage theory of Catholicism refreshing and elevating.'[60] Yet the Church of England, always in harmony with 'modern civilization,' has accepted this beautiful invention with its accustomed docility, and perhaps we shall some day see an Anglican bishop avail himself of its 'practical conveniences.'

It is no doubt on account of such symptoms of decay and degradation that our attention is now solicited by so many English writers, impatient of the senseless contradictions of Protestantism, and scandalized by its indecency, to what they consider the failure of Christianity, and the superior beauty and impressiveness of pagan morals. They have become weary of the gods of Cranmer, Barlow, and Knox, and begin to turn admiring glances towards the gods of the heathen. Christianity has disappointed them. Their pure nature aspires to a higher and less 'passive' morality. They desiderate a more energetic virtue than can be found in the Sister of Charity, and a loftier ethical programme than that of the New Testament. Epictetus and Marcus Aurelius, not St. John or St. Paul, are for them, as we learn from Mr. Matthew Arnold, the 'great masters of morals.' Julian the Apostate, 'whose private life,' Mr. Lecky considers, 'was a model of purity,' is as far above Christian saints, as Marcus Aurelius, according to Mr. Mill, is above Christian kings. Certain doctrines of St. Augustine, says the accomplished historian of Rationalism,

[60] *Essays in Criticism*, p. 32.

'surpass in atrocity any tenets that have ever been admitted into any pagan creed;' while the contemplation of Adonis, observes the equally gifted Mr. Ruskin, 'could lead the soul to elevating and consoling thoughts.' Minerva also, who interfered so efficaciously to assist her Greek friends under the walls of Troy, would no doubt have been of much service to the English in India, or to the French in their recent campaign, if it had only occurred to them to invoke her. Perhaps the disciples of modern thought—who constantly remind us of the confession of D'Alembert, that 'nothing is so credulous as incredulity'—when they are weary of such new toys as Osmosis and Brain-waves, may be induced to concentrate their undivided attention upon the populous hierarchy of the ancient Olympus. Meanwhile, as their teachers invite us to contemplate heathen models, who have, 'for us moderns, great superiority in interest over St. Louis or Alfred,' we shall be reproached with a vain desire to 'resist the progress of science and civilization' if we decline the invitation.

We have, in fact, no temptation to do so. We are deeply persuaded, on the contrary, that such a generation as ours may learn much from the heathen sages. Vague and mournful as their aspirations after truth may have been, they were at least not so profoundly ignorant of all which it concerns men to know as our advanced thinkers. 'We ourselves,' says Mr. Ruskin, 'fretted here in our narrow days, know less, perhaps, in very deed, than' the ancient heathen 'what manner of spirit we are of, or what manner of spirit we ignorantly worship.'[61] In this confession there is no appearance of exaggeration. It does not

[61] *The Queen of the Air*, p. 116.

even express the whole truth. If the heathen philosophers knew little of God, they at least valued what they thought they knew, eagerly aspired to know more, and even proposed such knowledge to their disciples as the highest object of rational inquiry. Our advanced thinkers, on the other hand, neither know nor admit that it is possible to know anything whatever about 'that through which all things exist.' To men like Plato and Aristotle, in spite of their own calamities, such a profession would have appeared both an intolerable impiety and an avowal of intellectual abasement. 'The God whom Plato adores,' says Ozanam, the illustrious French physiologist, 'is *proved*, not only by the mechanical forces of nature, but by the general order which reigns there.'[62] Even modern science, when not allied with vulgar impiety, reasons as Plato did. 'We are compelled,' says Professor Owen, 'to regard the Great Cause of all, not like certain philosophic ancients, as a uniform and quiescent mind, as an all-pervading *anima mundi*, but as an active and anticipating intelligence.' 'The highest generalizations in the science of organic bodies,' he adds, 'like the Newtonian laws of universal matter, lead to the conviction of a great First Cause, which is certainly not mechanical.'[63] It may be doubted whether the more enlightened sages of the heathen world, Greek, Roman, or Indian, ever fell so low as some of the most conspicuous living writers of England. *They* were at least conscious of their own misery, and vaguely desired to escape from it by such means as they knew how to employ. To take refuge in sullen ignorance, under the pretence of scientific precision, did not seem to *them* either 'our

[62] Quoted by Prior Vaughan, *Life of St. Thomas*, vol. ii. ch. vii. p. 644.

[63] *Palæontology*, p. 450.

highest wisdom' or 'our highest duty.' To admire such ignorance, as the evidence of a critical and philosophical spirit, would have appeared to Plato and his school a revolting absurdity. They perceived that there are truths outside the sphere of observed natural phenomena, and that since our nature impels us to take cognizance of them, in spite of the impotent prohibition of pretended philosophers, we have probably the power to do so. Nothing which man can know, in the natural order, said Aristotle, 'is the highest knowledge, unless we also hold that man is the noblest object in the universe.' Such men were so far from tolerating the gross assumptions of modern thought,—that natural reason suffices for the acquisition of all knowable truth, that no other faculty exists, and no other conditions are required for its pursuit,—that they emphatically denied these first principles of the 'new philosophy,' and even passionately invoked the supernatural aids of which they recognized their own need.[64] For Plato, God is not only 'the eternally knowing,' but 'the eternally known.' It is not he who would have disputed, if he had known, the statement of Christian theology, that 'God is infinitely knowable in Himself, because, as He is infinite Being, He is infinite Truth, without any obscurity of limit. Moreover, as He is a pure Spirit, He is for that reason easily cognizable by the created intellect.'[65] Indeed, as the late Dean Mansel observed, 'the older philosophers,' who would have disdained to listen to the impious and petulant

[64] It has been well observed that 'with Aristotle, *φρόνησις, wisdom*, is not a merely intellectual quality.'

[65] *Sermons* by Rev. Thomas Harper, Preface, p. 13. For Plato, God is not the Unknowable, but ὁ κάλλιστος καὶ ἄριστος μέτων ἀεὶ ἁπλοῦς ἐν τῇ αὐτοῦ μορφῇ. Rep. 381 c.

absurdities which are now put forth in the name of science, 'in general distinguished between the senses and the intellect, regarding the former as deceptive, and concerned with phenomena alone, the latter as trustworthy and *conversant with the realities of things*.'[66] Both Plato and Aristotle would, no doubt, have appreciated the Baconian method; but they would not have made the mistake of referring to the Unknowable the higher truths to which that method cannot be applied. Reason could do much, they wisely thought, though it did very little for them; but there were some things, they understood, which it could *not* do. Unlike the philosophers of our day, they admitted, or at least suspected, the existence of another faculty, though they did not themselves possess it, and proclaimed the absolute necessity of a *Divine Teacher*, in order to obtain a knowledge of the highest truth. So deeply did they feel this want, that a wail of anguish and despair was heard throughout the ancient world, because it was still unsatisfied. Nothing is more certain than this, that before the Nativity of the God-Man, His approach was heralded by Pagans as well as by Jews. They had, indeed, corrupted the primitive traditions, and by their own fault, as St. Paul told them, had lost the knowledge of God, who 'delivered them up to a reprobate sense;'[67] but at least they were guiltless of rejecting the Revelation of which they confessed their need, and which eventually became their light and life, in Rome, in Athens, and in Antioch, and wherever else they had set up the temples of their false gods. It was reserved for men of another race, living in a society which owes its very existence to the Christian religion, and

[66] *The Philosophy of the Conditioned*, by H. L. Mansel, B.D., p. 65.
[67] Rom. i. 28.

in a region of the earth filled with its monuments and institutions, to 'crucify the Son of God afresh,' to return voluntarily to a condition below that of the pagans, to quench in their own souls the light which the latter rejoiced to see, and to commit this unsurpassed crime eighteen centuries after that beneficent light had begun to illuminate our lower world from pole to pole.

And it is in the name of science and philosophy that this dismal eclipse of the soul is represented, by such writers as Mr. Spencer, as a salutary transformation, in which it is both 'our highest wisdom and our highest duty' to acquiesce. It is not enough to have exchanged the supernatural liberty to which the Christian is heir for an abjection more complete, because more conscious, than that of the untutored savage, unless they also exult in their loss as a gain. More enslaved than they to whom the reproach was first addressed, our so-called philosophers 'glory in their shame.' Burrowing in the earth like moles, they persuade themselves that they are soaring in the air like eagles. 'The very light that is in them is darkness.' When the Greeks had learned to know and love Him whom our modern pagans insult as the 'Unknowable,' they sang to Him a hymn of which the first words were, *Φῶς ἱλαρόν*. Of that 'blissful light,' of which the composition defies their mechanical investigation, our modern thinkers not only know nothing, but would not value it if they did, unless they could first submit it to the spectrum analysis. Their profession is to be critical and scientific, whatever the rest of the world may be, or how would they deserve to be called 'advanced thinkers'? They are men of talent, or they are nothing. And yet, if it were a question simply of mental capacity, as they seem to think, the number of

able men who have believed in God and the supernatural far exceeds the number of able men who have denied them. Genius condemns the new philosophy as loudly as religion. Plato, who made the immortality of the soul the cardinal point of his philosophy, was almost as intelligent as Mr. Spencer. Aristotle, who believed in 'necessary truths,' was not inferior in natural gifts to Mr. Mill, who denies them. And if we come to Christian sages, St. Augustine had a loftier intellect than Mr. Tyndall; Suarez was more subtle than Mr. Bain; Kepler more profound than Mr. Buckle; Bossuet more eloquent and clear-sighted than Mr. Froude; and Newman more sagacious than Mr. Huxley. To such men, and to a multitude of intellectual giants of all races and epochs, compared with whom our fluent scientists are of exceedingly small stature, the 'new philosophy' would have appeared equally trivial and profane. They would have rejected it with scorn, not only as pretentious and superficial, but because it takes no account of hopes and aspirations which God has planted in our souls, and which have never lost their energy since the first creation of man.

That Plato would have exulted in the transporting truths which Revelation has made known to us, but which our advanced thinkers, as they call themselves, fancy it a proof of superior intelligence to ignore, may be reasonably inferred from all that we know of his character and opinions. There is nothing extravagant in the observation of a living writer, that 'Plato, had he been a Christian, would have been a monk, and one of the noblest Fathers of the Church.'[68] That this 'purest of the Greeks' accepted,

[68] *Life of St. Thomas*, by Prior Vaughan, vol. ii. ch. vii p. 636.

meanwhile, the common consent of mankind as the imperfect and provisional substitute for the Revelation of which he felt the need, he expressly declares. Thus he makes Socrates say that men must trust to 'unbroken tradition,' until perhaps 'some Divine revelation, or λόγος θεῖος,' should give them a surer guide. The general conviction of the whole human race, in which the new prophets affect to see only the evidence of a common delusion, appeared to *him* the most decisive proof of a Divine action upon the human conscience. He declines to admit, what his own sorrowful experience disproved, that reason suffices to lead men to truth. He is continually invoking 'the aid of God,' but recognizes a certain partial and inchoate revelation in the common sentiments (κοιναὶ ἔννοιαι) of mankind. It is true that, in spite of the splendor of his natural gifts, he is himself the most notable illustration of a truth to which Leland and other writers have called attention. The Revelation for which all creation groaned was not made, they observe, until it had been a thousand times proved that natural reason, even in its maturest strength, was utterly impotent to dispel the darkness of the soul, or to preserve our race from an ignorance, degradation, and despair so horrible, that when at length the Creator descended from heaven to rescue a world which seemed to be in the agony of dissolution, life was already, to most of its inhabitants, either an insoluble enigma or an intolerable anguish. 'Providence allowed these great men,' such as Plato and Socrates, 'to testify by their very nobleness of character to the fact that man, with the highest human gifts, is not self-sufficing; that nature has been struck; that man cannot be his own physician; that the best and purest that he can do, when endowed with the most perfect natural

qualities, witnesses to his imbecility, and calls for a higher light.'[69]

Yet these baffled and impotent sages of antiquity, struggling wearily in a vortex from which there was no issue, were both more innocent and more rational than our self-complacent thinkers, who are as inferior to them in the instinct of piety as in genius and common sense. Aristotle, who reduced to a scientific form the sublime but incoherent aspirations of Plato, with whom he is not to be compared morally,[70] teaches not only the duty of submission to 'authority,' but the necessity of virtue as a condition of attaining to the highest truth. In the concurrent testimony of the wisest men, his vast intellect recognizes, as Cicero did, 'a moral demonstration.'[71] He agrees with Plato, that 'the soul cannot acquire a habit of right vision without moral virtue.'[72] Though a diligent student of natural phenomena, in which he was often deceived, owing to his imperfect means of observation,[73] it may be said of him, as of Socrates, that, unlike Mr. Huxley and his school, 'he turned men's minds *from* the physical world upon themselves.'[74] Such men, though they strove in vain to emancipate their souls from error, because they knew not how to pray, disdained to grovel in Matter, or to make 'the law of Nature' the sole object of rational investigation. So universal was their recognition of 'authority,' as a guide in

[69] *Life of St. Thomas*, by Prior Vaughan, vol. ii. ch. vii. p. 612.

[70] Dean Blakesley observes of Aristotle and Plato, 'the one strengthens the intellect, the other elevates the spirit.' *Life of Aristotle*, ch ii. p. 12.

[71] 'Omnis autem in re consensio omnium gentium lex naturæ putanda est.' *Tusc. Disp.* i. 30.

[72] *Ethics*, vi. 12.

[73] 'The vigilance of scientific scepticism was wanting.' *Aristotle*, by George Henry Lewes, ch. vi. p. 109.

[74] Prior Vaughan.

questions of the soul, that, as Gibbon notices with displeasure, speaking of a much later period, 'the tenets of the ancient philosophers were received with blind deference and unqualified submission.'

The professors of the new philosophy, though some of them reluctantly admit a certain force in the general testimony of mankind, are chiefly solicitous to disparage and evade it. 'Religious ideas,' observes Mr. Spencer, 'are almost if not quite universal;' but the fact, from which the wisest of the pagans endeavored to derive a practical conclusion, impresses him so little, that his only care is how to get rid of it. With a skilful semblance of judicial candor, he suggests that 'we are obliged to admit, that if not supernaturally derived, as the majority contend, they must be derived'—an alternative which he wishes his readers to adopt—'out of human experiences, slowly accumulated and organized.'[75] With such idle words, of which the nullity is thinly veiled under a false air of critical acuteness, he gaily disposes of questions which even pagans approached with a kind of awe, and handled with something of that 'reverence' which, as Mr. Lecky remarks, 'is pre-eminently wanting in modern civilization.' It was not with a jest or a sneer, still less with the insolent vanity which made Hobbes describe his own religious opinions as 'a strain above the apprehension of the vulgar,' that the best of the pagans responded to the interrogations of their disciples. They knew little, but at least they knew how to give a grave answer to a grave question. They respected the fears, doubts, and hopes to which they could offer no relief or satisfaction, but by which none were more deeply

[75] *First Principles*, ch. i. p. 14.

agitated than themselves. They proclaimed, in spite of the impenetrable darkness in which they lived, the elementary postulates which our modern pagans reject at the suggestion of a spurious science: the authority of universal tradition as a witness to truth; the necessity of 'a habit of right vision' in investigating it; and the utter inadequacy of human reason as an instrument in acquiring it, without 'the aid of God.'[76]

We have reason, therefore, to be surprised that our modern scientists, however disgusted they may be by the moral and intellectual aspects of the only form of Christianity with which they are familiar, should invite their disciples to contemplate pagan models. How little sympathy they really have with them is proved by the fact that they sneer at Plato as a 'mystic'—because, pagan as he was, he had more religion than themselves—and cannot pardon Aristotle—though he was 'the father of the inductive philosophy,'[77] and 'one of the most extraordinary men, if not the very most, that the world has ever produced'[78]—because he has been utilized by Catholic theologians. It is not from Plato or Aristotle that they will learn to esteem more highly the force of unaided human reason, since none have proved more clearly its imbecility than the very men who possessed it in its greatest vigor. The monstrous conceptions of heathen philosophy were the product of an epoch in which, as Mr. Grote observes, 'the number of individual intellects, independent, inquisitive, and acute,

[76] Professor Lewis observes that, with Plato and his school, εὐσέβεια 'is made the parent of all the other virtues, and the first in the estimation of Heaven.' *Plato against the Atheists*, p. 260.

[77] *Aristotle*, by George Henry Lewes, ch. v. p. 108.

[78] Blakesley, *Life of Aristotle*, ch. ii. p. 12.

always rare everywhere, was comparatively less rare.'[79] The period of greatest intellectual vigor coincided with that of the deepest abasement of our race. Yet it is not pagans, fallen as they were, who will tell their fellows that it is their 'highest duty' to renounce their God and Father; to believe that religion is a delusion because God is Unknowable; and that Matter is the only object of interest to the human intellect. To *their* disciples, inquiring after the highest truth, the heathen sages would have replied after this manner: 'Respect authority, cultivate virtue, and hope for some λόγος θεῖος, or divine revelation.' To the same inquirers, our advanced thinkers have only this to say: 'We know nothing about it, except that it is Unknowable. Revelation is a chimera, and your inquiries a waste of time. Stick to Matter; study the laws of Nature; for in these, and not in religion or virtue, is the whole education of man.'

'It is only too evident that such men are forming in our England a generation compared with which Greeks were devout, and Romans reverential. If the God of Christians is to some of them Unknowable, to others He is—one hardly dares to say what. Surpassing all the worst excesses of paganism, there are men among ourselves, in this nineteenth century, who have already arrived at that lowest abyss of horror into which the creature can fall—conscious hatred of their Creator. After hating His Church, and the truths which He bade her teach, they have come, by a kind of logical necessity, to hate Him. With deliberate phrase, men whom He has endowed with excellent natural gifts, that they might use them to His glory, speak of the God

[79] *Plato, and the other Companions of Sokrates*, by George Grote, F.R.S. Preface, p. vii.

of Revelation as a monster of injustice and cruelty. 'What ever power such a being may have over me,' says a well-known English philosopher, 'there is one thing he shall not do; he shall not compel me to worship him. I will call no being good who is not what I mean when I apply that epithet to my fellow-creatures; and if such a being can sentence me to hell for not so calling him, to hell I will go.'[80] Of these horrible words, Mr. Grote says: 'We cordially sympathize with his resolution.'[81] 'If an angel,' observes another, 'were to tell me to believe in eternal punishment, I would not do it.' He would 'rather believe the angel a delusion,' he adds, '*than that God is monstrous*.'[82] A fourth and fifth, Mr. Tyndall and Mr. Galton, offer to prove, by statistical tables, that prayer is never heard. If certain doctrines of St. Augustine, says Mr. Lecky, who probably misunderstands them, 'formed an essential part of Christianity, they would amply justify the term "*pernicious superstition*" which Tacitus applied to the faith.'[83] As if to show that Christian morals are as distasteful to them as Christian dogma, the same writer observes: 'Had the Irish peasants been less chaste, they would have been more prosperous. Had that fearful famine, which in the present century desolated the land, fallen upon a people who thought more of

[80] *Examination of Sir William Hamilton's Philosophy*, by J. S. Mill, ch. vii. p. 103, second edition.

[81] *Review of Mr. Mill's Examination*, etc., by George Grote, p. 46. The verse of Empedocles seems applicable here. '*Ah, wretch! whose soul dark thoughts of God invade.*' See *Plato against the Atheists*, by Tayler Lewis, LL.D., Professor of Greek in the University of New York, p. 125.

[82] *Autobiography of Leigh Hunt*, p. 439.

[83] 'Such teaching,' he adds, 'is in fact simply dæmonism. . . . It attributes to the Creator *acts of injustice and of barbarity* . . . which are in fact considerably worse than any that theologians have attributed to the devil.' *European Morals*, vol. i. ch. i. p. 99.

accumulating subsistence than of avoiding sin, multitudes might now be living who perished by literal starvation.'[84] Of such a sentiment one can only say, what even a coarse unbeliever said of Benjamin Franklin: 'With all his abilities, he is but at the head of those who think that man lives by bread alone.'

The impiety of our advanced thinkers justifies its hatred of the God of Christians by the assumption that His decrees cannot be reconciled with scientific notions of justice. That their own idea of Divine justice is the true one, and that His ought to agree with it, does not appear to them to admit of dispute. Why should God know more about it than they do? They are prepared to argue the matter, and are persuaded that they could convince Him, if the opportunity occurred, that He ought at least to divest Himself of some of His more objectionable attributes. 'Eternal damnation,' for example, as the *Pall Mall Gazette* complains, is wholly obnoxious to 'modern philanthropy.' Let God be just, by all means; but let us hear nothing of hell or eternal punishment, lest we be obliged to say that 'God is monstrous.' As whatever we say is not likely to produce much effect, and God will certainly maintain His all holy decrees, whether 'advanced thinkers' like them or not, it would perhaps be more to the purpose, as well as a good deal more philosophical, to endeavor to avert His just wrath, which we can all do if we choose, than foolishly to provoke it. It will not afford much consolation to the reprobate, any more than it does to the victims of human justice, to be able to assure one another that they were unfairly condemned.

[84] *European Morals*, v. i. ch. i. p. 153.

'We are told by Goethe in his Autobiography,' says a modern writer, who applies his scientific knowledge to the elucidation of this mystery, 'that he had attained his sixth year when the terrible earthquake at Lisbon took place—"an event," he says, "which greatly disturbed his peace of mind for the first time." He could not reconcile a catastrophe so suddenly destructive to thousands with the ideas which he had already formed for himself of a Providence all-powerful and all-benevolent. But he afterwards learned, he tells us, to recognize in such events the "*God of the Old Testament.*" I know not in what spirit the remark was made; but this I know, that it is the God of the Old Testament whom we see exhibited in all nature and in all providence. . . . It is a truth as certain as the existence of a southern hemisphere, or the motion of the earth round both its own axis and the great solar centre, that, untold ages ere man had sinned or suffered, the animal creation exhibited exactly its present state of war; that the strong, armed with formidable weapons, exquisitely constructed to kill, preyed upon the weak; and that the weak, sheathed, many of them, in defensive armor equally admirable in its mechanism, and ever increasing and multiplying upon the earth far beyond the requirements of the mere maintenance of their races, were enabled to escape, as species, the assaults of the tyrant tribes, and to exist unthinned for unreckoned ages. It has been weakly and impiously urged—as if it were merely with the geologist that men had to settle this matter—that such an economy of warfare and suffering—of warring, and being warred upon—would be, in the words of the infant Goethe, unworthy of an all-powerful and all-benevolent Providence, and in effect a libel on His government and character. But that grave

charge we leave the objectors to settle with the great Creator Himself. Be it theirs, not ours, according to the poet, to

> "Snatch from His hand the balance and the rod,
> Rejudge His justice, be the god of God."

Be it enough for the geologist rightly to interpret the record of creation—to declare the truth as he finds it—to demonstrate, from evidence no clear intellect ever yet resisted, that He, the Creator, from whom even the young lions seek their food, and who giveth to all the beasts, great and small, their meat in due season, ever wrought as He now works in His animal kingdom; that He gave to the primæval fishes their spines and their stings, to the primæval reptiles their trenchant teeth and their strong armor of bone, to the primæval mammals their great tusks and their sharp claws; that He of old divided all His creatures, as now, into animals of prey and animals preyed upon; that from the beginning of things He inseparably established among non-responsible existences the twin laws of generation and of death; nay, farther, passing from the established truths of *Geologic* to one of the best-established truths of *Theologic* science, God's eternal justice and truth, —let us assert that in the Divine Government, the matter of fact always determines the question of right; and that whatever has been done by Him who rendereth no account to man of His matters, He had in all ages, and in all places, an unchallengeable right to do.'[85]

How far this argument applies to the vindication of His unsullied justice, in that Divine Law which makes communion with His Church necessary to salvation, every in-

[85] *The Testimony of the Rocks*, by Hugh Miller, lecture II. pp. 74-6, sixteenth edition.

telligent man can decide for himself. His Irresponsible Sovereignty does not solicit human sanction, nor the execution of His decrees wait for human approval. When He resolved to rescue the inhabitants of this world from the abyss into which they had fallen, and even to admit them to the glory of His Divine Presence, it was evidently His province to impose the conditions, which *they* had only to accept. If certain men profess to be scandalized by the awful severity of His justice, it is because they know Him only in one aspect, and refuse to know Him in any other. They will not have Him as a Friend, and therefore can only conceive Him as a Judge. Lovely to those who love Him, to the profane egotism of the children of revolt this gracious and clement Lord seems harsh and vindictive. Blind to their own malice, they prefer to impeach His justice, and because they choose to be rebels, insist that He is a tyrant.

The attitude of such men towards their Creator, whose love they slight, and whose precepts they scorn, may be compared to that of a citizen who should haughtily disown all allegiance to the state, and then tax its tribunals with cruelty and oppression, because he does not choose to recognize them. But the parallel is manifestly incomplete, because the lawlessness of the creature, unlike that of the citizen, is the least part of his crime. He rejects the *love* which his Maker offers him with even more insolence than His authority. Now it has been observed, that while men easily pardon certain offences, there is one which always finds them implacable. They cannot endure, and never cease to bewail and resent, the rejection of their love. And yet who are we that we should pretend to reign as lords in the heart of another? If then we, who have such

a meagre claim to be loved, are so jealous and sensitive in our own case, what must be the unrequited love of a God? He knows His own adorable perfections, and has created us that we also may one day contemplate them. When we consider what that Divine Suppliant is, who deigns to say, 'Give Me thy heart,' and what we are who refuse His invitation, even eternal torments become intelligible. What is Hell but the necessary complement of Heaven?

That our most dear God and Sovereign Creator is not 'the Unknowable,' as the impious pretend, except to those who do not wish to know Him, is sufficiently proved by the experience of all Christians.[86] Even the blasphemies of the wicked prove that they know Him too, though only to fear and hate him. There is, however, some consolation in the thought that, with rare exceptions, they are less impious than they affect to be. Men are only infidels by halves. Like certain insects, they can only flutter in the glare of day. When the shades of night fall, their light goes out, and they begin to ask, like other men, the eternal question, 'Whence come we? Whither go we?' It was a pleasant remark of Bayle, that 'many atheists have been greatly alarmed about ghosts.' An English unbeliever, who was not afraid to say of Truth, that it is 'equally unnecessary to discover and impossible to be arrived at,' observes of Charles Lamb, that 'he would beard a superstition and

[86] Even Mr. Grote, whatever he may say of the Absolute, admits that the Infinite 'is thinkable, conceivable, knowable. Doubtless we do not conceive it adequately, but we conceive it sufficiently to discuss and reason upon it intelligibly to ourselves and others. That we conceive the Infinite inadequately, is not to be held as proof that we do not conceive it at all; for in regard to finite things also, we conceive the greater number of them only inadequately' *Review of Mr. J. S. Mill's Examination of Sir W. Hamilton's Philosophy*, p. 35.

shudder at the old phantasm while he did it.'[87] Even Mr Spencer, who is perhaps doing as much as any contemporary writer to deprive his countrymen of the liberty which comes from union with God, and to make them enamored of the ignoble bondage to which he invites them to return, does not wish to be considered either an atheist or a materialist. In his usual inflated style, and in words which mean nothing, he says: 'I have repeatedly and emphatically asserted that our conceptions of Matter and Motion are but symbols of an Unknowable Reality.'[88] What difference there is between a God who does not exist, and a God who cannot be known, his philosophy does not explain.

Modern thought having discovered that God is Unknowable, and proved the sincerity of its conviction by describing His attributes, of which a 'monstrous' severity to the children of men is the most conspicuous, announces further, by the organ of Mr. Stuart Mill and other English philosophers, that 'selfishness' is the basis of Christian morals, and the first principle of Christian action. To love virtue for its own sake, as a good many miscreants in all ages have professed to do, they consider noble and praiseworthy: to live virtuously in order to resemble our Divine Model, and to do so by the might of His constraining grace, is sordid, mechanical, and selfish. The 'great masters of morals,' from Marcus Aurelius to Mr. Bain and Mr. Buckle, are apparently as familiar with virtue as they are with God. I know not if they have ever given a definition of virtue, which seems to me improbable, though they are no doubt prepared to do so at any moment, if invited to make the

[87] *Autobiography of Leigh Hunt*, p. 275.

[88] *Spontaneous Generation, and the Hypothesis of Physiological Units*, p. 15

attempt. Meanwhile, that they should deem Christian virtue fanatical, since such virtue is faith in action, and the Object of faith, they tell us, is Unknowable, would not be surprising; but that they should call it 'selfish,' because the chief care of the Christian is to save his own soul, is a fresh proof of the tact and discrimination which they bring to the discussion of such subjects. Judged by its authentic history, Christian virtue, in which such men discover only the love of self, might not unfitly be defined as *self-sacrifice*. In its purest form—as it has been displayed for nearly two thousand years by the clergy and by religious communities—it is simply the voluntary annihilation of self, and the devotion of the whole being to the service of others. It is true that the secret motive of this heroic abnegation is the love of God, and a vehement desire to be united with Him here and hereafter, and this the new philosophy calls selfishness. But it omits to tell us what would become of our world if this supernatural motive ceased to operate, and how far the 'love of virtue for its own sake'—which is chiefly confined to advanced thinkers, and only dimly apparent in them—would counteract the tendency of unregenerate man to corruption and disorder, or preserve human society from the action of such formidable dissolvents as pride, injustice, and cruelty.[89] The selfishness which has inspired all the most generous works, and given birth to all the noblest institutions by which our race has ever been enriched, seems to deserve a more honorable name. The monk is probably, in the judgment of our scientists, the ultimate product of

[89] 'Without a God,' says Kant, 'and without a world, invisible to us now, but hoped for, the glorious ideas of morality are, indeed, objects of approbation and admiration, but cannot be the springs of purpose and action.' *The Canon of Pure Reason*, p. 492, ed. Meiklejohn.

Christian selfishness; yet even Mr. Lecky gives this account of what the world owes to monks. 'Every monastery,' he says, 'became a centre from which charity radiated. By the monks the nobles were overawed, the poor protected, the sick tended, travellers sheltered, prisoners ransomed, the remotest spheres of suffering explored.' If the love of God and our neighbor, and the desire to save one's soul, have produced in all ages fruits of this kind, most people will think that it would be highly beneficial to mankind if such 'selfishness' were a little more common. Modern thought, which has not contributed much in the past to the alleviation of human misery, and does not seem likely to do so in the future, creates other agents, and suggests other motives. There was a time in our England when the poor, less numerous than now, were held in honor as the representatives of Him who became poor for their sakes. Wherever their lot was cast, they had not far to travel in order to obtain food, shelter, and a gracious benediction. They have to trudge many a weary league now, to find a meagre and grudging hospitality, nor is it generally a benediction which greets them at the end of their journey. Modern thought, which is scandalized by Christian selfishness, and assures us, by the mouth of its chief pontiff, that 'Christian morality falls far below the best morality of the ancients,' has quite another way of dealing with the destitute brethren of Jesus Christ. It rebukes the tender but indiscriminate charity of the old religious houses, and would sternly discourage its revival; because it is evidently more scientific that the poor, after being robbed of the faith and the sacraments, should be intelligently famished on sound principles of political economy, than ignorantly fed and clothed in defiance of them.

The catalogue of new truths with which modern thought has illuminated the world is not large, and hardly furnishes any appreciable compensation for those which it has abolished. When we have registered such discoveries as these, —that there is no God, or that if there be, He is Unknowable; that the God whom Christians adore is cruel and unjust; that pagan morals far surpass, 'in certain most important respects,' the ethical code of the Gospel; and that Christianity itself is based on selfishness; we shall have enumerated all our acquisitions, and exhausted the tale of our obligations to modern thought. Not that all its prophets say the same thing, which is the special prerogative of the Children of light, and must not be exacted from 'advanced thinkers;' but at least they are all of one mind in professing, that while they can only refute the Catholic philosophy by disputing its 'axioms and postulates,' they recognize their personal obligation to those of Protestantism by *adopting* them. 'The corner-stone of Protestantism,' we have been told by one of them, 'is an admirable one for a temple of Free-thought, and for nothing else;' while of Catholicism he says: 'Whatever may be thought of its axioms and postulates, its propositions *do* result from them.' Such men easily perceive that if Christianity be a Divine religion, it is only in the Roman Church that it exists. 'Granting,' says the writer in the *Westminster Review*, 'that God Almighty came upon earth to found a religion, we are at a loss to make out where such a system is to be found if not in the Church of Rome.'

With this conviction, they leave Protestantism to putrefy in peace, and reserve all their assaults for the Church of Rome. The religion taught by that Church, they say, is 'a system very logically worked out from certain premises.'

But those premises, they add, are only 'assumptions.' That God exists, that He has made a Revelation, and that He has become Incarnate,—these postulates being admitted, the claims of the Roman Church, they confess, are proved. Is it, then, true to say that these are only assumptions?

That there exists a vast literature, in all languages, in which the evidence of these very truths has been arrayed to the satisfaction of the ablest men who ever lived, in all lands, no one will deny. The books which contain that evidence exist. They have not perished by sudden conflagration, like the Alexandrian library, but are daily consulted by a host of students. To assert, therefore, that Catholic theology *assumes* what it ought to demonstrate, is to ignore one of the most conspicuous products of human thought, and one of the most splendid achievements of human genius. The *De Civitate Dei* of St. Augustine, and the *Summa* of St. Thomas Aquinas, are not ephemeral or forgotten pamphlets. To say nothing of the majesty of their conceptions, nor of their surpassing gravity in relation to the hopes and destinies of the human family, they are immeasurably richer in keen logic and subtle analysis than the most vaunted productions of modern philosophy. They profess to deal with the purely intellectual aspects of the great truths proposed to faith, and to establish their scientific basis. Even in dialectics Aristotle is no match for St. Thomas, and every rational objection to the Catholic system is urged by the latter with a force and cogency which is only exceeded by the incomparable vigor of the refutation which immediately ensues. He assumes nothing. Making the *Esse* the foundation of his philosophy, he begins with the Self-Existing, and proves that He is. To

the atheist the Uncreated Wisdom replies: '*The fool hath said in his heart, There is no God;*' but St. Thomas, being only a man, looks him in the face, and *proves* that he is a fool. There is so little of 'assumption' in his method, that even our modern scientists sometimes unconsciously imitate it. Thus the argument by which Mr. Tyndall defends the possible infinity of space, by the 'suppression of limits,' is one of the five employed by St. Thomas in proving the existence of God. If it is called an argument when used by the unbeliever, why is it only an assumption when applied by the Christian?

But if God exists, of which the proofs are so overwhelming that even the new philosophy does not venture to deny it, we have no right to assume that He has made a Revelation. Who *does* assume it? What need is there to assume what is certainly the largest, as well as one of the most clearly proved facts in all history? The Book which professes to contain that Revelation, besides being unique in its character and construction, and simply inconceivable as a product of mere human intelligence, has been guarded with more jealous care, and scrutinized by a larger number of prudent and cautious readers, than any that man's wit ever fashioned. That it is verbally inspired, especially as it exists in our translations, need not be supposed; that it contains apparent difficulties and contradictions, and is so far from furnishing a reliable clue to its own mysteries that it always refers their interpretation to a witness external to itself, no rational student of that Book ever denied. But that it is what it professes to be,—which a great multitude of keen and robust intellects have deemed to be sufficiently proved by *internal* evidence alone,—is a truth which reposes upon as great a mass of external testimony as the

case admits of. It is generally argued, in questions of science, that the theory which accounts for, and coheres with, the largest number of observed facts, indicates the law by which they are produced. Is it nothing, then, that noble intelligences, exercised for many years in the study of the written Revelation, have found it to be always in harmony with itself and with their own nature? Is it nothing that the progress of human thought and the discoveries of human science, never conflict with its teaching, or if they seem to do so for a moment, are always convicted of delusion or imposture? Is the eager expectation with which the ancient world heralded its approach as void of significance as the glad recognition with which the modern world has hailed its promulgation? Was the keen sense of want and suffering which preceded its announcement as delusive as the deep consciousness of joy and relief which followed it? We are far from denying that unbelief can propose seeming difficulties to the Christian, or that they often form an essential part of his probation; yet what are they in force and gravity compared with those which he can retort upon his imprudent accusers?

But at least the doctrine of the *Incarnation* is a mere assumption? If by an assumption is meant a proposition which has no argumentative basis, and appeals to no rational sanction, it suffices to read a single theological treatise *De Incarnatione* to be convinced that the doctrine of the Incarnation is not a proposition of that kind. Of so stupendous a Mystery one may well fear to speak with unconsecrated lips, but perhaps one may venture to say, as St. Paul did to Festus and Agrippa: '*These things were not done in a corner.*' In recounting them, St. Peter could remind his hearers, 'whereof we are *witnesses*.' St. John

could boldly add: 'That which was from the beginning, which we have heard, which we have *seen with our eyes* which we have looked upon, and *our hands have handled.*' Why is the testimony of such men to the *fact* of the Incarnation of less value than that of Xenophon to the battle of Arbela, or of Livy to that of the Metaurus? Is there anything in what we know of their life and character to suggest the idea that they were likely men to mistake a creature for the Creator? Their disposition, we know, impelled them at first in quite an opposite direction. But they had *seen* Him do, again and again—and not only they, but Jews and Pagans also—what none but God *could* do. They had *seen* Him bid the waves be still, cast out devils, heal the sick, and raise the dead. They were *witnesses* of His Transfiguration, Resurrection, and Ascension. Nothing is more evident, then, than that the Incarnation, as an historical fact, is not an 'assumption,' but a truth founded upon large and varied testimony. That this adorable Mystery is nevertheless beyond the grasp of unaided reason, no one will presume to deny, who calls to mind our Lord's word to St. Peter: 'Flesh and blood hath not revealed it to thee;'[90] or the confession of St Paul: 'No man can say, the Lord Jesus, but by the Holy Ghost.'[91]

If, however, the so-called premises of the Catholic system are not, as the adversary alleges, mere 'assumptions,' but rest upon a wide foundation of testimony, or upon the solid basis of rational deduction, no one can say the same thing of the conclusions of the 'new philosophy,' nor even of many of the arbitrary decrees of modern science. Our advanced thinkers, who ask for rigorous proof

[90] St. Matt. xvi. 17. [91] 1 Cor. xii. 3.

in questions of the supernatural, are often content with transparent assumptions in those of the natural order When they have evolved some crude hypothesis, which is rejected by their own friends, and will perhaps soon be abandoned by themselves, if the Christian declines to fall down and adore the new idol, they ask with indignation, how he dares 'to resist the progress of science and civilization?' To this question he may reply, with Dr. Carpenter, in his recent inaugural address: 'In a large number of cases, our scientific interpretations are clearly *matters of judgment*, and this is eminently a personal act, the value of its results depending in each case upon the qualifications of the individual for arriving at a correct decision.' This is beginning to be so well understood, that there are already signs of reaction both against the unprofitable dogmatism of rationalists, and the pretentious infallibility of men of science. 'Considering the constant tendency of the mind,' says Mr. Faraday, 'to rest on an assumption, we ought to remember that it, in such cases, *becomes a prejudice*.' It is our duty, he adds, 'to distinguish that knowledge which consists of assumption, *by which I mean theory and hypothesis*, from that which is knowledge of facts and laws.'[92] Speaking of his own special science, he observes: 'the great variety of magnetic hypotheses, . . . and *the large assumptions* which were made in turn for each, should ever be present to the mind.'[93] Independent thinkers begin to see, that whereas, in the words of Ranke, a progressive culture of the human mind had been going on in the Church 'for a series of ages,' and always with definite and harmonious results, the

[92] *Experimental Researches in Chemistry*, by Michael Faraday, D.C.L F.R.S., vol. ii. p. 285. [93] Ib. vol. iii. p. 526.

pretended emancipation of reason by the maxims of the so-called Reformation is an impudent fiction; and that, by obliterating all first principles, and subjecting truth to the sickly caprice or audacious dogmatism of the least-disciplined minds, they have only produced that chaos of conflicting opinions, and that final limitation of the functions of pure reason, which are the ignoble characteristics of our age.

No one can seriously examine the history of modern philosophical schools without detecting these two facts: first, that their chiefs have been perpetually occupied in refuting one another; and next, that in despair at the nullity of their own systems, and the hopelessness of arriving at truth by any means at their disposal, they have at length, as if in scorn of the reason which they had so long abused, made war against reason itself, and now propose to confine its action within narrower limits than an educated Hindu of the present day would accept. A great orator once said, in the French Chamber, to a vociferous group of so-called liberals: 'It is you who have made liberty hateful.' We have as good reason to say to the discordant heralds of the new philosophy: 'It is you who have made reason contemptible.' The final conclusion of Kant's philosophy was, 'that reason is subject to an inevitable delusion.' It can only deal, according to the most influential living school, with 'phenomena;' while all which relates to 'the realities of things,' to God and the soul, is Unknowable. 'It places truth beyond the reach of human faculties, which commence with they know not what, and close, after a laborious process, with results which may have as little reality as a succession of dissolving views.'[94] 'Utility,'

[94] Dr. McCosh, *Examination of Mr. J. S. Mill's Philosophy*, ch. ix. p. 214.

observes Mr. Lecky, 'is perhaps the highest motive to which reason can attain.'[95] So true is that saying of Coleridge, that 'Rationalists, so called, in the very outset deny all reason, and leave us nothing but degrees to distinguish us from brutes.'[96] And thus, after scoffing at the Catholic Church as the adversary of intellectual freedom, the new philosophers bear witness against themselves, and that Church is now obliged to defend the prerogatives of human reason against the assaults of the very men who once boasted that they were its only champions.

The degradation of reason is, however, itself only one of the symptoms of the mortal disease which afflicts modern society, and which has been engendered by modern thought. The origin of that disease must be looked for elsewhere. Among the questions which agitate our generation, and are destined to do so more and more profoundly, is one towards which all others converge, and in which all find their solution. The most fatal legacy bequeathed by the so-called Reformation, and which its heirs have expended with the greatest prodigality, is the devilish maxim, that man, in questions of the soul, is his own master, the arbiter of his own fate, and that he may lawfully disown all *authority* external to himself. It is this principle, applied by degrees throughout the whole range of human thought, and adopted in turns by the Christian, the philosopher, and the citizen, which has shaken society to its foundations, dishonored reason, made government impossible, and God unknowable.

According to the popular and superficial English estimate of the so called Reformation, its most valuable result

[95] *Rationalism*, vol. ii. ch. vi. p. 403. [96] *Omniana*, vol. i. p. 348.

was the recovery of blessings which had been lost for ages, and especially of liberty of the intellect, and liberty of the conscience. It is true that 'the great Protestant tradition' is now abandoned by independent thinkers, who speak of it with contempt; that Mr. Lecky considers the origin of Protestantism a work of 'intrigue and corruption;' that Mr. Hallam says 'it appealed to the ignorant;' and Mr. Baring-Gould confesses that it was 'a miserable apostasy.' But these candid critics still maintain that, in spite of the failure of the pretended Reformation, it gave birth to new modes of thought and principles of action, by which its inefficacy may yet be repaired, and that Ritualism or Rationalism, which are identical in their first principle, though leading at present to very different results, will be able to restore what the so-called Reformation was not able to preserve. Catholics maintain, on the contrary, and think they are able to prove, that the destruction of the principle of Authority has been fatal to human liberty; that in the legitimate use of reason, and in the sacred domain of conscience, Catholics alone, of all mankind, are truly *free;* and that the so-called Reformation, with all its products, offshoots, or developments, far from having augmented the sum of human liberty, has been everywhere the source of intellectual bondage, and the parent of spiritual despotism.

In order to understand the nature of liberty, whether of the soul or the intellect, it is necessary to define it. Until we know what it is, we cannot tell whether we possess it ourselves. Let us inquire, then, with this object, how the world and its rulers have always understood liberty? The moment we enter upon this investigation, we make a curious discovery. We find that lawgivers of all nations, of every age, and under all forms of government, —from Moses

and Confucius, to the latest sages of Westminster, Berlin, or Washington,—have never proposed to determine what a man *may* do, so much as what he may *not* do. That is what legislative enactments have always aimed at. Man is very crafty, especially when his own tranquillity is at stake; and he knows this, even when he knows nothing else, that you can only secure liberty by restraining it. And he does restrain it everywhere with remarkable vigor. It is the chief aim of human law to do so. 'Every civilized country,' says an able English journalist, 'is, and always must be, governed by terror. Law is and can be nothing but systematic intimidation, supported by cannon and the gallows. You do not govern a man as long as *he does what he pleases.* You govern him by showing him that it is the less of two evils to do as you please.'[97] 'The prime office of a government in any country,' says another writer of the same school, 'is to insist upon and secure not liberty, but order—as much liberty as is compatible with order, but no more.'[98] Lastly, the great Lord Mansfield, with less crudity and more precision, expresses the same truth in this formula: 'To be free, is to live under a government by law.'

It is profitable to notice what these able Protestant writers say; first, because, if the authority which claims such complete submission be legitimate, they announce a great truth; and secondly, because when such men speak of *religious* liberty, they forget their own definition altogether, and become deplorably inconsistent. They insist, with marvellous unanimity, that liberty exists in the State only by *maintaining* authority, and then assert, by a mon-

[97] *Pall Mall Gazette*, October 12, 1869.

[98] *Saturday Review* September 14, 1867.

strous contradiction, that it can flourish in the Church only by *suppressing* it. There alone, they contend, every man has a right to be his own lawgiver. There alone there must be no 'terror' and no 'intimidation,' though the State frankly confesses it is unable to govern without both. They do not tell us *why* the Christian has the right, which the citizen has not, to 'do as he pleases,' nor how the exercise of such a right, if he possessed it, would tend to secure his liberty; but meanwhile we are able to register this instructive fact—that human rulers never tolerate in the State the lawlessness which they recommend in the Church, and that if, as they pretend, the law of the latter ought to be absolute freedom, they never cease to proclaim that the law of the former is 'systematic intimidation.'

Dr. Newman somewhere observes: 'The modern robber is sometimes made to ask in novels or essays, why he is amenable to laws which he does not enact? but the magistrate,' not in the least impressed by this argument, 'hangs or transports dissenters from his authority.' Magistrates do the same thing everywhere. They would be very foolish if they did not. Civil society would go to pieces in a month, if every man were at liberty to enact his own laws. Our statesmen, our judges, and our police, are all of one mind on that point. They all assert in chorus, that 'government involves compulsion.' No doubt it does, and if we have not yet determined what liberty *is*, we have at least made some progress in showing what it is *not*. Already we are entitled to ask these administrators of human law, who in all lands govern their fellows 'by cannon and the gallows,' and who preserve order by the same peremptory means whether in a republic or an empire, such questions as these: Why should the Church be the only refuge

on earth of the license and confusion which are tolerated nowhere else? Why, if no man can be a State to himself, may every man be a Church to himself? Why is order sacred in the institutions of man, but odious in those of God? Why is the robber's code chastised in the citizen, but applauded in the Christian? Why are civil penalties always just, and ecclesiastical penalties always oppressive? Why must the citizen submit to compulsion, if the Christian may 'do as he pleases'? And lastly, if it be no outrage against true liberty to control the one, as all nations confess, with what face can any man pretend that it is a denial of rational liberty to restrain the other?

We perceive, then, by the concurrent testimony of all civil communities, ancient and modern, what liberty is *not*. We see by what stringent checks and limitations human laws control it. Let us advance another step.

The senates and law-courts of this world, however majestic, are less imposing, most people will admit, than that terrible tribunal which has its seat in another. And how does *that* tribunal coerce, or, to speak more correctly, how does it secure, man's liberty? Is it by leaving him to do as he pleases? Does the Supreme Judge say, what the meanest of human judges never dreamed of saying: 'Do what you like; believe what you like; one creed is as acceptable to Me as another, one action as pleasing to me as another'? Is it not true, on the contrary, that the whole law of God, like the whole law of man, is a code of intimidation, and a curtailment of liberty? The Ten Commandments of the Old Law limit our liberty, since they forbid us, under more formidable penalties than human justice ever inflicted, to lie, to steal, to covet, or to blaspheme. The precepts of the Gospel limit our liberty, since

they not only denounce a fearful retribution on revenge, impurity, enmities, sects, and many other things to which the natural man is prone, but put a curb even on our secret thoughts. In this respect, therefore, the Divine law only differs from the human in being still more full of menace and coercion. It does not assure our liberty by saying, 'Do what *you* please,' but by quite the opposite injunction, 'Do what *I* please.' And both these codes, the Divine and the human, are equally careful to add: 'If you do *not* do what I please, it will be worse for you.'

What does reason conclude from this close resemblance between the two systems of legislation, in the means which they respectively employ, the one to limit the liberty of the citizen, the other of the Christian? If this harmony between two codes otherwise so dissimilar serves to show what human liberty is *not*, who can fail to see that it is the clearest revelation of what true liberty *is*? For it is evident that authority, both Divine and human, acts with so much rigor and severity, not to deprive man of liberty, but to secure to him *all the liberty of which he is capable*. Is there, then, a necessary limit to our liberty? Is there something in the nature of things, as far as man is concerned, which makes this pressure and restraint of law inevitable? In other words, why is it impossible that he should ever be left, either as a citizen or a Christian, to 'do as he pleases'?

The explanation is very simple. Man, though there is nothing which he forgets so easily, is only a creature. If he had made himself, he might claim to have independent rights; but as he did not, evidently he can only have those which his Creator chooses to give him. 'He was not consulted about his coming into the world, neither is he con-

sulted about his going out of it.'[99] He belongs, body and soul, to his Maker, of Whom it is not permitted to him to ask, 'Why hast Thou made me thus?' He is simply a *creature*, 'whose business it is to come when he is called, and to depart when he is bidden.' Such a being, so helpless and dependent, can only have that liberty which is possible to a *creature*, the conditions of whose brief existence are determined for him by the sovereign will of the Creator. It is not unscientific to assert that he must shortly die, since every day affords us a proof of it, and even Mr. Huxley tells us, in the jargon of his school, that 'the living protoplasm not only ultimately dies and is resolved into its lifeless constituents, but is always dying.' Nor does it seem to violate any precept of true philosophy, that this feeble and fugitive creature, who is so nervously solicitous about his lot up to the hour which precedes death, should feel some anxiety about his condition in the hour which follows it. He would be a maniac if he did not. But if, in spite of all that experience teaches him of his own impotence, he chooses to forget that he is a creature, and affects, as so many do, to frame his own laws and invent his own religion, a horrible servitude, both of mind and soul, is his inevitable lot. There is only one mode by which a creature can possibly possess or retain freedom. 'Encompass man's littleness,' is the prudent counsel of the theologian, 'with the grand irresponsible sovereignty of God, and then he is glorious indeed, his liberty large beyond compare, and his likeness to God more like an equality with Him than we dare put in words.'[1]

We are now in a position to define human liberty, both

[99] Father Faber, *The Creator and the Creature*, ch. i. p. 25.

[1] Father Faber, *ubi supra*.

negatively and positively. Negatively, it is our definitive emancipation from all illegitimate authority; positively, it is our unreserved submission to that which is legitimate. That is the only liberty possible to a creature. But what a sublime liberty it is! How far it exceeds all that, in his fallen state, he could claim or expect! Freedom from all debasing control on the one hand, and a share in the sovereignty of God on the other! Exemption from ignominious bondage to every human error, and joint possession with God of eternal truth! Such is the liberty of Catholics. It is a mere truism to say that they alone, of the whole human family, possess it, because they alone obey the Authority which is both its exclusive source, and its only guarantee. It is a liberty so divine, that not all the assaults of men or demons can deprive us of it; nay, even martyrdom itself, which is the world's last effort against it, and looks like its momentary suppression, does but set a seal upon it, and make it immortal.

If any one doubts the accuracy of this definition of human liberty, there is yet another consideration which perhaps will remove the doubt. In a little while we shall be, not here, but elsewhere. There are some who frankly regret, without attempting to dispute, this impending change. 'I care not,' said a gifted Englishman, imbued with modern thought, 'to be carried with the tide that smoothly bears human life to eternity, and reluct at the inevitable course of destiny. I am in love with this green earth, the face of town and country, the unspeakable rural solitudes, and the sweet security of streets. I would set up my tabernacle here. I am content to stand still at the age to which I am arrived. . . . A new state of being

staggers me.'[2] Yet he is gone, in spite of his reluctance, and we must follow him. We are rapidly tending, unless we miss the object of our creation, towards a state of being which will be not only permanent, but the highest and most perfect to which it is the pleasure of our Creator that we should attain. And what sort of liberty shall we have in *that* state? Beyond all doubt, the most complete which it is possible for the creature to enjoy. Where should there be supreme and unfettered liberty, if not in Heaven? But, once more, what kind of liberty will it be? It will be a liberty springing out of, and resulting from, the joyous but absolute and eternal subjection of our own will to the will of Another. Behold the perfect growth and final consummation of human liberty!

If this be admitted, and one does not see how it can be denied, a momentous conclusion follows. Since this is to be, by the consent of all Christian men, the ultimate and eternal form of human liberty, one thing is most luminously evident—that there must be in *this* world also some Authority claiming from us the same complete submission, and able to recompense it with the same supernatural liberty. There must be, I say, such an Authority, because, if there were not, the two worlds would be under a different government, and this life would afford no preparation for the next. Nay, it would be, as it is to a multitude of our fellow-creatures, the worst preparation conceivable. No one is ignorant that the most popular and prevailing maxim in all non-catholic communities is this: '*Non serviam*, I will be subject to no one: or if I must be, I will at least choose my own master.' An admirable preparation

[2] Charles Lamb, *Essays of Elia*.

truly for the next world! Yet this is what all non-catholics claim to do, as their dearest right and peculiar privilege. And thus their only preparation for entire submission in the next world is ostentatious independence in this, and they discipline themselves for eternal obedience in Heaven by habitual and systematic revolt on earth!

If, then, by the common testimony of earth and Heaven, there is no liberty where there is no authority; if the creature cannot withdraw himself, either as a citizen or a Christian, from the yoke of that authority: and if that which will be our supreme law in the next world must have its representative in this, and can only have *one;* evidently the true subject of rational inquiry for all responsible creatures, because it includes and supersedes every other, is this: 'What authority is there among men which represents God, and speaks in His name?' There *must* be such an authority, unless we assume—that there is one portion of His dominions in which the Sovereign Creator has ceased to rule; that He has made a Revelation, of which He has either appointed no interpreter, or one whom nobody is bound to obey; that He is perfectly indifferent whether His intelligent creatures profess one religion, or twenty, or none at all; that this life is not a period of probation, nor a school of obedience, since there is no court on earth which has power to *claim* our obedience;—and many similar propositions, equally profitable to us, and reverential to Him.

But if it is evident that He who said, '*he that heareth you heareth Me*,'—who made His Church '*the pillar and ground of the truth*,'—and announced that every child of man who shall refuse to obey her will be in His sight '*a heathen and a publican*,'—has not abdicated His sovereignty over this world, but has established in it an Authority

whose decrees are irreversible, and submission to which is a condition of attaining eternal life; it is equally certain that there is only one Power on earth which has ever so much as claimed to be that Authority. It has been said, that many lords have commanded their subjects to fear or obey them, but only One has ever charged all mankind to *love* Him; in like manner, though many sects have presumed to say, 'Lo, here is Christ, or, Lo there,' only the Roman Church has dared to say, to every living soul: 'He is mine, and I am His; and the gates of hell shall never prevail against me.'

And what proofs does she give that she is what she professes to be? It cannot be denied that they are precisely such proofs as no human institution *could* give. It is not merely that she has survived, according to the promise of her Founder, all her enemies, and that, unlike the things of this world, neither time, nor the fluctuations of good and evil fortune, nor the faults of those who love, nor the crimes of those who hate her, can change her form, nor quench her life; it is not even that, like her Lord, she has done works such as none other ever did, and brought forth children whom the Seraphim might acknowledge as brothers. This praise is hers, and is shared by no human rival; but this is only part of her glory. What is especially to be noted of the Roman Church, and should attract the reverent attention of all for whom life is not a jest nor death an eternal sleep, is this,—that she alone has done, in all ages, and continues to do, a work wholly and undeniably *superhuman*, of which neither the skill of man nor the art of Satan, even when combined together, has ever been able to produce so much as a feeble imitation, or a pale and mutilated copy.

It was an observation of Huber, that in no Protestant country in the world, from the first hour of the so-called Reformation, had religious opinion 'ever continued the same for more than thirty years together.' Every one knows how Bossuet proved the fact up to his time. It is still more evident in ours. In our own land is found the wealthiest and most conservative Protestant community which has ever existed. Formed by an Act of Parliament, vigilantly controlled by the State, and compelled to accept even its theological decisions from a civil tribunal, the Church of England, unlike the kindred sects in other nations, has been *forced* to maintain a certain delusive appearance of exterior uniformity; yet in spite of this repressive action of the civil power, and the 'inveterate inaccessibility to ideas' which Mr. Matthew Arnold considers the characteristic of the English mind, it has become, in the sight of all men, the most divided and chaotic religious community, not excepting that of Russia, which the world ever saw. The fact is so notorious, and so cheerfully accepted by its own members, of whatever school or party, that while some see in it the best justification of its claim to be a *national* institution, others, like the bishops of Ely and Winchester, proclaim the general principle, that such 'extreme divergencies of doctrine' are natural and '*inevitable*.'

On the other hand, there is one Community in this world, and only one,—not national, like the Church of England, nor confined to people of one race and language, like the Muscovite or Mahometan sects, but universal, and bounded by no political or geographical limits. Within its world-wide fold are gathered together men of every race and tongue. No section of the great human family is unrepre-

sented. Civilized or barbarian; heirs of the long-buried dead who lived in it a thousand years ago, or neophytes of yesterday; subjects of every form of civil government, from the extreme democracy of the United States to the autocratic rule of the monarch of China; differing as widely in mental gifts as in acquired knowledge, and liable to every caprice and infirmity of our common nature;—it is difficult to conceive a task more extravagantly disproportioned to human power, a project more hopelessly impossible with only human means of execution, than to combine this host of independent wills and unequal intelligences into a living whole, breathing the breath of life, having 'one heart and one mind,' and proclaiming, with unbroken harmony, in every dialect of the earth, an indestructible unity of faith in all the precepts of the Church, and all the mysteries of Revelation. Yet this is what the Roman Church is able to do.

Let those who refuse to acknowledge the power of the Most High as the sole efficient cause of this prodigy, suggest another. They will hardly attribute it to human craft, or superiority of mental resources, since they deem *themselves* unrivalled in natural gifts, yet rarely persuade their own disciples to be of one mind in any conclusion whatever, religious, philosophical, or scientific. If learning or acuteness sufficed to secure unity of thought or identity of conviction, all men of equal capacity would attain it, nor would it ever have been the exclusive privilege of the Catholic Church. We desire, then, with reason, a more adequate explanation of a marvel, to which, in the whole range of human experience, there is nothing parallel. There is the fact,—immense and unique, patent to the eye of the world, and worthy to arrest the attention of every

intelligent being. Let modern thought account for it. Outside the Roman Church it has no existence. Even in the quiet and cultivated households of England, where fanaticism is discouraged, and a certain tranquil spirit of moderation held in honor, it is hardly possible to find two members of the same family who believe exactly alike; while the disputes and contradictions of the *clergy*, even about the most sacred truths of the Gospel, are a jest and a proverb. Yet this incurable discord, which has dishonored Christianity in the sight of the unbeliever, and convinced him of its human origin, exists among a people who all speak the same language, are heirs of the same traditions, and indisposed, by natural temperament, to the speculative fancies of keener and more impulsive races.

But the general fact, though it is manifestly superhuman, and leaves without excuse all who profess to be unable to distinguish the true Church from human counterfeits, assumes still larger proportions when the contrast is examined in detail. While the most purely national and stationary among Protestant sects becomes more and more, in spite of the conservative spirit which animates its members, 'a kingdom divided against itself,' so that it is truly described by Macaulay as 'a hundred sects battling within one church;' the Holy Roman See, though never more violently assaulted, both by domestic traitors and open enemies, not only counts a greater multitude of devout children, dwelling in the bond of unity, than at any former period of her existence, but displays in her latest conquests, whether among the vigorous and progressive nations of the West, or the silent populations of the East, the undiminished power which comes from her union with God, and proves her claim to be His witness to mankind. With the same

Divine supremacy by which she once united in one family all the sections of the ancient Roman world, and then knit together in a common faith the fierce barbarians who had torn into shreds the empire of the Cæsars, and finally moulded our modern Europe into 'one fold under one shepherd;' the Catholic Church, unchanged while all around her is swaying to and fro in a horrible confusion, renews at this hour her peaceful triumphs in all lands, and easily subdues under the sweet yoke of a supernatural unity old men and children, young men and maidens, of every race and tongue, and in every province of both hemispheres.

And even this is not all. If this mysterious unity, which is the sole human reflection of the Unity of the Undivided Godhead, and which clothes the Church Militant in a garment of celestial light, were displayed in our own day only among certain races,—if it were seen, for example, only in communities of which an almost oriental immobility has been for many centuries a prominent characteristic,—modern thought might reasonably object that it had ceased to be universal, and that its spell was no longer acknowledged by the more active and enlightened members of the human family. But it is precisely in nations which loudly boast of their intellectual vigor, and in those which are under the influence of what is called modern thought, that the undiminished power of Catholic unity is, in this nineteenth century, most conspicuously evident. To say nothing of England, Holland, and Germany,—where, as also in Russia, men of mature age and cultivated intelligence, as soon as they enter the Church, are as docile to her inspirations as if they had been cherished in her bosom from infancy,—there is another land in which the same phenomenon is perhaps still more impressive, because, according to

human judgment, it is more surprising and unexpected. The people of the United States are supposed to be less tolerant of routine, either in thought or action, than any people in the world. In that land, to employ a phrase of their own, every man professes at least to 'do his own thinking.' It is said, indeed, that the mental activity so generally diffused among them is chiefly applied, for the present, to material pursuits, and tends to produce, by the incessant conflict of individual interests, a certain social disintegration; but this only gives additional force to their spontaneous testimony, as soon as they become Catholics, to the irresistible might of that Divine unity, of which American Catholics afford perhaps at this day the most astonishing example.

Two facts are to be noted with regard to this young and energetic people, destined to exert a preponderating influence in the direction of human affairs, who are already the hope and consolation, and will hereafter be the strength and glory of the Church: the unflinching loyalty of their devotion to her, and the facility with which they discriminate her true character, as the only efficient guardian of the liberties of mankind. As to the first, I have myself conversed with American converts in all parts of the Union, some of whom I have the honor to count among my most valued friends,—generals, lawyers, physicians, members of the legislature, ex-ministers, merchants, and men of letters. Converted in the prime of life, in the maturity of a robust intelligence, and from every conceivable form of error, they continued to discharge all the duties of their private or professional station with unabated keenness and vigor, and would have smiled if any one had told them, in the miserable slang of the age, that they were 'priest-ridden;' yet

in unity of religious thought, in docility and teachableness of mind, in manly enthusiasm for the interests of the Church, fearless devotion to the Holy See, and personal attachment to the Sovereign Pontiff, they were as noble specimens of regenerate humanity as one could find in this wide world.

The second fact which belongs to and illustrates the subject under consideration, because it attests, in an age of decrepitude, the inexhaustible vitality of the Roman Church, is the unexampled progress of the faith in the great American Republic. That progress is summarized in a recent work, by an intelligent and respected lawyer of New York, in these remarkable words: 'The population of the country has increased from 2,803,000,' since the last century, 'to about 40,000,000, an increase of about 1,433 per centum; while the Catholic population has increased from 25,000 to about 5,500,000, an increase of 22,000 per centum.'

Modern thought, surprised and irritated by this unexpected defection of free and democratic Americans, from whom it expected better things, openly bewails their indifference to its counsels and exhortations. 'And now, here, in the times of Victoria,' says an eminent man, who always preferred his own opinions to truth, 'are we scarce less decidedly enveloped in the still-thickening ecclesiastical element than our ancestors of the sixteenth century!'[2] Men have begun to perceive what intolerable evils afflict a world in which the principle of Authority is denied: hence the growing

[2] Hugh Miller, *First Impressions of England*, preface, p. vii. A later writer laments 'the positive reactionary influences now at work towards the revival of mediæval modes of thought.' *Westminster Review*, January 1870, p. 4.

power, in the most liberal nations, such as Great Britain and America, of what this writer calls 'the ecclesiastical element.' It is usual to speak of the nineteenth century as one which has divorced itself from all the traditions of the past, and this is no doubt true of all who have adopted the maxims of the so-called Reformation; yet the revival of Catholic principles and practices, outside the fold of the Church, is one of the most evident facts of contemporaneous history. It is often asserted in what are called organs of public opinion—in sermons, in newspapers, and other works of fiction—that mediæval virtues are now as great an anachronism as mediæval institutions; yet the nineteenth century will perhaps be best known to our successors as 'the age of the reconstitution of conventual communities,' especially in England and the United States.

Reverting from this digression to the question of Unity, —which is found only in one community, and precisely in that of which the vast extent and peculiar composition make its attainment, by human means, most evidently impossible,—the accepted explanation of the mystery appears to be this: that Catholics all believe the same thing, in every part of the world, because, in China as in France, in Palestine as in New York, their faith 'is imposed upon them.' To this it may be replied,—first, that it is untrue; and next, that it is impossible. Such a solution of the difficulty betrays a total misconception both of the nature of truth and the nature of the human mind. If our advanced thinkers imagine that it is an easy matter to 'impose' a conviction, even of one truth, and among a single family, let them try the experiment. But to do the same thing, at the same hour, in all the nations of the earth —to force the most opposite tempers and dispositions,

the subtlest and feeblest minds, to accept as true a long series of moral and dogmatic propositions, to embrace them with heart and mind, and maintain through all trials and temptations precisely the same attitude towards them,—this is so manifestly beyond the utmost limit of human power, that the Church which is able to do it *must* be Divine. The Roman Church does it, every day of the year, with as little effort as the creation of the universe cost her Founder; not indeed by 'force,' which is abhorrent to Him who endowed man with free-will, but by virtue of her inseparable union with the Supreme Truth, and the coöperation which He is voluntarily pledged to afford her, even to the consummation of the world. For this reason we rightly say, that He has made her Divine character so manifest, and has so clearly established her claim to be His sole representative on earth, that all who fail to distinguish her from human sects—Greek, Anglican, or Lutheran—would have failed, if they had lived in that day, to recognize the Son of God amidst the creatures whom He came to save. Men who now despise the Church would then have blasphemed her Lord.

We have seen that the citizen, if he would enjoy such natural liberty as human law allows, must submit to the authority by which alone it is preserved. The same thing is true of the Christian. But the action of the spiritual authority, however legitimate, does not suffice to secure the supernatural liberty of which it is the source and guardian. Authority can evidently do little by itself, or there would be no rebels and no sects. There must be *faith* to accept what authority proposes. Faith is the supreme gift of God to His intelligent creatures, and its only possible basis is *authority*. The Unity which results from the combined

action of faith and authority belongs to the Catholic Church Its fruit is, liberty of the will and of the understanding.

Men who talk idly of what they do not know, and teach before they have learned, tell us, in the words of Mr. Huxley, that among the moral convictions of 'a barbarous and semi-barbarous people' is this—'that authority is the soundest basis of belief.' It is not only the soundest basis, but the only one. As this is an elementary truth, not with semi barbarous people, but with the clearest intellects of all ages, including our own, we are not much impressed by the shallow presumption which makes its own ignorance the measure of other men's knowledge, and taxes the wisest of the human race with imbecility. We are told of the suborned accusers of our Divine Lord, that 'their evidence did not agree together.' This is the case also with 'advanced thinkers.' Mr. Bain flatly contradicts Mr. Huxley. 'Belief on authority,' he observes, 'is no less a determination of the individual believer's mind, than belief after rational investigation, though the process is different in the two cases.'[4] 'Nothing,' says Sir George Cornewall Lewis, 'can be more exclusively a man's own act than the choice of his guides and the adoption of their opinion.'[5] It does

[4] *The Emotions and the Will*, by Alexander Bain, M.A., ch. xv. p. 266.

[5] *Influence of Authority in Matters of Opinion*, ch. iii. p. 63. 'The choice of a guide,' he continues, 'is as much a matter of free determination as the adoption of an opinion on argumentative grounds. If I believe a truth in astronomy or optics because men of science believe it—if I adopt the advice of a physician or lawyer in a question of practice, my decision is as free and unconstrained as if I judged for myself without assistance, although I arrive at the conclusion by a different road. *Between Authority and Reason there is no opposition*, nor does the one exclude the other.' p. 64. Sir William Hamilton held that 'Knowledge is an inferior ground of assurance to natural Belief;' an opinion which Mr. Mill vehemently rejects. If modern philosophers did not contradict one another on almost every point, they would be better qualified to teach the rest of mankind.

not require much acuteness to appreciate the truth contained in these remarks. Christians accept the teaching of the Church, because they have first acquired a rational conviction that she has authority to teach. They do not examine, one by one, all the conflicting opinions afloat in the world about religious truth, and would never arrive at a conclusion if they did. Life is not long enough, nor man wise enough, for such a task. And even if it could be accomplished, truth so acquired could only rest on the unstable basis of personal opinion. 'Rational investigation' takes another course. It confines its research to the question of Authority, in which every other is included. In their submission to the Church, Catholics are not only prudent and religious, but eminently 'rational.' How should they argue with an authority which they believe to be Divine? If St. Peter, when he had confessed, 'Thou art the Son of the Living God,' had added, 'but I claim the right to criticise your doctrine,' such language would have been as shocking to reason as to piety. In like manner, if Catholics were to dispute her decisions whose authority they confess, and to whom Jesus said, '*Go teach all nations*,' they would be not only the most profane, but the most senseless and illogical of all mankind.

It is, in fact, their devout and intelligent submission to this Divine Teacher which alone secures to them that true and indestructible liberty, both of the intellect and the conscience, which revolt against her authority immediately destroys. That such submission implies the disuse or prostration of the mental powers, is perhaps the most curious discovery of modern thought. Liability to error, as St. Thomas observes, does not mark the perfection, but the incompleteness of liberty. Immunity from error, especially

where error would be fatal, is the noblest privilege of created man. They who possess it, unlike the blind philosophers who see only 'the appearances of things,' can fearlessly investigate their reality, since they have a guide from which they can always learn where the certain ends, and the doubtful begins. From that shameful bondage of the intellect, when it is no longer possible to discriminate between truth and error, and the only right which is claimed is the right to be deceived, Catholics are happily preserved And this privilege they owe to their obedience. Our own age has witnessed a memorable example. Not long ago, the Christian Church was assembled in solemn Council. The first result of the deliberations of her prelates was to promulgate a decree, by which the eternal principle of Authority was once more proclaimed, in the face of modern society. The foolish world saw in the Definition of Papal Infallibility only an intemperate glorification of the Sovereign Pontiff, and the limitation of freedom of judgment to a single person. It was, in fact, the most effectual provision ever made by an Œcumenical Council for the liberties of all his children. 'The Pope is infallible,' said an illustrious French Bishop, 'but it is *in order that we may be infallible.* If he has the gift not to deceive, it is because *we have the right not to be deceived.*' Such is the portion of all the Catholic children of God. Let others claim the privilege of doubt, ours is the Divine prerogative of certainty. And together with truth we obtain liberty, according to the promise of God: 'The truth shall make you free.' And thus it is proved once more, by the light of this memorable Definition, that while every act of illegitimate authority, whether political or spiritual, is a menace to our freedom and dignity, the most imperious utterance of that which is

legitimate has no other effect upon us who receive it, than to exalt us to new honor, and enrich us with a more Divine liberty.[6]

Very different is the lot of those who desert the Church in order to snatch the liberty which she alone can give. All men know, and non-catholic writers of many different schools now concur in proclaiming, that the so-called Reformation introduced a despotism more insolent and oppressive than had ever been witnessed since pagan times. Even in countries where the State exerted no direct action on religious opinion, such as Scotland and New England, the preacher usurped the office of the civil magistrate, and surpassed him in pride and cruelty. 'Scotland,' says Mr. Lecky, 'cowered in helpless subjection before her clergy. Never was a mental servitude more complete, and never was a tyranny maintained with more inexorable barbarity. . . . The Scottish ministers succeeded in overawing all opposition, in prohibiting the faintest expression of adverse opinions, in prying into and controlling the most private concerns of domestic life; in compelling every

[6] 'In every form of Christianity,' says Hugh Miller, 'there must exist an *infallibility* somewhere.' *First Impressions*, ch. xiii. p. 219. An American ex-Calvinist, now a Catholic, shows this to be true of every Protestant sect. 'I was brought up,' he says, at Princeton Theological Seminary, 'to receive as true precisely what my religious teachers had agreed upon as truth. . . . It is in this way that almost every one who joins a Congregational Church *has his creed fixed upon him*. . . . In nine cases out of ten he does not know, until he stands up to give his assent to them, what the doctrines are in which he is solemnly to declare his belief.' He adds, that if he had dared 'to form any opinions in opposition to those of the theological professor, or take the Bible for my sole guide, I should have been dismissed without ceremony.' And yet he soon ascertained that 'very different views were held and taught by different theologians!' *Gropings after Truth; a Life-journey from New England Congregationalism to the one Catholic and Apostolic Church*, by Joshua Huntington, pp. 26, 41, 123, 1869

one to conform absolutely to all the ecclesiastical regulations they enjoined; and in, at last, directing the whole scope and current of legislation. They maintained their ascendency over the popular mind by a system of religious terrorism, which we can now barely conceive.'[7] And their vanity was as egregious as their lust of authority. 'When a preacher was once in the pulpit,' says Mr. Buckle, 'the only limit to his loquacity was his strength. . . . Such was their conceit, and so greedy were they after applause, that they would not allow even a stranger to remain in their parish, unless he came to listen to what they chose to say. . . . The clergy interfered with every man's private concerns, ordered how he should govern his family, and often took upon themselves the personal control of his household; besides this, spies were appointed, so that nothing could escape their supervision.'[8]

Even Englishmen, who had been free for nearly a thousand years, became abject serfs. The Catholic Church had been for centuries, as the American Emerson observes, 'the democratic principle in Europe,' and 'Christianity lived by the love of the *people*.' For long ages the Holy See had been *their* sure defence against crowned or coronetted oppressors. All this was now to be changed. The great champion of human liberty, the indomitable friend of the weak and the poor, was cast out of northern Europe, that Cæsar might reign in his place, and everywhere, as if by magic, the *people* became slaves. 'The Church shall govern you no longer,' said Protestant kings and princes, as if they were announcing a new era of liberty, but '*we will govern you in her place*.' What the new Church of England

[7] *Rationalism in Europe*, vol. i. ch. i. p. 137.
[8] *Civilization*, vol. ii. ch. v. pp. 341, 344, 357.

became under their iron rule, and how they robbed her of even the semblance of liberty, no one is ignorant. Then was seen what disasters overtake those who rashly desert the Church in order to find the liberty which she alone can give, and how swiftly contempt, abjection, and servitude avenge that outraged Mother upon all who revolt against her. 'The whole of the northern people of Protestant countries,' said Lord Molesworth, in words already quoted, 'have lost their liberties ever since they changed their religion for a better.' One would like to ask him, why progress in true religion should involve the loss of liberty; but as he has been a good while in the other world, we have no means of communicating with him. Perhaps he only meant, that the new religion was 'better' because there was less of it; so that it would have been absolutely perfect, if there had been none at all. He is right, however, in asserting that liberty fled from every land into which Protestantism entered. And even when the inevitable hour of reaction arrived, and thrones began to fall, and the demon of revolution joined his forces with the unclean spirits of heresy and schism, the denial of the principle of authority produced the same fruits in the civil as in the spiritual sphere, and men could only bewail their calamities, without being able to relieve them. The very revolutions which strove to repair the evil, only revealed its magnitude. It was then that modern society entered upon that dismal era of ceaseless strife between those who govern and those who are governed, from which there seems now to be no issue, because there is no longer any common Authority to which both can appeal, nor any first principles which either will consent to admit. Yet it is the boast of our generation, which is as unconscious of its social as of

its spiritual decay, that progress in political science, and in the theory of government, is one of the signal benefits derived from modern thought. What evidence does it offer of such progress? If the government of human society be now, as we are assured, so much better understood than in the Middle Ages that it is almost an exact science, we are entitled to assume two things: first, that there is a general concurrence among statesmen of all nations as to its first principles; and, secondly, that this harmony of speculative opinion must be experimentally realized in the general aspect of human society, and the increased stability and permanence of its constitutional forms. It is a necessary result of such theoretical perfection of political science, that while the rulers of the earth must be unanimous, not only about forms of government, but still more about the limits of executive authority on the one hand, and of popular submission on the other; the fortunate peoples, whose lot is cast in such an enlightened age, must be everywhere in a condition of beatific contentment and mutual amity. Is this a true picture of the actual state of the world? Is it possible to imagine a more glaring contradiction of notorious facts? 'The condition of Europe,' said one of our English journals not long ago, 'is such as to invite bold schemes by the powerful and the daring, and to abet their accomplishment. There are not two states in Europe which have any confidence in each other. . . . Public law is only a name, and the statesman who can most resemble a thief in the night is the man of the hour.'[1] Yet this same journal, as if to prove its claim to the honorable title of 'conservative,' and the dissolution

[1] The *Standard*, August 23, 1871.

of the moral sense produced by Protestantism, exults every day in the cynical violence of a Cavour, a Bismarck, or a Zorilla, because the Church is its object, and the Vicar of Christ its victim.

The state of society in the Middle Ages may be open to criticism, and I am not acquainted with any period of human history of which the same thing may not be said; but 'modern thought' should treat of the past, and all its shortcomings, with modesty and reserve. No doubt the faults and vices of men produced disorders in those days, as in our own; but the principles of public law, though often violated, were so well understood, and the regulative intervention of the Holy See so efficaciously employed, that such disorders were only temporary and superficial. The Rock of Peter was at once the buttress of temporal thrones, and the fulcrum of human society. The destruction of the principle of authority at the so-called Reformation has introduced a new order of things. It has been as ruinous in the political as in the spiritual sphere. Considering how curiously fugitive and evanescent all the devices of modern statesmen have proved; how incessantly they have needed to be repaired or annulled; what eccentric and precarious results have attended recent *plébiscites;* with what wistful dread the greatest nations are now looking forward to a dark and uncertain future; how the whole order of European society is at this moment menaced by a vast and implacable conspiracy, so atrocious in its avowed aims, and so mysterious in its secret action, that the principal governments vainly strive to combine together to resist its encroachments;—we may certainly assume that future ages, if there should be any future ages, far from sharing the admiration with which the nineteenth century regards its own

progress in political science, will arrive at quite an opposite conclusion. They will see in its deplorable history, of which the final chapter has still to be unrolled—in the incessant reaction between the usurpations of power and the excesses of the revolution—in its miserable system of shifts and palliatives, its uncertain march, its feeble preventives, and still more impotent concessions—in its unappeasable discords, and substitution of brute force for right—a proof that our generation had become ignorant of the first principles of public law and sound government, and that the sole doctrine in which its impotent statesmen were all of one mind was this: that man can reign without God, and that the Most High ought to have no authority in the world which He created.

On the other hand, Catholic theologians, who are supposed to know nothing of political science, have never varied, from the beginning of Christianity, in their teaching on the momentous questions of law, order, and public right, but have handled them with a scientific precision which our turbulent and shallow generation can neither understand nor imitate. 'Guided by sound philosophy,' as Balmez observes in his work on European Civilization, 'and without ever losing sight of the beacon of revelation, *they* have not fallen into the errors of either school; democratical without being anarchists, monarchical without being base adulators. In establishing the rights of the people, they were not, like modern demagogues, under the necessity of destroying Religion, but made her the guardian of the rights of the people, as well as of those of kings. Liberty was not with them a synonym for license and irreligion; in their opinion, man might be free without being rebellious or impious; liberty consisted in being subject to the law;

and as they could not conceive that law was possible without religion and without God, in like manner they believed that liberty was not possible without God and religion. What reason, revelation, and history taught them, experience has made evident to us.'

It is consoling to turn from the incoherent and contradictory harangues of modern politicians to the clear and precise language in which the pretended discoveries of our age, as fictitious in political as in religious science, were all anticipated by the theologians referred to. Thus St. Thomas taught publicly that 'the kingdom is not made for the king, but the king for the kingdom;' that the office of kings is 'to secure to every one the possession of his rights;' and that 'if they act otherwise, they are no longer kings but tyrants.' 'The choice of rulers in any state or kingdom,' he says elsewhere, 'is best when one is *chosen for his merit* to preside over all, and under him are other rulers *chosen for their merit*, and the government *belongs to all*, because the rulers may be chosen from any class of society, *and the choice is made by all*.' 'One would think,' observes the late Archbishop of Baltimore upon these words of the Angelical Doctor, 'that he is hearing a democrat of the modern stamp, and yet it is a monk of the dark ages!' [10]

Again, Suarez told James I. of England, to the extreme disgust of that spurious Solomon, that 'princes receive power *mediately* from God, and *immediately* from the people;' and that 'the civil power emanates from the people or the community, either directly or remotely, and cannot otherwise be justly possessed.' 'Particular forms of government,' said Cardinal Bellarmine, 'are by the law of nations, *and*

[10] *Miscellanea*, vol. i. p. 147, fifth edition.

not by Divine law, since it depends upon the consent of the multitude to place over themselves a king, consuls, or other magistrates.' Such in all ages has been Catholic teaching; and it was so fruitful in benefits to society, that in our own land, as Montalembert observes, eight hundred years before the so-called Reformation, when England was governed by 'monks and emissaries of the Holy See,' '*self-government*, that is to say, the proud independence of the free man among his fellows in the general commonwealth, *and parliamentary government*, already existed in their essential elements.' [11]

'Man is born free,' are the first words of Rousseau's *Social Contract*, 'and he is everywhere in fetters.' He is *not* born free, but the Church had made him so; and if he has returned to bondage, it is because, in the words of Father Faber, 'men would rather be enslaved by the State than owe their emancipation to the Church.' All his efforts, without her succor, have produced, not liberty, but chronic rebellion and impious license, alternating with new forms of arrogant oppression. His most successful struggles, since he fell away from the Church, have only led to a partial restoration of blessings which *she* had procured for him, and which the tyranny engendered by Protestantism had destroyed. 'What did the revolution of 1688 effect?' asks an American prelate. 'It did no more than restore to England the provisions of her Catholic *Magna Charta*, which instrument, during the three hundred years preceding the Reformation, had been renewed and extended at least thirty times. The glorious revolution indeed! It did no more than repair the ravages committed by Protestant-

[11] *Monks of the West*, vol. v. p. 18.

ism on the British constitution during the previous hundred and fifty years, and to restore that constitution to *its ancient Catholic integrity*. It did not even do this to its fullest extent, for it refused to grant protection and the most inalienable civil privileges to the Catholic body, to whom the British were indebted for the *Magna Charta*, and their "glorious constitution." '[12]

When we contrast the steadfast principles, and unvarying practice, of the Catholic Church—which is equally at home in an empire or a republic, and values forms of government only so far as they secure the rights of all and foster true liberty—with the capricious theories and tumultuous agitations of 'modern thought,' and the dismal results to which they have led, we yield our minds insensibly to the following reflection. If it were possible that men of the school of St. Thomas or Suarez, to say nothing of earlier theologians, could revisit our earth, behold the nations striving together in mutual hate and jealousy, and the peoples reeling to and fro like drunken men, knowing neither what they seek nor how to obtain it; and if, after contemplating this spectacle for a sufficient space, they should read in our journals, or hear in our deliberative assemblies, that the nineteenth century is in nothing more incomparably superior to former ages than in the progress which it has made in perfecting political science and the theory of public law; I think we may venture to assume that these illustrious persons would receive that statement as the broadest jest, or account it the wildest example of popular self-delusion which had ever disturbed the habitual gravity of their minds.

If modern thought has not done much to enlarge true

[12] *Essay on Civil Liberty*, by the Most Reverend Martin John Spalding, Archbishop of Baltimore.

liberty, either of the mind or the soul,—if its political maxims, as far as it has any, have only caused European communities to oscillate wearily between tyranny and revolution,—mankind are indebted to it for other services of equally doubtful utility. Its prophets are certainly not free from complicity with that monstrous development of the doctrine of *Nationalism* which is one of the special curses of our age, and which the Clergy, more than ever their accomplices in this case, by degrading Christianity from a universal to a national religion, have been the chief agents in promoting. Itself a product of the revived spirit of Paganism, the effect of Nationalism has been to shatter both religious and political unity, to breed universal selfishness, and to divide the great human family into hostile clans, jealous of each other's welfare. But it has also its comic side. Thus the modern Frenchman considers, though he has not much reason to do so just now, that all who are not born between Calais and Marseilles are simply objects of compassion. The Englishman thinks, though he is beginning to be less sure about it, that to be truly great, one should live on the banks of the Thames or the Severn. The American has a deep conviction, not wholly unfounded, that if you search from pole to pole, you will find no country which can be compared with his, and because his territory is so vast and his rivers so long, seems to fancy that he created them himself. The Russian and the German, the Greek and the Italian, have the same lofty estimate of their respective national preëminence. Finally, the Turk classes the citizens of other lands together as 'dogs and infidels;' while the Chinese regards them all with impartial contempt as 'outer barbarians.'

If the universality of this sentiment must be taken to

indicate that it has its root deep in the nature of man, the fact that it is even more energetic in barbarous than in civilized communities may be deemed a conclusive proof that it is not one of his noblest instincts. It is, in fact, essentially a pagan sentiment. A living writer, who is not a Christian, says truly of the first believers: 'It was at once their confession and their boast, that no interests were more indifferent to them than those of their country. Patriotism itself, as a duty, has never found any place in Christian ethics.'[13] The fact is explained, with great force and beauty, by a very different writer. 'How could the sons of adoption,' he asks, 'suffer their hopes, desires, and sympathies to be confined within the limits of a particular nation? Man, no doubt, will ever love his country with a natural love; but it is a natural love alone. It cannot rise above its source. The nation is a result of the dispersion of the human family at Babel, and therefore a result of human division and sin. Its attraction, its manifold ties and organization, begin and end with this world. With this life it ceases itself, and is never reproduced. How, then, could those who were exalted by their very state as Christians to be "fellow-citizens of the saints, and of the household of God," make the nation their home, or sink to be mere citizens of Romulus?'[14]

[13] Lecky, *European Morals*, vol. ii. ch. iv. pp. 149, 154.

[14] *Formation of Christendom*, by T. W. Allies, M.A., lect. ii. p. 152. The spirit of paganism, revived by the so-called Reformation, suggests other thoughts and maxims. 'Patriotism,' exclaims Dr. Stoughton, a respectable Protestant minister, 'is the duty of all true Churches; they cannot be indifferent to politics.' Quoted in the *Contemporary Review*, August, 1870, p. 5. But the utterly unchristian principle which underlies such a sentiment was never more crudely avowed than in the following candid statement of a conservative journal: 'The nationality of a Church is even more essential *than the nature of its creed!*' The *Globe*, October 18, 1872.

As long as the intemperate and exaggerated Nationalism of our age is only buoyant and cheerful, it provokes a smile; when it becomes virulent and combative, as it is apt to do, it is one of the most formidable evils which afflict human society. Nationalism has created, among other plagues, national churches and national religions; that is to say, the most complete negation of the Christian idea, as expounded by its Divine Author, and the most fatal dissolvent of Christian unity. It is a sure sign, wherever it exists, of the decay of Catholic instinct. The man who loves his country as much as his faith is already an apostate in heart. The insane ambition of the first Napoleon suggested to him the project of a French, or national, Pope; a scheme which might possibly have been realized, if the intelligent French people could have been persuaded to accept a spurious pontiff. Peter the Great, who had to deal only with barbarians, was more successful, and Russia has enjoyed since his time the luxury of a Muscovite Pope. This revived paganism, which cumulates the functions of monarch and pontiff in the same person, has found favor in other lands, where Protestantism and modern thought have combined to stifle Christian liberty, and to efface Christian traditions.

The influence of modern thought in determining the character of *Public Education*, and the irresistible force which it has acquired from the divisions and contradictions of Protestantism, is another example of the combined action of the two great enemies of the Christian Church. They who think, observes Mr. Huxley, 'that education without theology is worse than none, can by no means agree what theology should be taught.' For this reason, the unbeliever thinks himself entitled to say to the Christian, that since the

multiplicity of sects has made a common religious education impossible, the only alternative is, to abolish religious instruction altogether. This also is one of the benefits which the world derives from the so-called Reformation.

The disposition of modern governments, inspired by the new philosophy, to deprive the Church of all share in the education of the people, is one of the results of the decay of Christian principles among the rulers of the world, as the system which it has led them to adopt is one of the symptoms of their impotence in dealing with evils which the Church alone can remedy. 'After a long course of experiment,' said Mr. Disraeli, at a recent meeting of the National Society; 'after encouraging, stimulating, organizing, and at length establishing a system of national education, the State, menaced with its difficulties, or unable to battle with them, has abdicated one of its highest functions, and proclaimed that for the future it will neither supply nor regulate the religious instruction of the people. I confess that I deeply deplore that determination. But I deplore it chiefly for the State, for I think it tends to the weakening of the State. It involves a principle which . . . tends to degrade the science of government into the practice of police, and seeks for the sanction of authority merely material considerations. I am not disposed to believe that there is any existing community in which government can long prevail which is founded on so narrow and so superficial a basis.' Yet, in spite of tardy and ineffectual protests, it has come to this, in the nineteenth century of the Christian era, that the rulers of the people, trembling lest the masses should return to barbarism, and overthrow a society which has divorced itself from God and the Church, can only devise a scheme which cannot possibly

succeed, and would be simply fatal if it did. 'We have no evidence,' as Mr. Herbert Spencer truly says, 'that education, as commonly understood, is a preventive of crime. . . . Did much knowledge and piercing intelligence suffice to make men good, then Bacon should have been honest, and Napoleon should have been just.' [15] 'If I am a knave or a fool,' observes Mr. Huxley, indulging in an impossible hypothesis, 'teaching me to read and write won't make me less of either one or the other.' [16]

But this is all that what Mr. Disraeli pleasantly calls 'the science of government' can imagine or suggest. And even when it has done its little all, and produced its only substitute for the civilizing influence of the Church, the results are so purely evil, that our descendants will see in them, to borrow another phrase of Mr. Huxley, 'the stock example of the stolid stupidity of their ancestors in the nineteenth century.' There are two regions in which men loudly boast of the success of their educational systems—Scotland and the New-England States of America. Of the former, Hugh Miller, himself an ardent Presbyterian, remarks: 'Though I now hear a good deal said, chiefly with a controversial bearing, about the excellent religious influences of our parochial seminaries, I

[15] *State Education self-defeating*, by Herbert Spencer, p. 13.

[16] *Lay Sermons*, iii. 38. 'Constitutional freedom and education . . . are now united with political discontent, and with personal and domestic wretchedness, arising from the pressure of want. These are signs of our times, which contrast unfavorably with the social condition of the ancient Greeks.' *History of Greece*, in the *Encyclopædia Metropolitana*, ch. xiii. p. 466. The writers add: 'Has not crime during the last half century increased fully ten times as fast as the numbers of our population? Statistical tables give this answer to the question: 'The total number of persons proceeded against summarily during the year 1871 was 54[illegible]16. Of these [illegible]859 were convicted.

never knew a single individual who had ever derived from them any tincture, even the slightest, of religious feeling.' [17] So much for non-catholic education in Scotland. Of New England, a crowd of official witnesses, legal and medical, give such a report, that the public school system of the United States would not survive another twelvemonth, if it were not maintained, in spite of its disastrous results, partly by national vanity and partly for political purposes. The State of Connecticut is the paradise of public schools, and the nursery of their teachers, yet its moral condition is the lowest in the Union,—there is one divorce annually to every nine marriages,—and though the more venial breaches of law in that State may be fairly attributed to the foreign, the crimes which 'cry to heaven for judgment,' are exclusively committed by the *native* American population. The researches of Professor Agassiz, we are told by a Boston journal, into the monstrous growth of the 'social evil' in Massachusetts, have 'almost destroyed his faith in the boasted civilization of the nineteenth century,' and convinced him that 'a large number of the unfortunate women and girls traced their fall to *influences which surrounded them in the public schools*.' [18]

An equally impressive warning may be derived, if modern statesmen were capable of profiting by it, from the fruits of godless education in France. It is an error to suppose that the so-called Reformation exerted its ravages only in the wide desert which lies outside the Church; half hearted and nominal Catholics have not escaped its influence, and the moment they cease to live by faith, they begin to act like Protestants. Thirty years ago, M. de Cormenin warned his

[17] *My Schools and Schoolmasters*, ch. xvii. p. 358, sixth edition.

[18] Quoted in New York *Catholic World*, January, 1872, pp. 442, 444.

countrymen that the colleges and lyceums of France were *les portes de l'enfer*. It is the pagan University of France, and the kindred institutions to which it has given birth, which have corrupted her youth, obliterated her purest traditions, sapped the foundations of religion and morals, created an abortive generation of shallow, conceited, and ungovernable sceptics, and conducted her to shame and confusion. As long as the public education of France, controlled by the State, maintains its present character, there is no hope of her recovery. The next generation, if moulded by the same teachers, will resemble in all points the present, and will be as incapable of manly virtue or generous sacrifice, either in public or private life. No one who has watched the course of revolution, either in France or Italy, has failed to notice that one of the first acts of its agents is, to suppress religious education. The master whom they serve bids them betray to his keeping the tender and innocent children, that his foul spirit may brood in their souls, and quench betimes every pure and holy aspiration. Out of children so trained he will one day beget Antichrist. Meanwhile, if they do not as yet reach *his* monstrous stature, they will at least be strong enough to break up the foundations of human society, and prepare the way for his advent. Every nation which enforces, even without malicious intent, what is called secular education, which is simply an attempt to remedy the discord created by Protestantism, is doing its part to accelerate the coming of that last scourge of an apostate world. Let the recent events in France, Italy, and Spain, admonish all who speak the English tongue, on both sides of the Atlantic, lest they also, consenting in an evil hour to divorce religion from education, should find too late that they have created a

generation for which there is no law, and bred the monster by whom they are themselves to be devoured.

It is to be observed, in conclusion, that the modern imitators of Julian the Apostate, who first conceived the ingenious project of arresting the progress of Christianity by suppressing Christian education, have no more cordial sympathizers than they find among the clergy and the journalists of England. The press, which is the most potent engine of modern thought, and the pulpit, which too often takes its inspiration from it, are here also close allies. Every new outrage against the Teaching Orders, consecrated by solemn vows to a pure labor of charity,—every fresh spoliation, in defiance of both human and divine law, of their revenues,—every arbitrary decree against their persons, whether issued from Florence or Berlin—is welcomed in England with a shout of exultation. It is, of course, no more possible to prevent the ravages of the press than those of the cholera or the smallpox; but the same sanitary precautions are needed in the one case as in the other. Men will write, and men will preach, with equally slender qualifications for either function; but alas for the nation of which it may be truly said, that such writers and such preachers are the sole dispensers of education within its borders to those who have none! To the press, both lay and clerical, we owe that 'detestable and immoral spirit of criticism,' of which the true character has never been more impressively described than in the following words of a living preacher. 'It has no reverence. It knows no worship. It never by any chance looks upwards, but, seated on a celestial throne of its own manufacture, it summons everything human and divine before its judgment-seat—plans of war, books of science, protocols of diplomatists,

measures of ministers, Bulls of Popes, controversies of faith, questions of ritual, problems of philosophy, works of art, traditions of the past—and, with a shallow impertinence, issues its dogmatic edicts, and canonizes its own infallibility. I do not know in the whole course of history a more melancholy instance of human self-conceit than this.' The picture, of which most people will recognize the fidelity, is completed by the following touches. 'Nothing is safe, however profound, however sacred. Like the harpies in Virgil, they pounce down upon the spoils, and defile the feast. They are better lawyers than the judges, profounder men of science than all our royal societies and institutes put together; abler diplomatists than the most gray-headed veterans in or out of office. In the science of war they confound the greatest captains of the age. They instruct the Pope how to govern the Church, and act the schoolmaster over the senators of our legislature. God and His religion are not exempted from their great tribunal. They criticise revelation, they criticise the Vicar of Christ, they criticise bishops, they criticise doctrines, rites, ceremonies, vestments. They criticise each Christian communion in turn. And—what is more ominous still—with the exception of the Catholic Church, the rest seem to submit with docility to their more than episcopal supervision, and court their favorable verdict.'[19] Such are the teachers of every people who have ceased to be taught by the Church.

The relations of modern thought to the various schools of Protestantism, including that which regards the so-called Reformation as 'a miserable apostasy,' and the reformers as 'utterly unredeemed villains,' are sufficiently evidenced

[19] Father Harper's *Sermons*, pp. 56, 128.

by the illustrations which have now been furnished. There is not an error in philosophy or religion, not an evil principle in social or political science, for which modern society is not entitled to reproach that satanical fraud which its contented victims still call 'the Reformation.' It has substituted, in every sphere of human thought, darkness for light, doubt for certainty, and the diabolical unity of negation for the divine harmony of truth. The Ritualist would, no doubt, disclaim, with perfect sincerity, all sympathy with the Rationalist; yet they differ less in their first principles than in the conclusions which they draw from them. Both assert the failure of Christianity, which the Rationalist dates from the first, and the Ritualist from the fourth or fifth century. Both regard the Christian Church as fallible; the latter contending that she *has* erred, the former that she *must* err. Both claim the right to judge the Church, and refuse to be judged by her. Both live outside the communion of saints, of their own free will; the one because it never existed, the other because it has ceased to do so. Both turn a deaf ear to the Vicar of Christ; the one as a harmless enthusiast, the other as a perfidious usurper. Both forget that they are creatures, and claim to be a law to themselves; the one knowing no guide but his reason, the other his interpretation of the Fathers. Both reject all living authority, and have as little reverence for the teachers whom they profess to acknowledge as for those whom they agree to disown. Both tax the rest of mankind with error and delusion, and while they assert for themselves the exclusive possession of all the truth to which reason can attain, prove their sense of its value by conceding to others the right to reject and despise it.

One point of difference there is between them, and only

one. The Rationalist denies that the creature owes obedience to any spiritual authority whatever, the Ritualist that he owes it to any but the 'Primitive Church.' Refusing his homage to the living spouse of Christ, he hopes to escape being counted among the lawless by professing filial adhesion to the same spouse *before* she became impure and defiled. He displays his reverence for her who is 'without spot, or wrinkle, or any such thing,' by asserting that she lost all title to reverence before she had begun to convert the barbarians, or to civilize all the kingdoms of Europe. Yet the Christian who palliates his revolt against her by the plea that he is loyal to an older authority, which he calls the Primitive or Undivided Church, only resembles the citizen who should contend, as a pretext for rejecting the common law of England, that his entire submission is reserved for the decrees of the Witenagemote, or the precepts of the Justinian Code. And the answer of the judge would be the same in both cases. The authority by which the Divine Lawgiver tests human obedience, till the second coming of Christ, is not one which expired a thousand or fifteen hundred years ago, but which, like Himself, is 'the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever.'

I know not if the Rationalist aspires to heaven, or even believes in its existence. If he does, he probably expects that his chief employment there will be to make further discoveries in chemistry or astronomy, or perhaps to give lectures to the Angels on those interesting subjects. The Ritualist certainly believes in heaven, and will display there also, if its gates should be opened to him, his essential agreement with the Rationalist. While the latter will be a scientific missionary to the Angels, the former will be a theological missionary to the Saints. Thus he will repre-

sent to St. Peter, if the opportunity should occur, that if he had only disclaimed all personal pre-eminence, and forbidden others to assume it, the fiction of Papal supremacy, for which he is clearly responsible, could never have been established. He will observe to St. Paul, if he can persuade him to listen to him, that his intemperate injunctions about dogmatic unity were excessive, and since they could not at any time have been complied with in the Church of England, there can be no clearer proof that they were erroneous. He will reprove St. John, if he is not too far removed from him to do so, for his extravagant doctrine, that whosoever consorts with a heretic 'communicateth with his wicked works,' since Anglicans did it every day, which proves that it was lawful and right. He will severely upbraid St. Augustine, who meanly asked the Pope's permission before he came to convert England; and St. Boniface, who culpably swore to obey him before he went to evangelize Germany. He will frown upon St. Bernard, always supposing that he finds himself in his company, for calling Our Lady 'the ground of his hope;' and turn his back on St. Anselm, whose language on the same subject was unworthy of a predecessor of Parker and Dr. Tait. He will decline to speak to Sir Thomas More, who died rather than revolt against the Pope, a weakness discreditable to a patriotic and enlightened Englishman. And thus, truths previously unknown, save in the British Isles and their favored dependencies, will be gradually diffused throughout Heaven, to the great profit and jubilation of the hitherto uninstructed Saints. Amid such duties and occupations, perfectly adapted to their previous habits, my clerical friends hope to enjoy a cheerful eternity.

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